WEEK ENDING AUGUST 3, 1929

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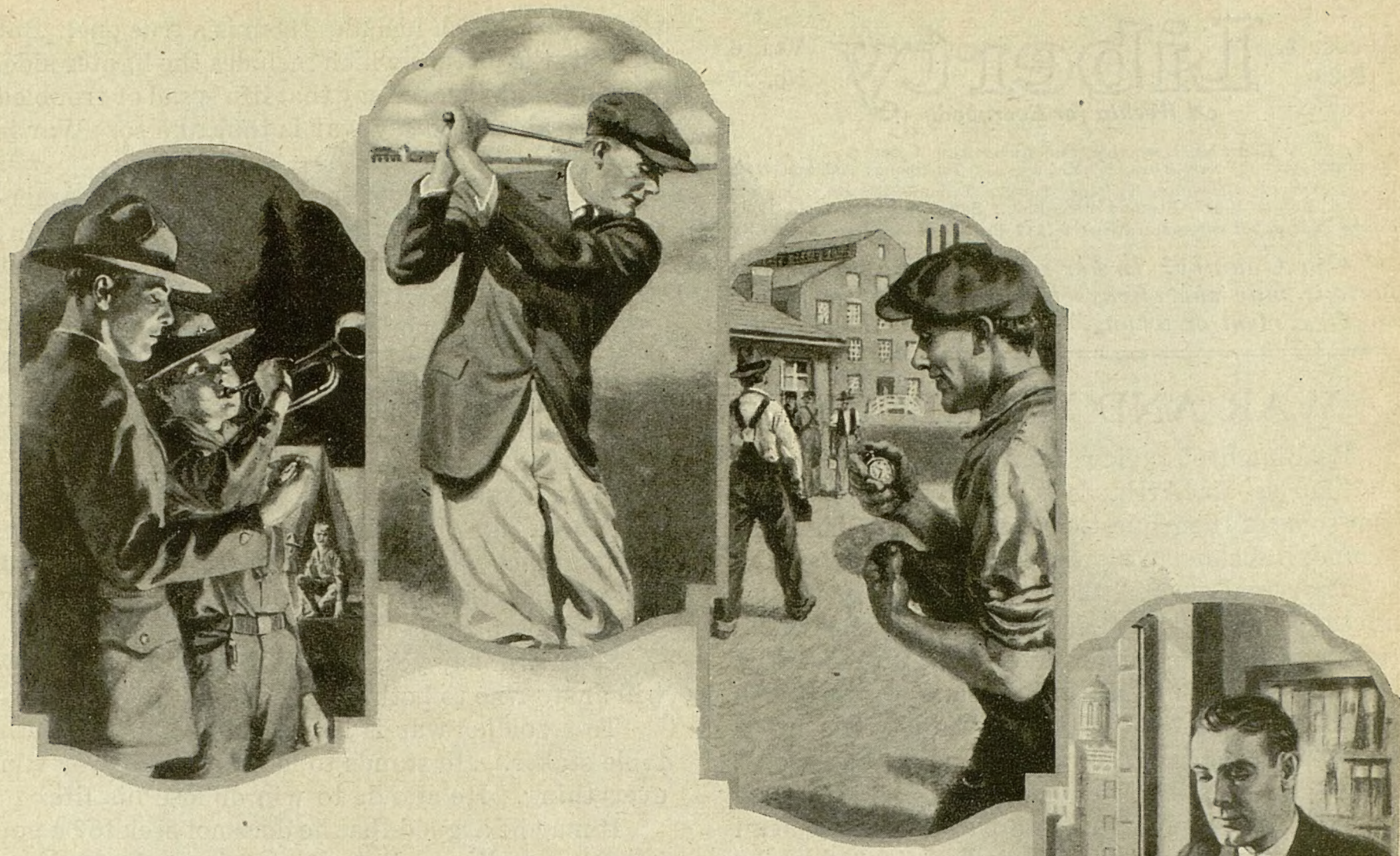

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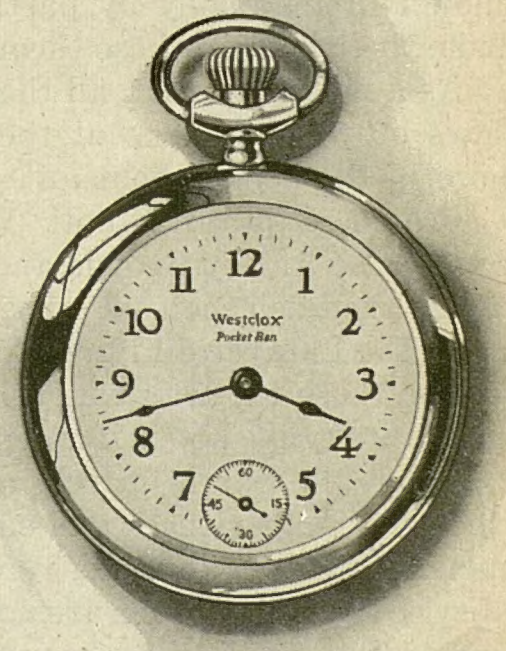

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VOL. 6 No. 30

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

WAR AND WAR BOOKS

Reading book reviews by various learned critics on Charles MacArthur's "War Bugs," one finds that some of them question the validity of his light, jocund, Rabelaisian view of the late hostilities.

Your real soldier, they seem to think, did not have this gay-dog attitude toward things, but really felt more like the soldiers described in "Le Feu," by Barbusse, "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," Dos Passos' "Three Soldiers," and "All Quiet on the Western Front." Mr. MacArthur, they imply, just didn't get it right.

Well, this reminds us in a way of George Jean Nathan's review of "Journey's End," in which he said that English soldiers don't talk in real war as they do in the play.

We are informed on good authority that the author and four of the six principal players of "Journey's End" were British officers in the late unpleasantness, whereas Mr. Nathan was not. It would seem that men who were there ought to have some knowledge of what the talk was like.

As for Mr. MacArthur, we know that he was very much in the thick of the events he describes in "War Bugs."

It just goes to show that a number of people have preconceived ideas about war, and that no amount of testimony by participants is going to shake their hold on these theories.

As a matter of fact, all these various opposing views of war are true at the same time, as are those in the books about and by aviators like the celebrated Captain Elliott White Springs, the memoirs of A. Roy Brown, and a narrative we are going to publish soon—a stirring account of fighting in the Lafayette Flying Corps.

For these the war was a high adventure, but some were grave about it and some were gay.

After all, war is merely an intensification of life and its experiences and emotions. The blood, smells, wounds, gangrene, vermin, fear, and brutality of superiors which are portrayed in what you might call the pacifist books were actual things, and the picture which includes them is a true one. But so too is the picture which includes the lighter side.

One might as well say that life is sad or troubled or miserable as to say war is thus and so. War is everything life is.

Some wars are good in their effect. Most Americans will admit that concerning the Revolution; all Northerners and most Southerners, now, admit it concerning the Civil War.

Many indeed would not have the Spanish War unfought and Cuba returned to Spain—though it may be commented here that we seem intent at the moment on giving Cuba a bit of the old razmataz in our readjustment of the tariff.

Now, if you think we are wrong about this, why not check up by asking the soldiers of your acquaintance whether they are sorry they fought and whether they are sorry the war in which they fought took place?

Some will say yes, but we believe the majority will answer no to both questions.

To a soldier war is like a game of poker with table stakes. He stands to lose everything or win everything. He stands to win or lose his life.

It may be argued that he does not seek to be put in such a position. But when he is so placed, if he lives through it he wins, and thereafter he may—and usually does—look back on his experience as the greatest adventure of his life.

As we have said before, war for men may be compared to childbirth for women. In the one case the man risks his life in defense of those he has left at home. In the other, the woman goes down into the vale of shadows to bring new life into the world. She is playing table stakes, as the man is. They can have no greater experience than that.

These are simple and obvious reflections, and until recent times they have been accepted as such. All through history the profession of arms has been considered the noblest of all.

Lately there seems to have been a change in times of peace. But we don't think the propaganda which has been going on in the last generation or two has prevailed to such an extent as to make these reflections untrue.

And the conclusion of this is:

Let the nation strive to avert war if it can, but let it be cautious enough to prepare so that if war should come again we will be on the winning rather than the losing side. War is a grave undertaking, but defeat in war is more grave than war with victory.

And the spirit of "War Bugs" and "The Big Parade" is the spirit that, in our American temperament, makes victory possible.

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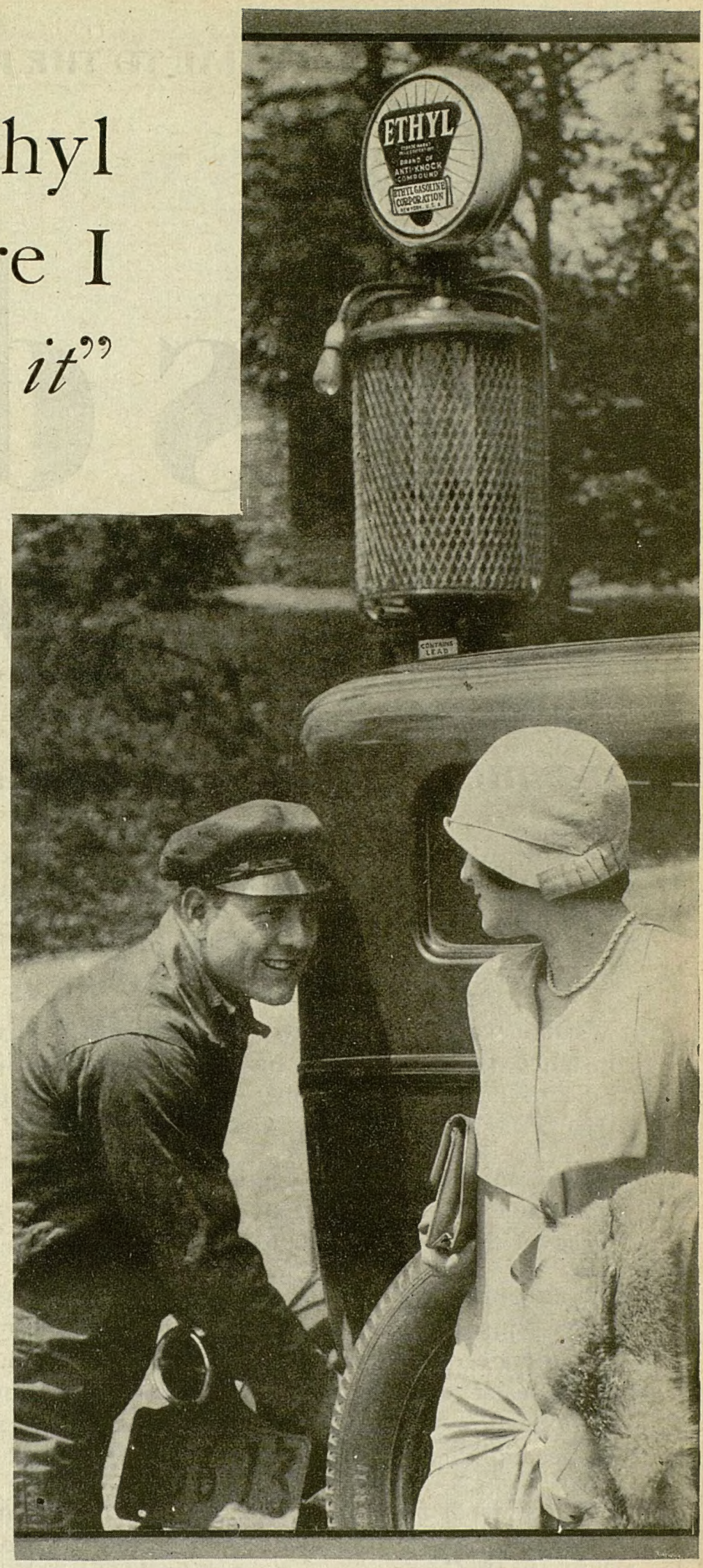

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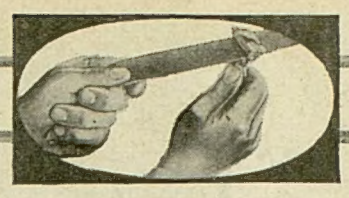

If girls dared to tell the truth

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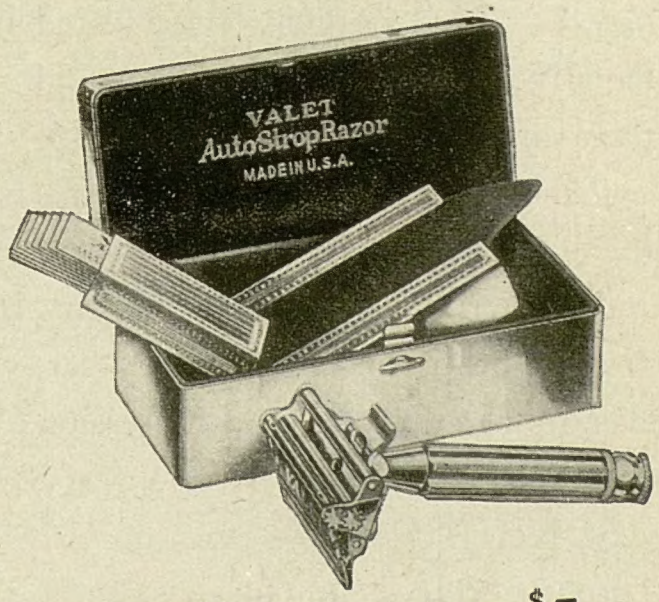

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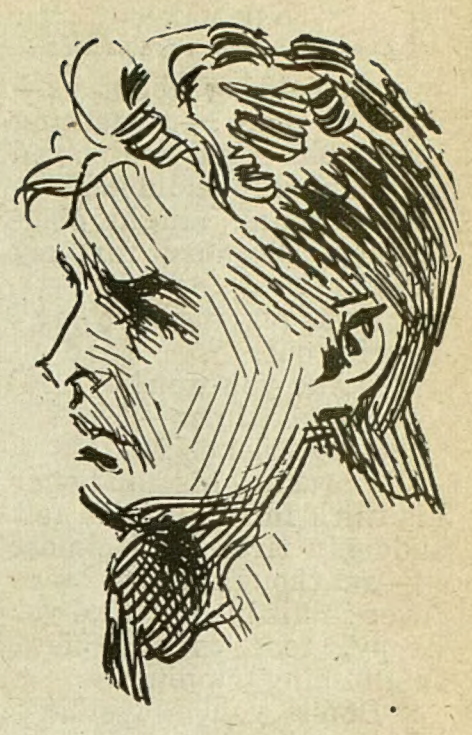
One Man



The Story of a Lost Lover

By

I. A. R. WYLIE

The owner of the above initials—the first three stand for Ila Alena Ross—is the brilliant writer one of whose short stories was made into the famous motion picture Four Sons. She has written many well-known novels and her latest, The Silver Virgin, has attracted wide attention.

Pictures by
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

HE was the same Tristram Kent. This was the same world. But it was hard to believe. Especially at nighttime with Felice Latimer standing at his elbow and the moon shining on the water. A strange moon. A volcanic moon. They said there were volcanoes under the sea—lost continents. Kent leaned forward a little, peering down into the water that curled away from the yacht's beautiful white prow.

He imagined that far down in the green, luminous depths were cities and palaces blazing with lights. He could see the lights seeping up through the pale foam and gleaming on the bodies of the fish that danced on the glassy roof of the sea. The sea was like glass. The yacht was a white flame that melted the glass into a flowing, many-colored tide that far back into the night hardened again to a shining mirror for the moon to look into.

Felice Latimer laid her hand on his arm. The moon flooded her face, but it seemed to him that the light was in herself and streamed through her. She was the moon. How brilliant were her eyes under those arched restless brows, and how slender and caressing the hand that she had withdrawn and now held softly against her breast. He had to grip the rail behind him—he was so shaken, so weak before her loveliness.

"You do understand, don't you?"

"Yes," he whispered.

"And you know I'm right?"

"Yes," he said.

"And you'll be good and keep the money?"

He tried to answer, stammering under the laughter in her eyes. But there was tenderness, too. And the tenderness was like a deep current sweeping him from his feet.

"But you see—I didn't win—not fairly."

"Isn't it fair to take big chances? You foolish, foolish Tristram. Why are you so serious? It's quite true, of course—I cheated. I cheated you. I told you we weren't playing for money, because I knew you couldn't and wouldn't play any other way. And I wanted you for my partner. And I'm a spoiled woman. I have to have what I want—"

"But if I'd lost!" His voice blazed for a moment, hot with humiliation. "They knew I couldn't have paid up—every one of them knew. They were laughing at me—" He choked, remembering Lan Perrot's face as he had pushed the check across the bridge table—its abominable mockery. He caught the echo of that dry contemptuous voice:

"There are no banks in the Pacific, Mr. Kent. But if you can afford to wait—"

He had stood up. He had tried to protest, to explain. But the deck had danced under his feet. Her eyes had been on his face—mocking, commanding, a little dangerous. And incredibly he had folded the check with its three incredible figures and put it in his pocket. And with that acceptance he knew that something tremendous had happened. It was as though he had crossed a river into a strange country.

Her voice again—gentle and warm and troubling as the tropic wind:

"Didn't you know we couldn't lose—you and I? There

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DETAILS OF A NEW $1,000 WEEKLY PICTURE-PUZZLE CONTEST WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 45.

[ONE MAN
Continued from page seven]

was something about us—wasn't there?—something invincible. And you played such a mad splendid game—like a young knight challenging dragons for my sake."

"I was playing for you!" he cried out.

"—And you won!"

"Mrs. Latimer—"

"—my friendship."

He brushed his hand over his thick fair hair. He felt suddenly tired out—almost ill—as though there were fever in his blood. And yet happy, too, with a new, frightening happiness.

"Don't you see—that's what makes me stupid; not being able to understand—how it could happen? Only two months ago I was nobody—just a kid working in Mr. Latimer's office—with not a chance in the world—and, now, all this."

"SO much can happen in two months." She smiled secretively. "Do you remember the first time I saw you? I'd come to meet my husband and he was busy, and I suppose he told you to look after me and keep me quiet. I remember how annoyed I was. I'm not used to being kept waiting. I expect I was very rude, wasn't I? But you were so nice, so kind, so horribly shy. You made me laugh. And then it was all right—then it began."

He turned his face away. He could see her now—standing in that drab office laughing at him. And for weeks afterward the place had been radiant with her memory. And it seemed that she hadn't forgotten either. For one day Mr. Latimer had spoken to him. Kent could see him, too—a wizened, dried-up little man—utterly unworthy of her. He had paced up and down Kent's cubby-hole not even deigning to look at him.

"You've been here a year, haven't you? Want to stay here all your life?"

"No, sir."

"Well, what do you intend to do with all that outstanding genius?"

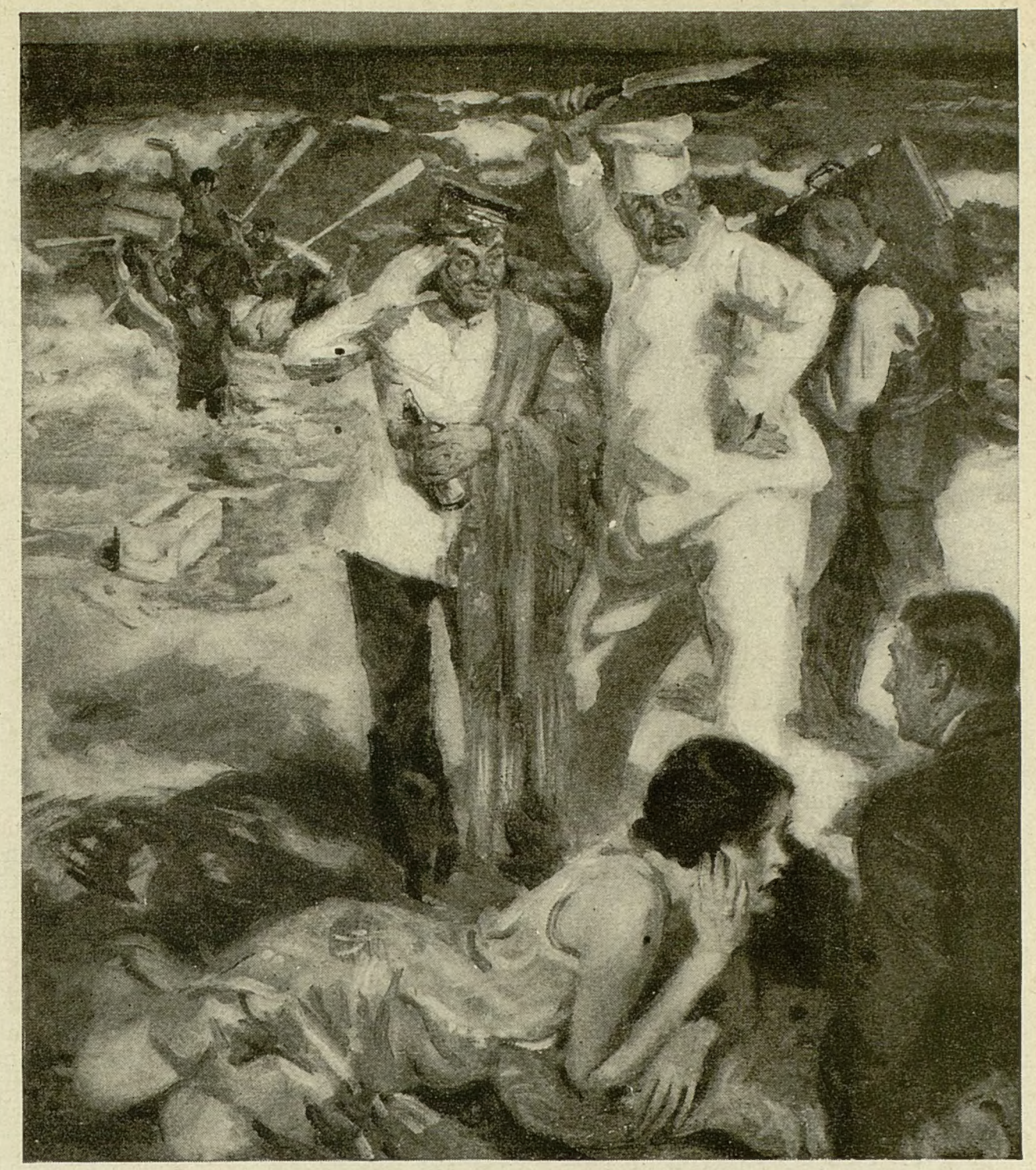
He talked like that—cruelly, bitterly—and nobody could answer him, Kent least of all, who was a mere boy full of wild soaring notions that hadn't taken shape—utterly fantastic notions about life and making the world over and being decent yourself and so forth: nothing that could be explained to Mr. Latimer.

"I don't know, sir."

"In that case I may be able to help you. I saw my doctor a few days ago. I've got to lay off. Heart trouble. A sea trip round the world. Something idiotic like that. My yacht's being put in commission. We shall have a horde of people, of course. My wife says I'll need someone—someone young—a sort of damned social secretary. D'you know any social tricks, Kent?"

"No, sir, I don't think so."

"That's why she picked you out, no doubt. She'll enjoy teaching you. Well, there it is—twice your salary and nothing to do but drink and dance, make yourself pleasant, and keep people off my neck. Yes or no?"



"And now, ladies and gentlemen, we wish you good night.

Kent had felt giddy. The sea. The world. Places he had dreamed of—Mrs. Latimer. He had said "yes"—not even "thank you." But then, Mr. Latimer hadn't asked him to make him happy, but because Mrs. Latimer wanted him, had liked him well enough.

"TRISTRAM, do you know why I wanted you to come?"

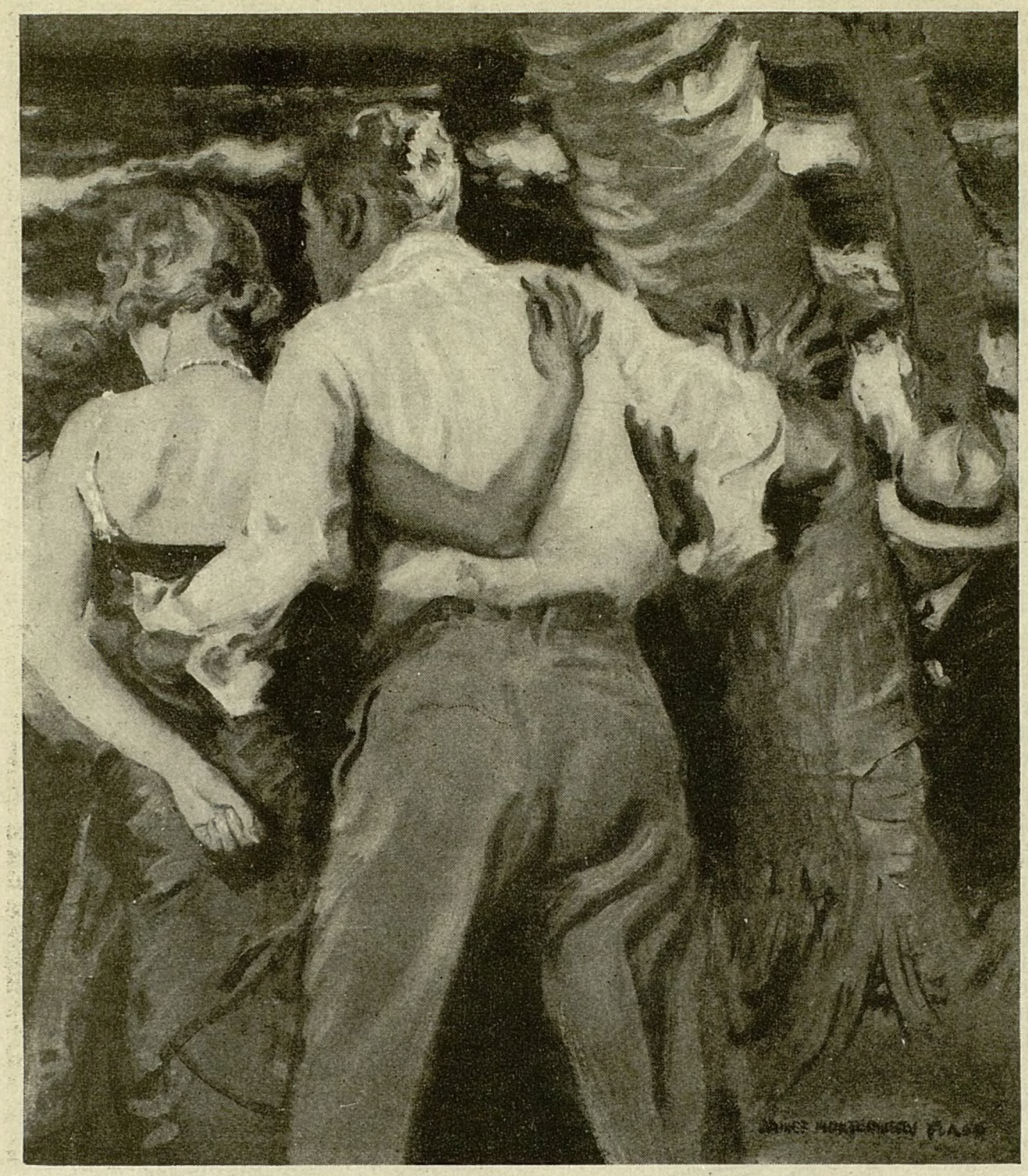
He started. He was like a young colt, trembling at her voice. "How could I?"

"Because I saw that you were different. I thought that I could make something of you—a man of the world—perhaps a great man. That's why I want you to be sensible—not to disappoint me."

"I wouldn't—I couldn't bear it. But all that money. I never wanted it—"

"Didn't you?" Her voice was soothing, quieting him. "What have you wanted, Tris? Won't you tell me? What have you dreamed of? Were you in love, perhaps? Was there some girl?"

He shook his head. There was Jane—Jane Grere. But he didn't want to talk about her, not even think about her. Besides, that wasn't love. They had been friends. Good friends. Jane with her red hair and freckles and wise mouth and kind smiling eyes. Jane was a nobody, too, just a stenographer like himself. Sometimes on pay days they would go out to a cheap dinner together and talk and talk. They had the same ideas. One day they were going to do something wonderful for the world.



We hope your new friends will find you more to their taste than we do—"

And if they failed it was to be an honest, splendid failure. And when they had eaten the last crumb—for they were always hungry—and planned everything so that there seemed nothing left but to go out and do it bravely, they would say good night, and he would climb up to his poor bedroom and look out over the lights of the beloved city and take all its people to his absurd young heart.

Why, they had never even kissed—

JAZZ music. Somewhere astern. Mrs. Ben Carlton singing a French chanson in her high thin voice that must have been quite pretty once. (Mr. Carlton wasn't on board and no one spoke of him.) Ralph Bentick, the Copper King, with his favorite trio playing bridge under the awning. The clink of a cocktail shaker. Bar attendants in white jackets. Japanese valets. Mr. Latimer lying in shadow, staring out into the night with his cruel, frightened eyes. Lan Perrot reciting his odious poetry. (How Kent hated him—hated the way he and Felice Latimer looked at each other.)

He bent his head. He felt her waiting for his surrender.

"There's never been anyone—"

"I'm glad. Isn't that mean and selfish of me?"

"No. I'm—I'm glad you're glad."

"And you won't be foolish, will you? You mustn't despise money, Tris. It can do such wonderful things—all the things that are worth while—especially when one is young—and lucky. Someone who cared for you, for instance, might give you a hint and that little check of Lan's might become a great big one." She waited and added softly, "Don't you know that after this you'll never be able to go back?"

That was what Jane had said. There had been tears in her eyes and such bitterness in her voice. "You'll never come back," she had said. And he had been angry with her—too angry to ask her what she meant. Now he knew. He had crossed his river. And the bridge was gone—

Her voice again—gentle, reproachful.

"Aren't you just a little ungrateful, Tris? Haven't I made you happy; haven't I given you the world?"

HE nodded. It was his business—his fate—to say "yes" to her "yes." He couldn't tell her that this world of hers was different—not as he had dreamed it. What had Cairo been but a place of cars and expensive restaurants? And Tokio where Lan Perrot had bought jade rings and necklaces. Somehow Kent knew that what he had seen wasn't Tokio at all. Only he couldn't explain—any more than he could have explained the enchantment of that poor bedroom above the roofs or of those lost dreams.

And now her voice was colder—edged with impatience:

"You take life too seriously, Tris—and it's not serious. It's a joke. Somebody's joke. The best we can do is to squeeze our own fun out of it. It doesn't matter what we do or don't do. It isn't important to ourselves or anyone. In a hundred years we'll be dead and forgotten—" She laid her hand over his. "Trust me—"

"I do," he whispered.

And even if he didn't—even if she were playing with him as she had played with Lan Perrot—perhaps she was playing with him now—it didn't matter. He had been a fool. But now he understood. You took life by the throat and if you were strong enough you squeezed out what you wanted.

"Then—one day when we go home—you'll become a rich man. My friend—perhaps my dearest friend. You'll take me out to dinner, won't you? We'll have our wonderful times together—we'll dance. Do you remember—that first time—when I taught you?"

He drew a long unsteady breath. So she remembered, too. Only she couldn't know what it had done to him. To be so near to her—to be quite silent—his body listening to hers, obeying instantly, never faltering, like a thing possessed. And then the short, final notes—casting him adrift, breathless, destroyed. Whilst she remained Mrs. Latimer—far off, untouchable.

"Shall we—dance again—some day?"

"Felice—"

"There—a dream for you to go to sleep with."

He stood with closed eyes.

Her footsteps drifted down the wind and were gone.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ONE MAN
Continued from page nine]

He wondered if it were true that, light and swift as a bird's wing, her lips had brushed against his mouth.

There seemed no life left in this world. The yacht moved through a windless silence over a dead sea. Against the stars a rock-bound coast lifted itself with a bleak hostility. The moonlight gave it the look of a pale, threatening ghost. They slid past it and it seemed to turn and watch them go in enigmatic silence. In the deep shadow of its clefts lurked heaven knew what sinister life—or a more evil nothingness.

The third officer stood at Kent's elbow. He was young and pink-faced. Kent thought that he must have been chosen because he fitted his pretty uniform so well. Now for the first time he looked like a sailor—grave and responsible.

"Queer place, eh? Used to be inhabited, so the book says. Some wild tribe or other. Died out, though. Nothing left but bleached bones. Looks like it, don't you think?"

"Yes."

"I don't like it. None of us do. We're strangers in these parts—even the skipper. We're up against things we don't understand, can't calculate. Hidden things. We oughtn't to have come out of our course like this. You look down into that beastly water and it gives you the creeps. I wish we were clear of it all—" Suddenly he caught Kent's arms in a hard grasp. "Look!"

It was as though unwittingly they rode a sleeping monster and the thing had roused itself. The sea lifted. It rose behind them in a long black wall down which the ship slid smoothly, endlessly. And where they went the moon and the stars were lost. But the island remained. It stood over them in a horrific shadow, watching and waiting.

. . . . .

The men pulled to the shore. They obeyed orders wearily and sullen. Mr. Latimer lay against the gunwale with his head on the captain's oilskins and his eyes on his wife's face. His own face was the color of earth, and his eyes were like those of a trapped animal, full of cruelty and terror and pathos. The captain himself sat in the stern and looked at his ship. There were two boatloads and only one boat, so that the rest of the crew had been left behind. The captain could see them crawling about the dangerous slope of the deck like ants on the bleached bones of an old carcass.

He turned and stumbled blindly, forlornly back.

EVERYTHING was quiet now. The peaceful drip of the oars and the sound of Mrs. Carlton's whimpering made a soft accompaniment to their steady, rhythmic movement through the smooth water. Mrs. Carlton said the same thing over and over again so that it was like one of her French chansons—a silly obscenity grown suddenly terrified and pitiful:

"You're sure, captain—the wireless boy—he did send that message—you're sure, aren't you?"

The captain did not answer. But he glanced at her and then at each face in turn. Perhaps, Kent thought, he was trying to recognize them. They had changed so much. Mrs. Carlton was like a sawdust doll that a malignant child had tossed into a water butt. Someone had dragged her out. But it was difficult to believe that she would ever be the same again. The paint was washed off. She sat cowering on the floor of the boat trying to hide her nakedness with old trembling fingers.

Lan Perrot lifted his hard voice.

"Of course he sent it. We're only a thousand miles from Sydney. Or a passing vessel may have picked it up."

"If that fellow sent it as I told him, we've nothing to worry us." It was Mr. Bentick speaking. "I said to him—just before that last wave—'Tell 'em R. P. Bentick's on board and that money doesn't matter—'"

Someone laughed. It might have been Mr. Latimer. His mouth had opened. But you couldn't associate laughter with those eyes. Mr. Bentick scowled at him. "Well—it will be days at best. And I've cables waiting me—important cables. It's an infernal nuisance."

They were close to the shore now and they turned their faces to it with an uneasy questioning. Uncannily remote it waited for them. After two days and nights in a reeling, foundering universe it offered them stability. Yet they were afraid. Kent couldn't forget how he had just seen it—watching them out of the starlight, seeming to follow them, knowing they could not escape.

Through an obscurity riven by its unleashed demons of sea and wind they had fought its implacable purpose with them. Each time they had thought themselves saved it had drawn them back. It had thrown the pretty white ship to the sea and the sea had tossed the toy on to the iron teeth of its sinister playfellow. And now the survivors had surrendered and they were giving themselves up to the towered cliffs with their dark concealing mantle of jungle. And the island gave no sign. It seemed to have sunk back into a static indifference, neither accepting nor refusing them.

THE wide semicircle of beach, fringed with palm trees and a gleaming line of surf, offered them safety. But they were not sure. They looked beyond it to the jungle out of whose somber green strange lovely clusters of flowers shone out, red and gold, like gleaming beacons. There, Kent knew, lay the island's purpose with them.

Lan Perrot quoted a line of his own poetry. Jarring, unreal it sounded. Oddly enough he hadn't been afraid. When they had told him of the death of the little wireless operator he had merely said that since the wireless was gone, too, it didn't matter much. That was at the height of the typhoon when Lan Perrot himself looked to have small chance of survival.

No, he wasn't a coward. He was something worse. He made everything meaningless. He took the wonder of a tragic and tremendous event and made it into a piece of painted scenery against which the little wireless operator's last act of fidelity danced like a marionette. But Kent hated him. There was murder in his heart until he saw Felice Latimer and met her eyes. She alone of them all had snatched new loveliness out of disaster. She was like a wild thing that had worn chains beautifully, but was at last free. She had no need to hide from the merciless light. Her face was unlined. Her fair, long hair lifted on the warm breeze in streamers of live gold.

Kent looked back at her steadily. His heart laughed at Lan Perrot. Perrot might cut his capers, but now it was Kent's turn to play a part. He was no longer helpless and ignorant. He was a man—and Felice Latimer, for all her laughter, was a woman, who must in the face of reality turn to him. No, Perrot couldn't spoil this for him as he had spoiled Tokio with his jade rings and necklaces. This adventure belonged to Kent—this forsaken island and the days that they must live together.

"Please God, it is deserted," the third mate muttered. "We've got three revolvers between the lot of us—"

"Really quite charming," Mrs. Dale tittered. "Look! Such lovely things floating in the water."

The captain turned an empty face to her.

"Sharks. That surf's dangerous. If this boat smashes, the men on the ship haven't a chance. I want someone who's got pluck to swim for it with a line."

"A south-sea intermezzo," Perrot murmured. "Delightful. But I can't swim, captain."

Felice Latimer had not taken her eyes from Kent's face. Now she smiled very faintly. And in that smile was promise and reassurance. Kent leaped into the clear, deep water. He was unafraid, for he was invulnerable. He rode life as he rode the surf. The warm, hard sands received him and he stood up breathless—his arms lifted in a gesture of exultation. But for a moment he was alone—cut off, and given over to the island's purpose with him. In that brief period of isolation he hardly knew what happened—only that slowly, like a receding tide, the exultation flowed out of him. He was left empty. The shadow of another presence had fallen upon his spirit. Instinctively he turned, expecting he knew not what—the sound of his own name spoken out of that dark, encircling silence—the touch of a hand—

But there was nothing.

The captain's shout recalled him. It was like a summons to a world that for a moment he had deserted. Mechanically he obeyed. He helped pull the boat into the shelter of a reef. He waded into the still water and lifted Felice Latimer in his arms. At her touch life came back to him. He held her close. It was like their first dance together. Only that now he wasn't bewildered. She couldn't awe him any more. He knew what everything meant—everything and nothing.

"If you so much as look at Perrot I'll break his neck," he said. He kissed her. And she smiled back at him, her head against his shoulder. She was amused and pleased at what had happened to him, and pleasurably afraid.

"The jungle may have eyes, O terrible young man—"

But still he held her, forgotten. For a second time he had been caught by an awareness of the power that invisibly awaited them. Then almost brutally he let her go.

The men were silent. Perhaps they were thinking of their dead comrade. But still they obeyed orders. They rowed backwards and forwards and gutted the dying ship. They stripped it bare of luxury as thieves might strip a murdered woman of her jewels. They set up makeshift tents and fitted them with rugs and divans, so that swiftly the empty shore took on the splendor of an eastern bivouac.

"You should have shot him," Felice Latimer said with white contempt.

AS night came on, the stout German cook and his assistants built up their fires. A table was set out and stewards in their white coats flitted like moths through the silver and gold twilight. Laughter arose like a fitful wind. The women dressed for dinner. In their strong, predatory hands tragedy was being remolded into a gay charade. Not even the ghost of the lost ship, crumbling on the teeth of its hidden assassin, could shake their regained mastery of life. They nodded to one another across the candles that burned like little golden spears in the still air. Tomorrow the electrician had promised some other lighting device. Tomorrow or the next day—when it was decent—the jazz trio could play for them and they would dance on the hard sand.

"It's like the Lido," Mrs. Carlton said, "only more select. The Lido is growing vulgar."

Mr. Latimer lay alone. He was too ill.

But Kent sat at Felice Latimer's right hand. She scarcely spoke to him. She seemed to have forgotten him. It was as though nothing had ever happened. Only the quivering nerve that bound him to her told him that he had not dreamed. Through a cloud of pain he heard their talk, their easy laughter. The typhoon had dwindled to an insignificant break in the rhythm of life. Tomorrow or the next day a ship would come for him—Mr. Bentick didn't care what ship as long as he could get to Sydney and his cables. But Mrs. Carlton wanted a liner—was prepared to wait for it. After all, it was a very charming island—or whatever it was. It seemed queer that no one should be living on it. It would make a delightful winter resort. Rather far, of course—

Afterward, Kent lay at Felice Latimer's feet on the warm sand. She had broken his boasted strength. He was lost, abandoned. Her hand brushed lightly against his cheek. He caught it and held it against his mouth in an agony of gratitude. He was at her mercy.

"Tris, you *must* be careful. Lan is watching; he is always watching. I shall be angry. You promised—"

"Sometimes you must remind me of your promise," he pleaded desperately.

Like a wind dropping, their voices sank to silence. They listened. Their eyes caught each other through the shadow. Felice Latimer's hand rested on his shoulder.

"Did you hear—"

"No, I heard nothing."

"Like—like a distant beat?"

"You heard my heart."

"Silly, silly child!"

BUT that night he heard. He lay within a few yards of her, guarding her like a savage, unhappy dog, and could not sleep. He did not trust her, nor did he care that he could not trust her. She was herself and he belonged to her, for good or evil. And one day when he was strong, too, and could hold people in the hollow of his hand, she would belong to him.

Once he must have fallen into a doze and it was the sound that brought him to full wakefulness. So much it seemed a part of his own pounding blood that at first he was not sure. But he stood up and saw Lan Perrot outlined against the starlight. They faced each other. They knew that at any other time they would have been at each other's throats. But not now. Lan Perrot made a gesture putting the woman between them on one side.

"Hear that?"

"Yes—I wasn't sure—"

"Sounds like a drum—" Lan Perrot lifted his head "—a hundred drums. They're beating over the whole island."

In the morning the men gathered together. It was difficult to believe with that calm sky and smooth exquisite sea. But the white ship in that one night had become a derelict, sinking by the stem, upheld only by the teeth that had torn her heart out. And it was no dream that they had dreamed. They had all heard it—even James Latimer, who listened to nothing but the failing beat of his own life. He lay in the midst of them and there was a dull ferocious triumph in his eyes because he knew that he was no longer alone. They were to die, too.

Kent sat apart. He felt that he was being carried on a strong relentless current to the rapids. And he couldn't save himself. He was going to die. And he had never lived. He wasn't like those others who had had their fill of things. He had had nothing. The Kent who had talked to the red-haired girl had had his illusions. He wouldn't have minded about dying—only about dying decently. But this Kent was filled with a cruel bitterness—a ruthless hunger for life.

"If there are people on this island we stand a poor chance. And we're almost certain—"

"I *am* certain." It was the third officer speaking, trying to make his young voice sound steady. "There are tracks through the jungle and up the face of the cliff.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ONE MAN
Continued from page eleven]

They are all guarded. I explored one of them and I saw—"

"What, in God's name?"

"A man. A native—a gaunt, stark-naked fellow with a spear tall as himself. He stood looking at me. Then he made a sort of gesture—well—I didn't want to see what it meant."

"They know we're here. Those were the war drums. They're gathering together—"

"He looked famished—a skeleton—"

"And all this display—what fools we've been—"

"They're head-hunters—man-eaters on these islands."

"And three revolvers between the lot of us—"

"The women—"

"They mustn't—that's understood, of course. We'll have to draw lots."

Kent held one of the three revolvers in his hand. He weighed it. He met Lan Perrot's eyes fixed on him and smiled back into them faintly, exultantly.

"Now at least she belongs to me," he thought.

There were no fires that night. They sat close together under the dim light of the stars and listened to the sounds that they could not hide from. There was no fellowship between them. The crew had rifled the stores and were spilling the wine they could not drink. They were masters now. The captain, who had tried to maintain authority, had been knocked senseless and his revolver taken from him. When the feast was over the crew was setting out with the one boat. They made their announcement through their spokesman, a lean, subservient steward who minced and pirouetted before his audience like a grotesque shadow of Lan Perrot.

Their hatred was stripped naked. And nothing had been hidden from their masked, observant eyes. The steward had a gift for mimicry. To the hiccoughing notes of the jazz trio he played to the audience of Mr. Latimer's guests, and showed them to themselves as he had seen them in their crass indifference to him. He knew their secrets. Their casual, cynical loves that they had thought hidden, the miserable deformities of mind and body that they had thought locked behind their cabin doors—he trailed them under their eyes to the guffaws of his companions. He made a macabre pantomime of Mrs. Carlton building up the façade of her ruined beauty. And Mrs. Carlton began to cry, whimpering like a child, or like an old, old woman. And there was a tableau of Jess Kenley playing poker and peeking into a mirror that no one else saw—

THEY did not dare look at each other. They sat silent, each by himself. They hated each other as they hated their tormentors. Strangely, their hatred was stronger than their terror. They would have been glad to see each other die.

James Latimer, gasping for breath, listened to the dark persistent drums with a kind of hunger.

Kent kept his place at Felice Latimer's side. He held her hand openly and grinned in Lan Perrot's face. Lan Perrot's face in the starlight was like that of a white furious clown.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, we wish you good night. We hope that your new friends will find you more to their taste than we do—"

"Gesegnete Mahlzeit, Herrschaften—"

It was the German cook. The fat fellow as a last jest had assumed his cap and apron and pranced obscenely, sharpening his long knife.

They reeled down the sloping shore, dragging their spoil with them. They left what they could not carry. Amidst oaths and laughter they pushed off into the surf. The phosphorescent water dripped in points of light from their clumsy oars. Presently there was nothing left of them but the faint sound of the steward's voice, raised to a cracked falsetto, singing Mrs. Carlton's favorite chanson: "Ouvre ta porte, ma mie—"

"I am glad to think," the captain said, "that they are going to their death as surely as we are going to ours."

Ralph Bentick swore bitterly. The big iron jaw could not keep the small mouth steady.

"You're a queer sort of skipper—frightened by a few drum taps. You've forgotten that S. O. S., haven't you? There'll be a gunboat along any time now. The Aussies are smart fellows. They won't let anything happen to R. P. Bentick. They know better—"

KENT held the hand in his in a questioning pressure.

"How can they bear the thought of living?"

Her voice was tense and impatient:

"Why not?"

"They'd be too ashamed—"

"Of being shown up? What would that matter? We're all in the same boat. Are you ashamed?"

"Of what?"

"Of loving me."

"No," he whispered. "You know that."

"Yet I'm married. I've loved lots of people. I mean to love lots more—"

"I don't care—I don't care—"

"You see—no one cares. Nothing matters—only life—"

"Yes, that's it. I've got to live, Felice, if it's only for a few days."

"Stupid. You make me angry. I want to live always—always—"

"—with you."

A drum closer to them than the rest struck out three isolated notes of summons. The reverberations traveled far and wide over the jungle. The earth under their feet echoed them. Felice Latimer tore her hand free, covering her eyes.

"Oh, God—"

"I've got to live!" Kent whispered.

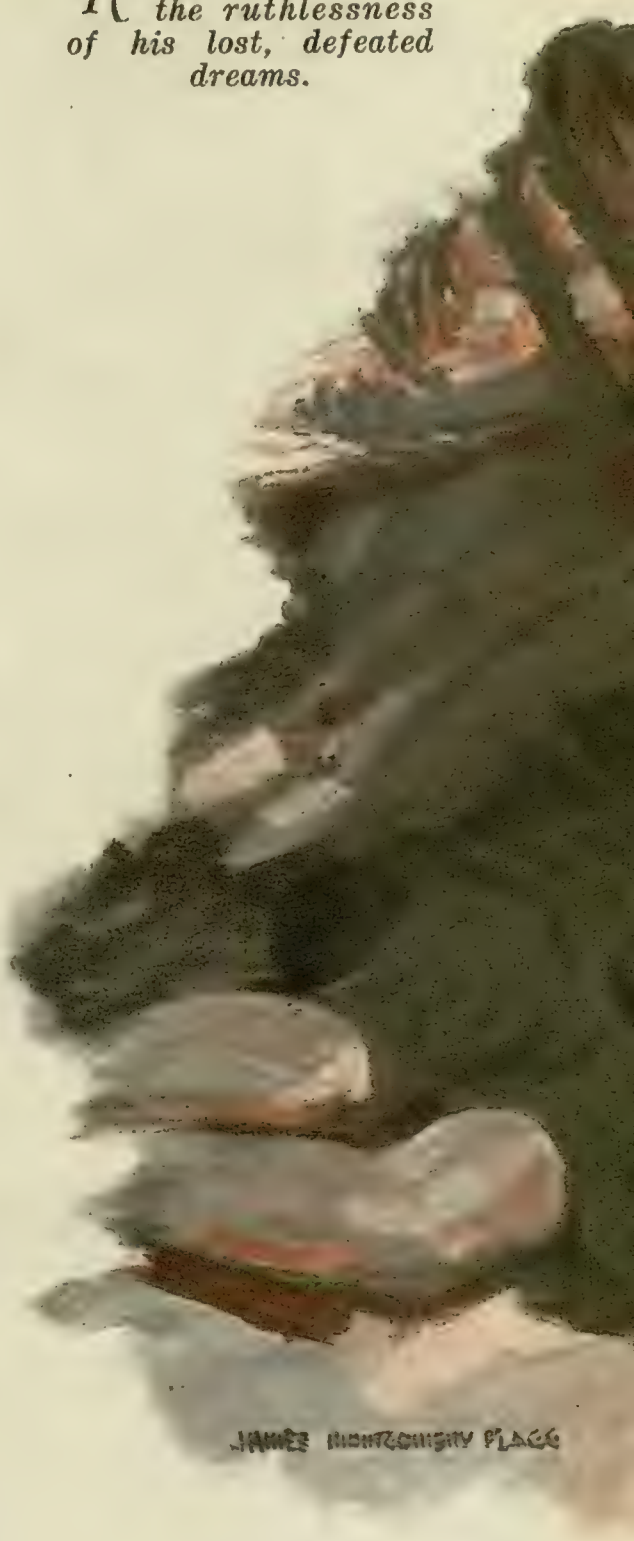
He spoke to himself—to the self that had been Tristram Kent and had talked to the red-haired girl about life. He saw that these two had known nothing—and that she would never know. She was the stubborn-visioned kind who would go down into her grave believing in her fairy tales and in herself. And from start to finish she would never have seized the moment that was all there was. But he, Tris Kent, knew. And he couldn't die like this with nothing left him—neither illusion nor the bitter-sweet draught of reality. He was like a ghost in limbo. "I've got to live first," he repeated.

"Save me, Tris, can't you? You're the only one left who loves me. My husband would like to see me dead—and Lan, too!"

"I've got to save you—"

Not for her sake. It flashed upon him that neither did he love her. There was no such thing as love. There was only desire that was bitter as hatred—that had to be gratified. He had to save her, but for himself.

HE kissed her with the ruthlessness of his lost, defeated dreams.



The drums beat all through the night. And with the dawn they yielded to a more ominous silence. It became intolerable. Kent, armed with one of the remaining revolvers, climbed up the walk that silent unknown feet had beaten into the heart of the island. He risked his life, but it was already lost. And first he had to meet this faceless enemy and measure him and kill. He had to kill and kill before he died, so that this rage and terror might be appeased.

BUT as he pressed further into the green twilight he was aware of a passing within himself. The curtain of strange flowers and vines fell softly behind him and cut him off from his companions—even from the woman and his own desire of her. They were shadows compared to the thing that he approached, and that patiently and inexorably awaited him. Sometimes he thought it was death, and wondered why he who had passionately desired to live should advance so steadily to meet it. And then again he was filled with a strange eagerness—a breathless exultancy.

He came out of the dusk into a narrow clearing. Through the network of overhanging vines the sunlight sank peacefully, its warm, clear gold resting as with significance upon a mound of earth and scattered flowers.

At the head of the mound a man stood and waited. He was as the third officer had seen him—stark-naked and armed. He leaned on his long spear, the gaunt brown body composed in a classic attitude of stern and tragic purpose. The dark head, too, was crowned with a wreath of the red flowers.

An ugly brute for all that, coarse-featured, heavy-browed. Kent held his revolver ready. He covered the unprotected heart. At the first move he would have fired. But the savage remained motionless. He did not seem to see the revolver—perhaps did not realize its threat. For interminable minutes they stood there. Kent had never seen that look in a man's eyes, and slowly his revolver sank. He knew that it was useless. He awaited death. It came upon him with a clear flash of self-knowledge that he wanted to die—and to escape.

BUT death would not come. He turned with a gesture of defeat and stumbled blindly, forlornly back into the twilight.

"You should have shot him," Felice Latimer said with white contempt. "Then the others would have been afraid."

"I couldn't. I felt—" He fumbled for a word that covered that inexplicable upheaval of emotion. It came suddenly from him, without his understanding, against his will. "Worthless," he said.

They stared at him. The silence broke horribly with Mrs. Carlton's shrill hysterical laughter.

The drums again. They drew a cordon about the shore. The night ached with their solemn, terrible beating. The universe swayed and vibrated. Then, as the moon rose, a sudden emptiness—a breathless void in which the tortured listeners hung suspended. Something was happening within that black barrier. The event approached them—receded. It was a tide they could not see. It beat against an invisible dam which might in a moment give way before the onslaught. Sometimes it seemed to their straining eyes that the fringe of the jungle stirred to life—that it moved—was closing in on them. The giant palm leaves were the heads of spears.

They could not bear it. They were obsessed by a frantic need to make an end—to throw themselves on that sharp death.

"Why don't they come? Why don't they come?"

It was Mrs. Carlton crying to herself. The captain was keeping his last cartridge for her. Somehow he was sorrier for her than for the others.

Mr. Bentick talked like a madman of the warship that was coming. It must come because R. P. Bentick couldn't die. The world wouldn't let him die. It wouldn't dare. Lan Perrot made death ridiculous with his silence. He alone had not moved, but sat with his back to a rock and his long arms locked about his knees. He and Mr. Latimer watched each other terribly through the starlight.

"Oh, God, why don't they come?"

A cry went up in answer. The sound went on interminably—on one note, passing from one vowel to another—"a-a-o-e-a-o-o-a—" It was caught up by the far distance. It climbed up into the stars. It clutched at Kent's throat. Death was coming for him. But it was not that— It

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[ONE MAN
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was as though a whole world had become articulate in its grief. He heard its crying. He went down under its burden. Suddenly, crazily, he saw himself at the window of his attic looking down upon the tumbled lights of the city—

"Tris—"

He had forgotten. He turned to her. He caught her to him. What these desperate watchers saw no longer mattered. They would have no memories. Their tongues would be forever silent. He kissed her with the ruthlessness of his lost, defeated dreams.

The stars went out one by one. The changeless dawn rose on their aghast shadows, still held in the attitude of expectant death. The shore was empty. The jungle retained its static outline. They looked at each other palely. They had dreamed a dream. Or it might be that death had swept over them and that they were ghosts still lingering about the place of their dissolution. Only when they saw James Latimer they knew that they still lived. For he was dead. They suffered him to remain among them. But they covered his face. They could not bear that look of furious frustration. They knew how he had wanted them to die.

And they were to live. At the last hour a barrier had risen between themselves and death.

Kent loosened the hands that unconsciously still clung to him. At daybreak Felice Latimer had fallen asleep and he had held her gently. But there was no gentleness in his heart. Strange, terrible things had happened to him in that night of waiting. He saw death as a solution. He saw why it was that a man could kill the woman he loved, driven by just such a bitter, merciless necessity.

She should not play with him as she had played with those others.

He took the path that he had taken before. He went unarmed and alone. And he saw what the night had hidden from them. Death had come very close. There were dead men on the path—dark, bestial-faced men who had died terribly with spear wounds in their breasts which they had held like shields to the mysterious jungle. Their naked bodies were stiffened in the last agony. They lay most densely about the clearing and the mound with its covering of flowers. And one of them still lived. Kent recognized him. And he was dying fast. He spoke—some word—some name. It might have been no more than a groan. But Kent knelt beside him and gathered the dark, flower-bound head against his breast. He did not know what had moved him to this strange act—no more than he understood the look of those breaking eyes fastened on his. He only knew that suddenly he was crying with a grief ancient as life itself.

IT was all over. Ralph Bentick had been right, as no doubt he always was. Nothing unpleasant could ever happen to Ralph Bentick. A heavy, black-funneled freighter stood outside the bay and its swarthy second mate was listening to Lan Perrot, who told his story with lean, suave gestures. Kent saw how in a moment they had all regained their hold on life. He could see them slipping back into their old motley, preening themselves, smoothing out the creases, hiding the stains. All but James Latimer, who must remain forever what he was. His wife looked into Kent's eyes and smiled. She wasn't frightened any more. Her eyes promised—commanded—mocked a little. "Now I am free. What now?"

The second mate nodded.

"Yes—I picked up your S. O. S. all right. I know every inch of these seas. We came as fast as we could. But the old tub's slow. She's safe, though—and that's more than you've been here."

He threw a grim, appraising glance over the silent enigmatic land. "Lucky for you you struck where you did. On the other side of the island they'd have made long-pig of you. But with this tribe you had a chance. You see—they've got some queer idea or other—"

"A very good idea, it seems," Lan Perrot murmured politely. "An excellent idea—"

"Aye. Perhaps. The idea of a man, you might call it. A queer story. Don't exactly know the rights of it myself—" He looked at Kent. "Well—what's it to you, young fellow? It happened a hundred years ago—maybe more. Some doctor fellow on his way home to England— And a plague raging on this God-forsaken island—killing them off like flies. And what's he got to do but stop off his ship, plant himself among them with his little medicine chest, and whatever gives a man the guts to do a crazy thing like that— Don't know why they didn't eat him. Guess he must have been the sort folk just naturally turn to in dirty weather. Leastways he never saw his own people again. He died. No one knows his name even."

"They know," Kent said.

He told of the dead men whom he had seen, and the old man nodded soberly.

"Yes, that's how it was. They fought for you against the others. You see, he'd become a sort of legend. It wouldn't matter what the white folks were—might be the scum of the earth—they'd let no harm come to 'em. He made 'em gods."

FELICE LATIMER stood by the first boat. Her eyes sought Tristram Kent. They were growing baffled, angry. They commanded, "Come with me." But it was as though a stranger had signaled to him. He touched the mate on the arm.

"I can show you something," he said. "I can show you where he is buried."

The mate gave his orders. The first boat pushed off into the surf. He walked with Kent into the half light of the jungle. And on Kent's other hand walked a shadow—the man of illusion and martyrdom who yet had made gods of Tristram Kent and of his people. Strange gods. Pain that was like a sharp, bitter-tasting happiness twisted Kent's heart.

"Heaven knows what I'll do with you all," the mate grumbled. "The old Maria was built for copra and not a bunch of swells. You'll have to shift the best way you can."

"I don't belong to the others," Kent said. "I want to work my passage home."

The old man eyed him shrewdly.

"Well, you look a proper lad. And we'll be shorthanded and that's the truth."

The dead were gone. Swiftly and silently they had been borne away to their own burial ground. But the impress of their bodies was on the undergrowth. And there were black stains on the dark green trailing vines. The mate brooded to himself.

"Aye. A queer business. Just that one man. And after all these years—"

They came to the clear space and the solitary grave. Fresh flowers had been strewn over its namelessness. The overhanging trees were like the arches of a great church.

"Mostly they hide their dead. They're scared of dead people. But maybe he was different. He may have learned 'em something. Maybe they don't think he's dead at all—"

Kent thought of him. And then, oddly, of the red-haired girl. Those two would have understood each other.

They spoke a language of their own. The old Kent had spoken it, too, blunderingly, uncertainly. It wasn't an easy language. He'd got to begin again. He'd work hard—

He put his hand to his pocket. He drew out Lan Perrot's check and tore it across and across. The tiny pieces scattered over the grave like the petals of a white flower.

"What's that, young man?"

Kent lifted his face to his invisible companion.

"Tribute," he said.

THE END

Clara Bow

The Playgirl of Hollywood

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

YOU can love Clara and hate her. You can feel sorry for her and at the same time be furious enough to spank her. You can be thrilled by her and disgusted with her. You would trust her with your life, your money, and your good name, but never with your husband. You are fascinated and interested every moment you are with her and yet you heave a long sigh of relief when she is gone, because the tension is too great for everyday living.

You must either like or dislike Clara intensely. I defy any human being to come in contact with her and feel indifference. It simply can't be done. Any emotion in the deck might be produced by knowing her, but not indifference.

The greatest box-office attraction the motion-picture industry has ever known, in point of the number of people who in one year go into theaters to see her pictures, is a twenty-four-year-old Brooklyn girl whose mother died when she was very young and who had very little education and oftentimes not enough to eat.

Her fan mail is bigger than any other star has ever received. Everyone who comes to Hollywood wants above everything else to meet Clara Bow, or, failing that, to be told what she is like.

But you cannot describe Clara Bow in one sentence. If you could, I think it would be, " Her whim is her law."

I have heard men say that you can live in the desert for a lifetime and never know half its beauties, half its terrors. I think you could live with Clara Bow for years and never begin to fathom her strange and complex nature. For just as you begin to believe that you understand her, she slips through your fingers like quicksilver and comes out in some entirely new shape.

That is why everything which has been written about the most popular girl in the United States is superficial. No man could write about her with an unprejudiced pen once he knew her well. And only one or two women have ever known her well enough to be anything but superficial about her. Most of them are too much afraid of her vaunted lure for men.

Conflicting possibilities vibrate in Clara Bow like the crash of cymbals. She knows it. But she never has time to decide for herself which shall be uppermost. Life drives her swiftly.

I met her first several years ago. I was going to do a life story about her for Photoplay Magazine. An appointment had been made through the publicity department. I arrived at the Paramount studio on time, and a

Wide World photo

Clara Bow in a characteristic beach ensemble: white blouse, blue scarf, orange trousers. Her hair is red.

publicist, who annoyed me by becoming incoherent about her, conducted me to Miss Bow's dressing room.

Miss Bow wasn't there, which was an omen. Miss Bow is never, at least in my experience, where she is expected to be. If she is supposed to be working, she is in her house up at the Malibu. If she is ticketed as spending a week at the Malibu, she is actually at home in Beverly Hills. If you read that she has started for Honolulu, you

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[CLARA BOW
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are fairly safe in looking for her on the set. Trying to locate her at any given time is a week's work, partly because she changes her mind with every new impulse and partly because she is always surrounded by thoroughly incompetent people whom she either happens to like or is sorry for.

After considerable excitement they found her in a projection room where she was looking at the day's rushes. We walked up several flights of stairs to said projection room and knocked. Explanations, and then Miss Bow tumbled out the door.

I saw a very young girl, with amazing red hair obviously but beautifully and effectively dyed, and the most restless, brilliant, and arresting black eyes I had ever encountered. Under an exquisite kimono, her figure looked a trifle plump but—if you will forgive me—luscious. It made you wonder what started women on this fad of being flat and skinny. The two hands that reached out for mine were hot and electric, but soft as a baby's.

"Darling," she said, in a throaty, vibrant voice, "I'm so glad you've come. I forgot all about you. Do come in and see the rushes. You'll like them."

We saw the rushes—studio name for the day's work—and Clara talked all the time in the darkness, telling me the story of this picture, explaining to the director what was wrong with her work and everyone else's, and giggling throatily over the bad takes.

When we came out she looked at me with startled eyes and exclaimed, "Oh, you were to come to dinner!"

Back in her dressing room, which was gorgeous and disordered as a night club at 3 A. M., she said, "I'm so sorry. I don't think there is any dinner. I'll phone and see."

BUT unfortunately they had just changed her telephone number again because too many people knew the old one, and she couldn't remember what the new one was. No amount of cajoling Central could extract it, and no one else around the studio—not even Tui—knew it.

No story of Clara could be complete without Tui, so we might as well introduce her right now. Tui is Clara's chum who has lived with her for years. She is an Australian chorus girl and recently married Clara's father—chiefly, one gathers, to avoid an immigration law which would otherwise have sent her back to her native land, her allotted time in America being up. Clara didn't want Tui to go back to Australia. Tui has the vocabulary of a London cab driver, the wit of Oscar Wilde, and the broad education of a girl who has known her ups and downs and read everything worth while she could get her hands on. She does amazing imitations and dialect songs and reminds me constantly of Beatrice Lillie.

Tui stood in one corner of the dressing room, her blonde hair on end, a cigarette in her fingers, and her brows lifted in quizzical contemplation.

"It's no good phoning anyhow," she said. "You can't take Adela home to dinner, Clara. It's the blank cook's night out and I ate the last can of blank sardines for my blank breakfast. Also, there's nothing but blank-blank gin and no lady ever drinks gin."

She grinned at me with engaging frankness.

Clara gave up calling wrong telephone numbers and said, "Darling, do you mind coming tomorrow night? I'm sorry, but I forgot. I'd take you to the Ambassador, but we couldn't talk there, and besides I have a date with a gorgeous man. At least, I think he's gorgeous. He'll probably turn out to be a dud."

"He turned out to be that a week ago," said Tui, "but Clara's so damn optimistic."

"He's a divine dancer," said Clara.

"But," said Tui, "as Michael Arlen would say, is life all dancing?"

"If you happen to be dancing it is," said Clara and went into a perfect gale of laughter.

Then she told me that I was to come straight to her house the next evening and she'd be home as soon as she got through at the studio. She wrote down an address, which turned out to be two blocks wrong, and I went home,

debating in my own mind as to whether or not I would go back.

The next morning my phone rang. It was Clara. "Don't forget about tonight," she said.

I finally located the house, and after much parley with a suspicious maid—Clara had forgotten to tell her I was expected—was admitted.

It is a small house in Beverly Hills, down near Santa Monica Boulevard instead of up in the fashionable hillside district. A big living room with a sun porch behind, opening into a little garden. A dining room and kitchen. Two small bedrooms. A maid's room. Clara's Chinese room, which was originally a den. Just an ordinary stucco bungalow. But inside it is exactly like Clara.

THE beautiful and the bizarre, the exquisite and the commonplace—mingled in hopeless confusion.

A gaudy doll in frowsy skirts and wig leans against a wonderful Ming lamp. A huge fuzzy Teddy bear with a pink bow around his neck occupies a corner of the luxurious brocaded davenport. The center table is a really fine thing of carved oak and the rugs are awful imitation Chinese. The lamps look as if they had come from the five-and-ten-cent store, but the shawl on the piano might be worn by a Spanish Infanta.

The Chinese room—which is Clara's lounging room—is one of those things you read about in novels of flaming youth and never see. The walls are gleaming gold. An entire side is taken up by a huge soft couch of black velvet heaped with pillows of lacquer red and gold embroidery and jade silk. A Chinese god looks down from a carved pedestal. The lights are so dim it is five minutes before you can really see, and the place smells of some strange incense rising in clouds from a brass burner. The curtains are full length black satin and they are always closed.

Wide World photo

At the left, Clara Bow's come-hither smile, which has won her renown as "the It girl." In the picture above, a gypsy dress goes with the smile.

Yet next door is Clara's bedroom—as simple and unpretentious a room as you would find belonging to any high-school girl in Cleveland or St. Louis or Atlanta.

I waited in the living room, unable to read because I couldn't find any books. Papa Bow came in finally. My presence apparently failed to register. He got up and went out without discovering me at all.

Pretty soon Clara and Tui arrived. Clara looked horribly tired. Her eyes were pitiful.

"She has no sense," said Tui, impersonally. "She's rehearsed a scene forty times with some sap leading man. *I* say if they're so dumb they have to keep at it that long, let them go alone. But she runs errands for almost everybody over there."

"You got to be regular, Tui," said Clara wearily. "Even more, when you're up. I remember when I was scratching for a job. I remember, too, when I first came around here as a star and Pola Negri and Florence Vidor used to high-hat me. Well, I'm not above getting even if I get a chance. Pola used to ride by me in her limousine like I was part of the roadbed. Yesterday I made them stop the music on her set because it bothered me when I was trying to do a big scene.

"But I'm not going to be high-hatting anybody. First, because I know how it feels. Second, because this is a funny game—you're here today and gone tomorrow. How about a drink?"

We had one highball, which Clara informed me is all she ever allows herself while she is working. Then we went in to dinner, Papa Bow having popped up again like a jack-in-the-box. The fat and friendly cook served it, with appropriate comments. The food was marvelous. Real French vintage champagne was served in glasses of Venetian crystal. Clara didn't touch it. Instead she drank three large cups of strong tea. She hardly spoke throughout the meal. She just ate.

Tui and Papa Bow vanished, and Clara and I settled down on the davenport to talk. I was worried. Clara slumped in a corner. It seemed to me that she would give me nothing. She looked tired and almost stupid, in spite of the feverish glitter in her eyes.

Then, as we started to talk, she came alive.

There followed a night—for we talked until dawn filled the room with cold sunlight—which I shall never forget. My business has taken me to talk with many great and strange and famous people. But I think I shall always remember that night with Clara Bow—who had come from nothing to be the greatest drawing card in her own game—as the peak of my experiences.

Gilbert Roland. P. & A. photo *Vic Fleming.* *Gary Cooper.*

Clara turned on the radio at its loudest and the jazz beat against the walls of the room until I felt quite deaf. I asked her to turn it off and she did, with the sweetest apology, and ten minutes later forgot and turned it on again. It isn't only on the screen that Clara is jazz-mad. Jazz is her national anthem. Her idea of a real party is to get Earl Burnett's famous trio to come out after they are through at the Biltmore and play and sing to her.

I CANNOT describe the tension of that room as we talked. The clash of its furnishings, the dynamic colorings, the throbbing jazz from the radio, and Clara. I cannot explain why she keys you up as she does—why she gives you the feeling that the world may come to an end before you can finish what you are doing unless you hurry—why you find yourself talking breathlessly and more loudly than is your habit.

Her own tension is catching; that must be what it is. No matter how long you know her, you will never see Clara relaxed. Even when she is dropping with fatigue, there is no peace in her. She fights fatigue with all her glorious young strength.

During that first night's talk it was possible to gain a complete view of Clara's mind. I do not know why she talked as she did. It was as though a dam had broken and the words poured out without volition; as though she had not for years talked to anyone who might sympathize and understand.

Once started, she could not stop. I had the feeling that never before had she reviewed her life as a whole, even to herself.

She talked about her birth, a birth which the doctor had predicted would surely cause her mother's death. She talked about her childhood in a Brooklyn tenement, marked by indelible tragedies—her grandfather drop-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CLARA BOW
Continued from page seventeen]

ping dead at her feet as he pushed her in a little swing; the dear little boy downstairs who was burned to death before her eyes; the poverty brought on by her father's bad luck and failures. She talked about the delicate mother whom she worshiped, and her own agony when she saw that mother's mind gradually give way beneath illness caused by bringing into the world children who did not live.

"As I grew up," she said slowly, "mother began to be afraid for me. When I first wanted to go into pictures, she was so distressed that I gave it up. One night she came into my room while I was sleeping. She had long hair, and the first thing I knew the great braids of it struck against my face. As my eyes opened, I saw that she held a long knife against my throat. She told me she was going to kill me because I would be better off dead. She said life was brutal and terrible and death was better.

"Her eyes blazed. I grew cold with fear. I didn't want to die. And my heart was breaking for her—her suffering. I gathered myself and sprang past her and out the door. I locked her in and lay sobbing against the door outside until my father came home at dawn."

When her mother died Clara tried to jump into the open grave beside her—a child half mad with grief at losing the thing dearest to her in the whole world.

Clara Bow on the porch of her house in Beverly Hills.

As she talked, I realized somewhere in my subconscious mind that I was listening to one of the greatest tragic actresses in the world. My face was wet with tears, though I was too fascinated to know I wept.

I realized, too, the thing that alone can give anyone even a partial understanding of Clara Bow. No success, no adulation, no amount of fame or gold, can ever wipe out the terrible scars of her childhood and adolescent years. There is hammered into her soul a fear of life, and that is why she desires to live fast and furiously, why she must seek forgetfulness in mad gayety.

Before me unrolled a mind entirely untrained, raw and strong as the mind of a primitive woman, grappling in its own way with the problems of a sophisticated and civilized world. The things which the average person has accepted as truths are not truths to her. She accepts nothing. Life is as new to her as it was to Eve.

NEVER before had I been conscious of how much of our thinking we have taken from books, from other minds, from traditional laws. Clara takes nothing from anybody. The effect is astounding. To watch a fresh, violent young mind tackling principles, life, God, laws of society, sex, as though they had never been touched before, and discarding axioms as so much deadwood, is like being at sea in a hurricane.

"Why can't we *know?*" she cried. "Why is life so difficult? Why are we born with such mixed-up desires? Why are we so ignorant of where we came from and where we are going? I don't understand."

The passionate revolt of the Persian poet—

> What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence?*
> And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!
> Ah! contrite Heav'n endowed us with the Vine
> To drown the memory of that insolence!

I quoted it to her. Omar Khayyám was new to her, but her eyes flamed with appreciation. I remembered other stanzas, and said them:

> O Thou who didst with pitfall and with gin
> Beset the Road I was to wander in,
> Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round
> Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!
>
> Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
> One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed reveal'd,
> Toward which the fainting Traveler might spring,
> As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

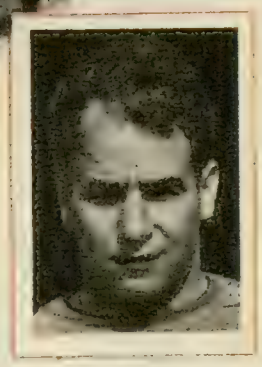
Clara clapped her hands.

"Ah, I understand that," she said. "What is that book? I must have it. He says things I have thought but do not know how to say."

A reckless, lawless, honest, rebellious young pagan, with a primitive mind and a beautiful body, both of them capable of every fundamental emotion at its peak.

They call her the It girl. In Clara's case there is much more than mere sex appeal back of that word. There is a primitive passion for living, there is a vividness of emotion, a vital current that has been dimmed in most of us by civilization and conformity.

When Clara makes whoopee after the manner of her generation, she has a grand and glorious time. There is none of the boredom and decadence that marks too many of the girls and boys one sees about. Her pep is inexhaustible.



Morley Drury, California football star.

P. & A. photo

I REMEMBER one party she gave for a gang of young college folks. At 4 o'clock in the morning Clara was out on the lawn being taught to tackle by a 190-pound All-American. She succeeded in spraining his thumb for him, which is more than Notre Dame ever did. She has the most amazing physical strength and aptitude. The first time she ever played tennis was on our court, and by the end of the afternoon she was playing better than many girls who have been at it for years.

Clara Bow is the only completely natural person I have ever known. It may seem a bit rowdy to be roughhousing on the lawn at 4 o'clock in the morning, but it seems to me infinitely preferable to dancing in some stinking night club. She may startle the élite by deciding to go swimming on a cold night when the rest of the party is settling down to bridge. But a midnight swim in icy water isn't such a bad thing for your constitution.

Her one law is to cheat her enemy, life, out of every moment of fun and feeling that she can get.

Going home that first morning through the clear California dawn, I was eaten up with pity for this girl who was on top of the world, who occupied a position almost every girl in America today envies.

That feeling of pity has never passed away.

She has so much and she doesn't know what to do with it. The things money can buy, outside of ordinary comfort and necessary service, mean little to Clara. She has as much sense of the value of money as a Hawaiian boy on the beach at Waikiki. If she has it, she spends it or gives it away. If she hasn't, she cheerfully does without. In the early days of her sudden success, her salary was not large. It isn't enormous now, compared with what other stars of less drawing power get.

Last year, when she found her business and financial affairs extremely mussed up, she got a business manager and obeyed his dictates until they were straightened out.

Cultured life, the life of the mind, is a closed book to her. Yet she has a fine mind, and it could be opened for her. Some day I think it will be.

The thing she likes best about her success is the admiration of people.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

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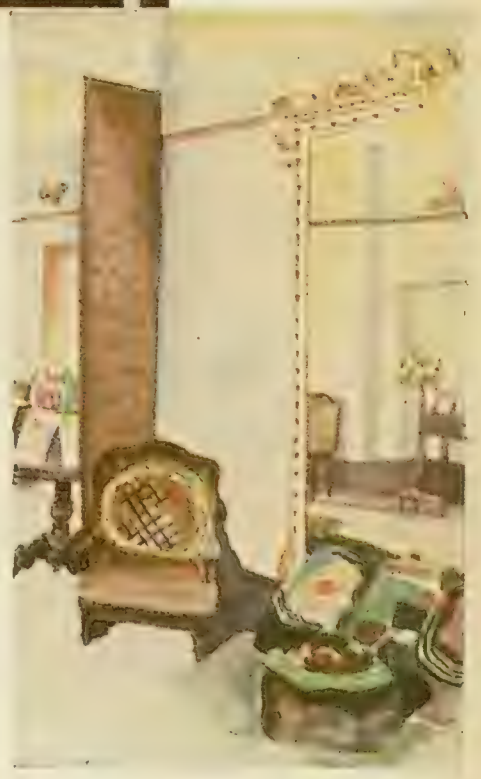

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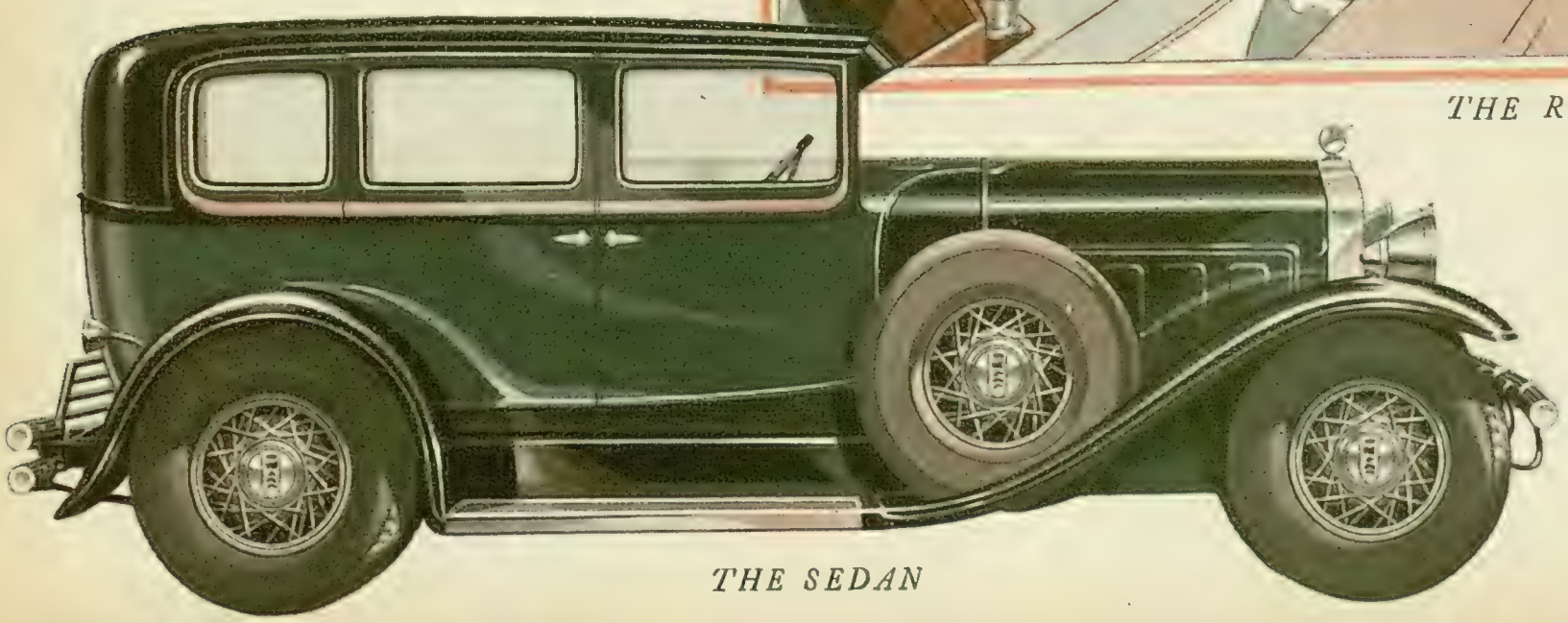


THE SEDAN

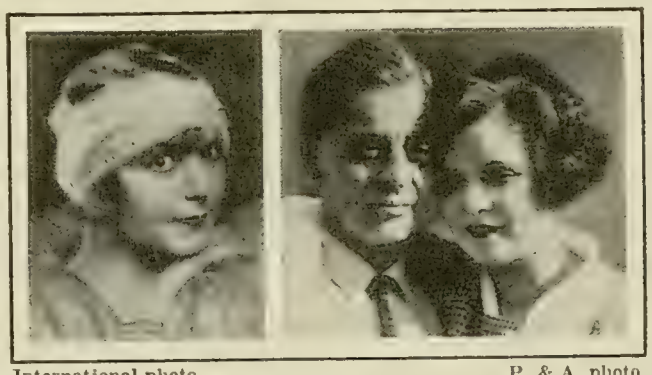
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

One night in San Francisco, after the big football game between Stanford and California, we were dining in the Rose Room of the Palace with Tom Mix, and Clara was in the party. She had come up that morning by plane. It takes something to make an impression on the wild crowd of football nuts and celebrating students and graduates that pack every San Francisco hotel the night after a big game. But Clara did it.

Ten minutes after we sat down she had a mob around her that looked like the floor of the Stock Exchange on a busy afternoon. And she liked it. There is no affectation about her. Her pleasure in finding that crowds know and like her is genuine and undisguised. Her face sparkled and she autographed menus for an hour and a half. When the crowd finally dispersed we had added three very good-looking young collegians to our party. Clara danced with them and kidded them and went back to Los Angeles the next day without knowing their names.

But even as she sat there, surrounded by clamoring admirers, her hair blazing in the light—she had washed it herself under the bathroom tap just before dinner—her black eyes dancing, that feeling of pity engulfed me.

Perhaps it is because there seems to be no pattern, no purpose to her life. She swings from one emotion to another, but she gains nothing, stores up nothing against the future. She lives entirely in the present, not even for today, but just for the moment.



International photo P. & A. photo

Tui Lorraine, Clara Bow's chum, and Clara with her father, Bob Bow, who is now Tui's husband.

Any number of women in Hollywood have tried to conform Clara, tried to make her live a more settled life, tried to get her to begin studying. I tried it myself. Because I couldn't help loving her, I wanted to show her that the best protection from life is a certain conformity. I wanted to prepare her a little for those future years that after all must be lived.

While I was trying, I talked with a famous scenario writer who had done a number of pictures for Clara.

"It won't do any good," she said. "Clara is the complete nonconformist. What she wants she gets if she can. What she desires to do she does. She has a big heart, a remarkable brain, and the most utter contempt for the world in general. Time doesn't exist for her, except that she thinks it may stop tomorrow. She has real courage, because she lives boldly. Who are we, after all, to say she is wrong? You'll fail as I failed."

I did fail as she had, and as Elinor Glyn did. Clara is sweet, grateful, willing as a good child. She agrees with you, admires what you say, and—remains Clara Bow. And you go on loving her, feeling sorry for her, and praying that she won't get into any real trouble.

OF all the stars—excepting the mysterious Garbo—Clara remains most completely herself. She hasn't acquired the ways and manners, the habits and customs, of the rich and the socially elect. Her servants are her friends, and if she wants to talk to them during dinner, she does it. Her house is quite as grand as is consistent in her mind with comfort. When she gives a party she asks the people she likes and who like her, without following the usual code of Hollywood royalty and asking those who belong by right of their screen position.

When she gives a dinner party she puts all the husbands next to their own wives, books of etiquette to the contrary notwithstanding. "I don't want to start any trouble," says Clara wisely. She likes tea in a big cup with her dinner, so she has it.

Another nonconformist trait is her clothes. Her dress isn't loud; it's barbaric—and rather beautiful. Looking at Papa Bow, who is a swarthy little man with coal-black hair and high cheek bones, one sometimes wonders if there isn't a drop or two of the blood of the first Americans somewhere in Clara's lineage.

The startling make-up she puts on for the street suggests an Indian's war paint. And it is wholely suitable to Clara. Without it, her face has a baby roundness, her eyes have a wistfulness that is appealing but out of character. She takes actual pleasure in that make-up. She never has any hesitation in being seen without it, so it can't be for other people. No, she likes it; that is why she wears it.

The same with her clothes. One afternoon last year she appeared at a football game, with some 90,000 other people, wearing a sport suit of the brightest lip-stick red, a red tam over one ear, no stockings, and bright red slippers with high gold heels and buckles.

It wasn't the slightest use telling her that one doesn't wear slippers with high gold heels with a sport costume to a football game.

"Why not?" says Clara Bow. "I like 'em. They make me feel good."

Well, after all, why not? Is there any sound moral or economic reason against gold heels? As for taste: "My taste suits me," said Clara. "And I have to live with myself more than anybody else does."

HER clothes express her mood. She may arrive for a simple little dinner—anywhere from an hour to two hours late—in a gleaming spangled gown that makes you catch your breath, for Clara can be beautiful when she wants to be. A week later she will come to a very formal dinner for a visiting celebrity in a quiet white frock with a huge red bow tied behind. It is impossible for her to see why it should bother anyone else, since she herself is perfectly at ease.

Whatever her own law of whims, she is quite as willing to allow others to apply theirs. It is perhaps not quite nice of her to be an hour or two late for every appointment, or to forget appointments altogether. But if *you* happen to be an hour or two late, and she remembers that you are coming, she waits sweetly and makes not the slightest comment when you arrive.

I should think that the three important things in Clara Bow's life are work, sex, and laughter. And I can well imagine the younger generation, of whom we hear so much, saying, "But what else is there?"

To her work Clara gives everything she has. No hours are too long. She has never been known to display temperament of any kind. She accepts direction happily and gratefully. The author and the supervisor can do their work without any interference from her. When she gets her teeth into a part, as the old actors say, she hits it with full steam ahead. Her days at the studio are still fun to her. In fact, she'd rather be in the middle of a picture than on a vacation. There isn't an ounce of "art" in her character. But she likes to work, likes to act, enjoys the contact and bustle and excitement of a picture set.

Laughter she will buy at any price. Anyone who can make Clara laugh is sure of her continued interest and friendship. There is a young aviator from Texas whose name has been linked with hers. He isn't quite what you would call good-looking by the greatest stretch of the imagination. But he is one of the greatest raconteurs who ever told a story. Also, he can sing and do imitations. James Montgomery Flagg once remarked that he could do everything but make a panama hat. I dare swear there has never been anything between him and Clara more romantic than laughter. That, too, is the secret of her close friendship with Tui Lorraine. Tui makes her laugh.

It is a modern characteristic, this love of laughter. Anything for a laugh, is the modern slogan. Clara, being by nature an extremist, grabs laughter with both hands, from anyone, anywhere, under any circumstances.

But I think it is only a very tragic heart, which must be made to laugh by others, that puts so high a premium on laughter.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CLARA BOW
Continued from page twenty-one]

Clara startles a good many people by her democracy, for the kings and queens of filmdom are not always democratic; they cannot afford to be.

For instance, Clara, having seen Morley Drury, 1927 captain of the University of Southern California team, play football, decided that she wanted to meet him. She is always in a hurry. The shortest distance between two points seemed to be for her to call him up at his fraternity house.

"This is Clara Bow," she said. "I want to speak to Mr. Drury."

"Yeh?" said the hard-boiled freshman on the other end of the wire. "This is the Prince of Wales. What can I do for you, Miss Bow? And what is your real name?"

"This *is* Clara Bow," said the young lady furiously. "Don't be so fresh!"

"You must think I'm dumb," said the freshman. "Imagine Clara Bow just calling up like that, when every man on the campus would give his right arm to meet her! I'll believe it when I see you."

"I'll be right over," said Clara.

She jumped into her roadster and fifteen minutes later arrived at the fraternity house to convince the freshman, and thirty or forty of his brethren who had gathered, that she really was Clara Bow.

The aftermath of that, by the way, was an order from the coach that his football team must stay away from Clara Bow, individually and collectively. Those who saw the U. S. C. team play Notre Dame that fall in Chicago can decide whether or not the order was obeyed.

In matters of love, Clara is openly the huntress. All women are natural born sisters of Diana, but few are, dare to be, or can be, so frank about it as Clara Bow. She looks the field over, selects what she wants, and goes after it. To date, I believe she has always got it. Her decisions are swift, both at the beginning and the end. She wastes no time on preliminaries, once her fancy is caught. When she is through, she is through.

IT wasn't, she says, until she came to Hollywood that Clara knew there was such a thing as sex. As a kid, she was a tomboy. Later she was too busy trying to get into pictures and too unhappy over her failures.

But when she came to Hollywood she met Gilbert Roland. Later she met Vic Fleming and Gary Cooper and other young men, including the handsome doctor to whom her engagement has lately been rumored.

This much can be said, and for once the truth does not detract from the public's cherished illusion. When men fall in love with Clara Bow, they seem to go a bit mad. They write things on pictures, for example, that surely no sane man would write. Clara doesn't exhibit these, for they mean nothing to her once their author has moved on. But Clara is careless with pictures and therefore one finds them about. And one is surprised that such strong and reserved young men could ever have so far forgotten themselves.

Clara falls in and out of love with directness and simplicity. She defends her position on that in a way that must be wrong and yet is, like so many of Clara's arguments, somehow unanswerable.

"Naturally you want to be in love," she says. "Nothing is much fun unless you are. So, when you find a man who can inspire love in you, you are glad. But if he can't keep you in love with him, that is his own fault. It wouldn't be fair to pretend I was still in love, even if I could do it, which I couldn't. I'm a fair actress but I wouldn't go that far."

BEING in love with Clara and having her in love is a tempestuous business. I have observed that. For she throws her whole heart and soul into it, all her immense vitality, all her greediness to get the most out of everything before fate strikes some obscure blow. When she is in love, she is quite sure that she has never been in love before and that she will never be again.

But she makes no effort to keep love, to turn it into a deep and happy affection. She doesn't want one. She wants love at its most burning and dynamic point.

Nor does she make any attempt to please men. They must please her. She is quite frank about it.

Man, in her primitive viewpoint, is the natural enemy of woman. If she can drag him at her chariot wheels, so much the better. Yet underneath, like all women of her type, she is actually seeking a master. When she finds a man stronger than she is, a man she cannot bend to her will, she will probably marry him. And she will probably make him a marvelous and devoted wife, if he continues always to be her master.

In the meantime, the world is full of men. If one doesn't play the game her way, she will find another who does. She is jealous, violent, sweet, passionate, and utterly fascinating.

Her love of drama makes her rather enjoy quarrels and reconciliations, the beginning and the end of a love affair better than any prosaic middle. After all, she is very young.

At least twice, men who loved her have tried to kill her. Once a man attempted suicide when she broke with him. That annoyed her. She thought he was a fool and a coward, and said so.

The man who finally wins her won't have a quiet life, but certainly he will never be bored.

THE END

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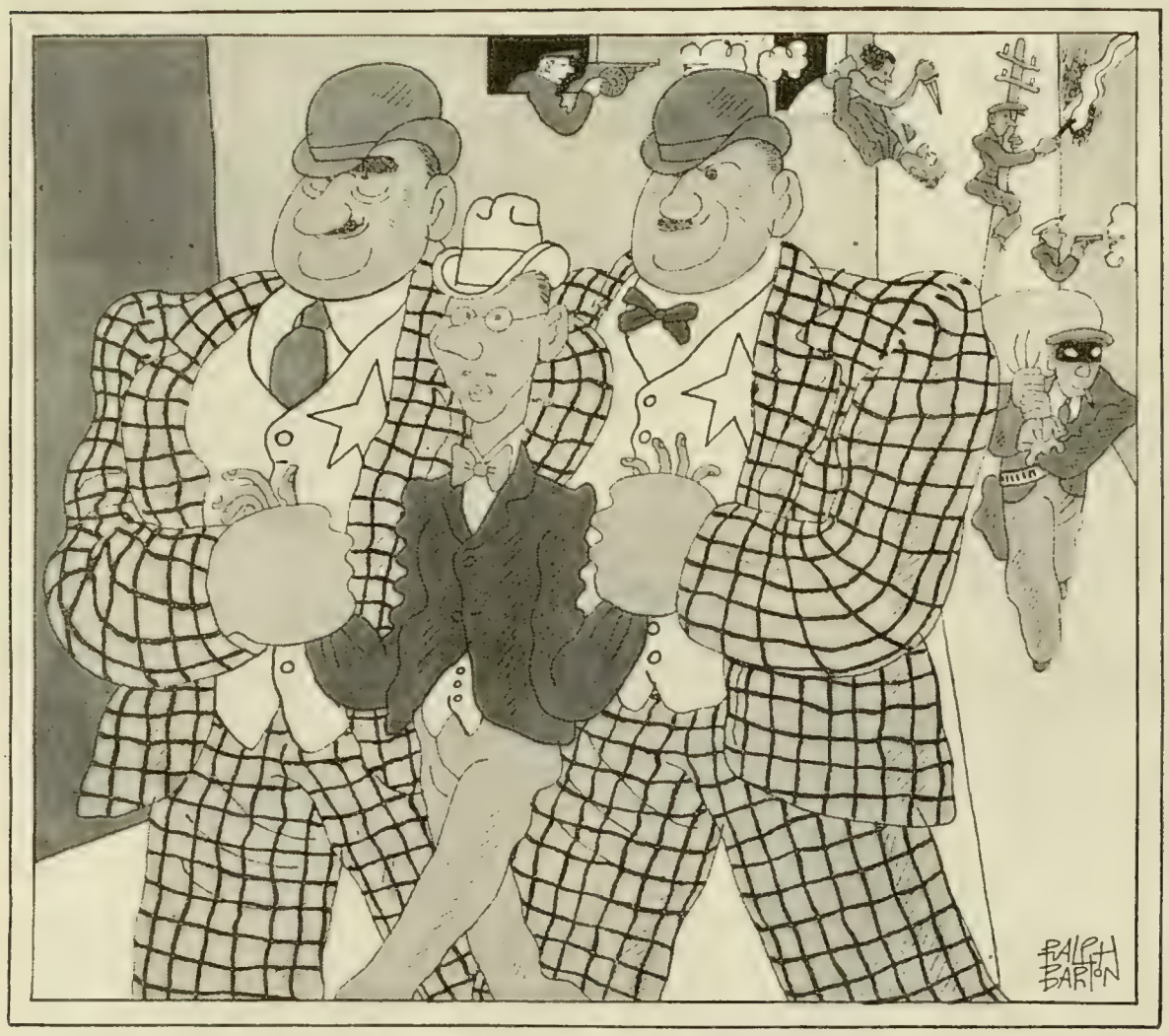
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

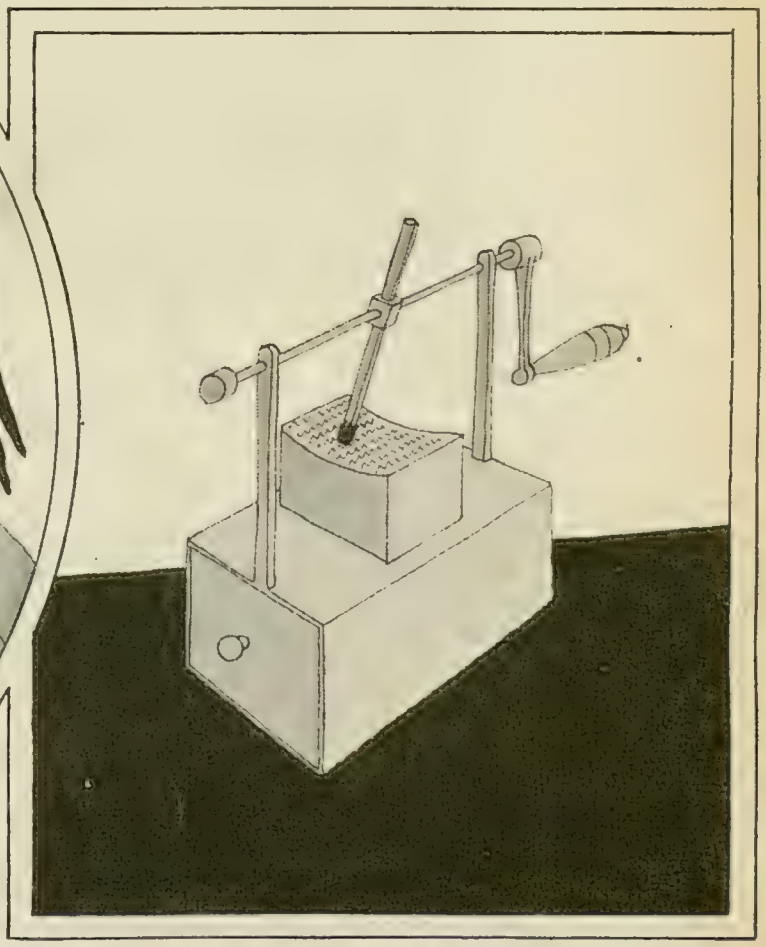
By RALPH BARTON



"WELL, WE CAUGHT A BOOTLEGGER!" The forces of Justice lay an offering before the National Law-Enforcement Commission.

THREE GENERATIONS of The-Old-Ways-Were-Besters in same family. Grandpa doesn't think trains are quite safe yet; father won't ride in an automobile until it is perfected; son is still afraid to go up in an airplane.

HOW COLORADO USES THE TIME saved by our present-day richness in time-saving devices. The craze for pushing peanuts up Pike's Peak with the nose assumes national proportions.



THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER.
(A penny is paid for thoughts accepted for illustration in this corner.)

CLEVER MATCH-LIGHTER in duraluminum for the vest pocket. *(Idea by Robert A. Barnes, East Syracuse, N. Y.)*

Wired

The Story of a Killer's Laugh at the Law

By

HOWARD McLELLAN

who has had enough adventures hunting dynamiters, drug smugglers, and as a war-time counter-espionage agent, to keep him in material the rest of his life. He is putting some of them into short stories and is at work on a book, Memoirs of a Murder Man, which is announced for early publication.

Pictures by DUDLEY SUMMERS

ONE long stride carried Inspector Collins across the parquet border of the floor and planted his slender feet on the edge of a deep-piled rug. He halted and, raising his hand to his chin, spread apart two fingers. These took a pincer grip on an unlighted cigar slanted out of the corner of his mouth at an angle at which it would have been impossible to light it without scorching the ball-like tip of his ruddy nose.

Donovan, the branch-office man, who had preceded the Homicide Bureau chief into the room by half an hour, shot up out of a chair and advanced toward him. The detective came to a stop as his eyes beheld the Inspector's plump face tightening into a scowl. Tardy arrival on such a scene nettled Collins. He was an hour late and the fault was not his. The ambulance orderly had reported probable suicide. They usually did this with homicides out of professional chagrin at being called to do the coroner's job when they were morally, and legally, responsible for cases which might be verging on homicide but still breathing.

The Inspector liked to arrive in the theater of murder before the victim had been carried out. There were little niceties he took pains to observe about the position of the body—the feet especially—and the wound. These made his picture-building process easier and more certain; clinical observations which fitted into the patterns of other murders and reduced his inquiries to a routine.

The branch-office man started to speak.

"S-s-sh-h," the Inspector interrupted, bringing the cigar out of his mouth and extending his hand palm outward in a silencing gesture. "A little quiet, Donovan, till I get the picture. It's no suicide. I know that. Easy-money gents never push themselves out of the picture like this. They hang on until the big break comes, unless someone snaps them out of the picture. This man was snapped out."

"This was a job by pro—" Donovan was interrupted again by a wave of Collins' hand.

"He lay there," Collins said, pointing to a dark, moist splotch on the red rug. He bent and looked at two depressions in the pile of the rug. "Feet there, toward the door; head toward the window." There was a studious frown upon his face. A hand went up to the forehead again, brushed down, and the frown vanished. His features became placid; he smiled a cool, professional smile. He lifted his eyes to the cream-colored walls, then let his gaze travel quickly, but all-inclusively, around the room.

He noted a single bed which had not been occupied, a small table near the head of the bed on which stood a telephone, a mahogany dresser whose glass top was bare except for two high-ball tumblers and a pitcher of water in which floated remnants of ice which once had been nicely cubed, but now were round-cornered and about the size of dice. He looked into the pitcher.

"Donovan," he said, "get on that phone, call room service, and find out when this pitcher of ice was sent up here." He shook the pitcher. "From the size of the ice it looks like it was fresh about two hours ago. Body was gone when you got here, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Donovan replied, and spoke into the telephone.

THE Inspector turned his head sharply and looked at an open window in the front of the room, then started for it. He put his hand through a jagged, triangular hole in the meshes of a copper screen spanning the lower half of the window. He thrust his head close to the window and looked down into the street four stories below. He hauled his head back quickly, turned, and faced Donovan.

"The bellhop says that ice was sent up at ten-thirty this morning," the branch-office man reported.

Collins looked at his watch. "Two hours ago. That's what I thought," he said softly. "That puts him in this room, *alive*, up to two hours ago." The watch went back into his pocket. He chewed upon the cigar and grinned pleasantly. "I left Sergeant Dyke downstairs at the desk. Get him on the phone. Tell him to jump out and pick up that nickel-plated revolver that's laying in the middle of the street in front of the hotel entrance, right under this window. Tell him quick, before a machine comes along and rolls over it."

THE gambler leaned forward. His eyes met the Chief Inspector's. "I killed Ryberg!" he blurted. "Now, what are you gonna do about that?"

Donovan obeyed. The Inspector crossed the floor quickly and poked into a small clothes closet. He emerged in a flash carrying a light tan topcoat. He held it out in front of him as he walked toward the window. His hands dug into the pockets and came out empty. His hand caught a lapel and bending slightly he put his nose to a white gardenia which puffed crisply out of a buttonhole. He let the coat fall across the back of a chair.

"Dyke's gone to pick up the gun," Donovan announced.

"Good. Now, Donovan, I've got a start on the picture. That hole in the window screen tells the story. The gun was thrown from about here." He stepped a pace away from the bed. His clenched fist shot forward at the level of his hip. "Bang!" he cried. "The gun blazed; then it was pitched out through the screen. No professional gun would do that. Not on your life. He'd carry it with him as he blew out of this room to use in case somebody stepped in his way.

"Ryberg was killed by somebody his equal," the Inspector went on. "Somebody who was on a par with him in his racket. I'll go further and say this was a bill-collecting job. A C. O. D. call."

"C. O. D.?" repeated the detective.

"Certainly. Somebody came up to this room and put the bee on Ryberg trying to collect some dough on that bum pay-off paper Ryberg has plastered easy-money street with. He never paid out anything. He always hauled in. And he was shot in the groin. No professional gun ever shoots anybody there. This gun was held by a nervous man or he caught Ryberg in the groin because he wanted to tag him, cripple him. You can't collect bets from a dead gambler. Whoever got Ryberg wanted to put a stamp on him, but let him live and carry it around. A N. G. stamp."

COLLINS planted himself in a chair. "That's the picture so far," he went on. "Now I want a little history from you. You been in this tenderloin precinct a few years. Who did Ryberg owe dough to and what were his rackets?"

"You're talking about one of the biggest big shots in easy money," said the detective. "He had no one racket. He had a lot of them. When I first knew him he was a penny-ante piker taking four-bit bets off chorus girls. Then he invented the creeping craps game to give Battering Dan Devery and his gambling squad the run-around. He rented himself a lot of furnished rooms all over this district. Fast as Dan and his men drove him out of one he'd creep the game into one of the other rooms and go on like that from room to room. He had a hundred, I guess."

"Dan got him, though."

DONOVAN smiled wryly and shook his head. "No. He got Dan. It was Ryberg that had Dan transferred to the goat pastures where he is now. After Dan was shunted he broke out with a thousand furnished rooms and had the town to himself."

"King of a chain-store movement on easy-money street?"

"Yeah. He was the father of that racket. Had everything sewed up tight till George the Fifth came along."

"George the Fifth?" the Inspector queried.

"O'Brien," Donovan explained. "George O'Brien, George V. O'Brien, George the Fifth. He put in the creeping racket and cornered all the big easy play. Wouldn't let salaried guys play. Only thieves, con men, stick-ups, drug peddlers. They'd come into his games with their swags, lose 'em, turn around, go out, pull a stick-up, and come back with twenty grand or more and play it off with O'Brien."

"Always lost, huh?"

"Always. Sure-thing games. He knew his players and their rackets. What could they say if they lost even in a crooked game? He called the games political clubs and shoved plenty dough into the mitts of the ward leaders—plenty. Dough without strings to it; no books, no checks, no records to trace it by. The politicians liked the set-up because it cut out all the middlemen. They only had to see one man—O'Brien. That made it easier, safer."

"He was more than a gambler, huh?"

"With that big round head of his? Why, he took up where Ryberg left off. Put big business ideas into the game. You see, with all these crooks from different rackets playing in his games he got wise to their tricks. Pretty soon he took over their lines and they went to work for him. Got his fist into everything—dope peddling, hot diamonds, bonds, silks, furs, bail bonds. First thing the mobs knew they were working for him. To keep 'em busy in off times he put across their racketeering stunt. Started a phony protective association. Took in cleaners, dyers, laundrymen, and milk dealers—unions and the bosses, too."

"Played both ends against the middle," Collins put in.

"Yeah. They all coughed up to him for protection, so much jack every month. And all he was protecting them from was himself, his mobs. That big head of his wasn't empty. Ryberg was like a flea on his back."

"Overlooked nothing?"

"Nothing at all. Got himself a bank and runs it under cover—night and day bank. He owns this hotel, the Lake Plaza. He went all the way from bank down to the cigar racket."

"Cigar racket?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

" Buys up three-for-a-nickel cigars in half-million lots," the detective smiled. " Rings 'em with a red-and-gold band with his phiz on it. Calls 'em O'Brien's Long Shots. Sells 'em wholesale at eight cents apiece or more, whatever the traffic will stand. Any cigar store, restaurant, or handbook blind that don't put in a stock of them cheroots gets a pineapple on its front porch. And anybody that is found smoking 'em is okay with O'Brien. He'll shake hands with 'em, which is a sign to his mobs to lay off them."

" O'Brien's Long Shots," Collins laughed. " Those were the ropes the lobbygows for that six-foot, two-hundred-eighty-pound clown up in the Mayor's chair passed out during the election. I had one. Fumigators. I gave mine to a garbage man. He chucked it in his wagon."

" Well, he gave a hundred thousand of them away during the campaign," said Donovan. " That was one, just one, of his contributions. A hundred thousand stinkos."

" And it put him in strong up at the City Hall."

Donovan's frame shook. " Them cheroots," he laughed, " was strong enough to drive a ten-ton truck through City Hall. But that's only one wire O'Brien's got in." Donovan's voice lowered. " He's got a special joint, one of them old houses overlooking the lake. Fitted up inside like a yacht. Roulette, craps, faro bank, races—anything—and a swell bar with stools for ladies and eats and even a barber."

" Plays for swell trade, too."

" One kind of swell trade. They call the joint the Mayor's Night Office. Any city official that's got power, except the head of the street-cleaning department, is welcome. Mayor goes up there almost every night, sometimes with the police commissioner. They play, but never any cash. O'Brien's got their I. O. Us. A spindle of them a foot high. Coupla hundred grand of them. Battering Dan was trying to get hold of them—that's why he took a transfer."

" O'Brien must have a mortgage on the City Hall? "

Donovan chuckled. " I'd sooner arrest the Mayor than O'Brien."

" That's interesting low-down," said Collins, " but who owed O'Brien the most money? "

" Ryberg."

" Oh! "

" Ryberg lost $300,000 to O'Brien in three minutes one night. Paid off in I. O. Us."

" WHAT kind of a bird is this O'Brien? "

" Very dapper, very. Tongue like a knife. Cocky. Goes around town in a different suit of Donegal tweeds every day. Built by a special tailor." Donovan jumped up from the chair. " His clothes go in at the waist." To illustrate the detective pressed his hands into his hips.

" Like the hornet's waists the Floradora girls had? "

" That's before my time, Inspector, but anyway it makes him look like he wore corsets. Gets shaved twice a day, twice over each time. Gets manicured twice, too."

" Did he wear anything up here? " Collins pinched his coat lapel.

" A flower in his buttonhole, yes."

" White gardenia? "

" A nice puffy white flower. One in the morning, a fresh one at night. Never gave one a chance to droop."

" Like that flower over there in that topcoat? " Collins turned and nodded toward the topcoat on the chair. Donovan stretched his neck and looked.

" Yeah, just like that, but always fresh."

" Then—" The Inspector was interrupted by the opening of the door. Sergeant Dyke, an eager-faced young detective, burst in.

" The gat," he said; " one empty shell, five good ones." He threw revolver and cartridges on the bed. Collins picked up the revolver and turned it in his hand.

" Detective Special," he said in an audible undertone. " Short, two-inch barrel. Let's see, now." He walked over to the topcoat and pulled out the lining of a side pocket. There was a hole in one corner of it. Through this he put his finger.

He mumbled to himself. " This puts it in his possession." He looked at the revolver, then at the hole. " Must have been gunning for Ryberg a long time. Nice short barrel . . . comfortable carrying gun . . . deep penetration." He tucked the lining back into the pocket, and, turning quickly, addressed Dyke.

" Sergeant, go through this hotel and see if you can dig up anybody that saw anybody come in or leave this room, or heard a shot."

Dyke strode quickly to the door and left.

The Inspector drew his hand down over his face. " Donovan," he said slowly, " you know all these kings and queens and deuces of easy-money street, don't you? "

" I guess nearly all of them, yes."

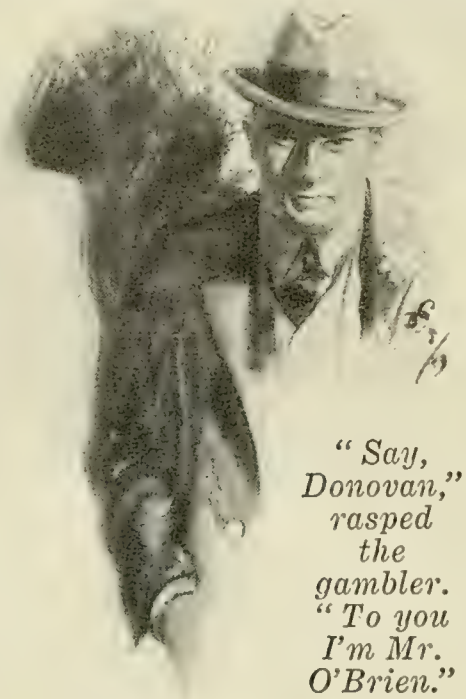
" You know O'Brien? "

Donovan sat erect, startled. " Why, . . yeah. . . . I know him well."

" Then you go out an' snatch him," Collins barked.

" You want him for—? "

The Inspector cut in: " Only one thing I ever snatch a man for, Donovan. Murder."



" Say, Donovan," rasped the gambler. " To you I'm Mr. O'Brien."

THE detective arose from his chair falteringly. He stood for a moment letting the toe of a shoe mark curved creases in the rug; he pulled his hat down over his eyes, then started slowly for the door. He reached for the knob, then drew his hand back and wheeled suddenly and faced the Inspector.

" I'll snatch anybody you say, Inspector, but this man O'Brien will give it to both of us on the chin."

" What's the matter, Donovan? " the Inspector exploded. " Has he got any I. O. U.s of yours? Or you got cold feet? "

" I don't give a damn about myself, Inspector. I got a good trade I could go back to any time and earn more and sleep more than I do on this job."

" Then what the hell—"

" I was thinking of you," Donovan broke in. " If you don't mind me getting personal, Inspector, let me ask you; you're past fifty? "

" Close to sixty and never fitter in my life," said Collins.

" You been thirty years on the force."

" Thirty-nine, three months, and thirty days, and handling murder cases nearly all that time. But what's that—"

" Suppose you was suddenly snapped out of your job, laid on the shelf. You're past the fifty-year age limit. They could throw you on the shelf without a murmur and you'd have no comeback."

" Yes, but who'd do it? " Collins cackled.

" This man O'Brien."

" Rats, Donovan. You're giving him too much power. This is a murder case, not a gambling pinch."

" Murder or gambling. Not much difference to him."

" Nobody ever did, or ever will, smear a murder case while I'm in the Homicide Bureau," said Collins proudly.

" But you never had one of these super-racketeers up for murder."

" I've had their hired men."

" That's different. I told you about O'Brien getting Devery. He'll get your job just as easy. Devery's a younger man than you. You've spent a lifetime on homicide. You'd have a devil of a time at your age getting adjusted to something else." Donovan came closer to the Inspector. " Another thing, Inspector. There's no man on the force, or off it, that could take your place. I guess you're about the best known man in the department—in the country—on murder. I wouldn't be surprised if

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

Anyone may have it...

the added CHARM of real cleanliness!

HOW different we feel when fresh from the tub! And how different we *look*... to others!

Our blood tingles... and gives us a *glowing* complexion. Our hands and nails look nice in a way they never do from any slap-dash washing.

Our hair, when shampooed, doesn't please only us. To others, too, it is soft and wavy and full of high-lights.

Beauty that's called "elusive"

When we're anxious to look our best ...which is really almost always... how short-sighted it is "to have no time for a bath."

For the bath brings us something in beauty and in personality that can be had in no other manner... that comes from no cosmetics jar or beauty treatment. Not poise only or self-assurance. Not even the clearer, more vivid skin. Something nearer to *charm, daintiness,* and "the kind of beauty called elusive."

Having beautiful hands

While the hands and nails require more frequent cleansing, their pink-and-whiteness after the bath is proof of how attractive they can and should be kept throughout the day.

Soap-scrub them in warm water just as often as you get the chance. And push the cuticle back from the nails with the towel while drying. Little else is needed you'll find, except for occasional shaping and polishing, to keep nails looking their very best.

A single rule about complexions

Do you want a better complexion?... to keep the fine unblemished skin you already have? Then remember: if there is one complexion rule that *never* should be broken, it is this: Wash your face thoroughly, at least once a day, with soap and water.

All skins are invisibly oily. "Dirt" is oily as well as gritty and harsh. It takes soap and water, the real cleanser, to break this film; to again free the pores; to stimulate, invigorate, and *recondition* the skin of your face.

Then there's our clothes

Clean bodies, of course, *deserve* clean clothes. It is only cleanliness of the 100% and all-around kind that makes one truly "dainty", "charming", or "exquisite".

And the best part of it is that clothes wear longer when not *over*-worn. It isn't merely in the case of silk stockings that perspiration, sharp-cutting dirt, and plain over-soiling are the chief enemies to satisfactory wear. This applies to all our clothes.

The best rule here is also simple: Anything that is *doubtful* is definitely *too soiled to wear.*

The greatest beauty secret

Beauty! How we all strive for it! (And rightly so.)

But how prone we are to forget that the greatest aid to beauty, *beyond all question,* anyone may have: *real cleanliness* of body, face, hands, hair, clothes, and all the little details.

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, *45 East 17th Street, New York.*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

you brought more credit to the force in this town than any man they ever had on it."

"What's this, Donovan, a farewell banquet?"

"No, no farewell banquet, Inspector," said Donovan gravely, "but I'm telling you. The big guns'll never let O'Brien go to jail. They'll never let him go to trial. He'd be cocky up to the minute he found he was on his way. Then that big mouth of his would open and he'd spill everything. That's a gambler every time."

"Donovan, you stand there and put that to me. I could have you broke for it. You're propositioning me, Donovan. I—"

"All right; I'm propositioning you, then, Inspector. I'll go down the line with you. There's an easy way out." He leaned forward and let his voice fall. "What was Ryberg anyway? Just a big thief. He made thieves. Nobody'll ever miss him. The world will be better with him out and forgotten. It's a mystery to me that they let him live as long as they did. Now, suppose you put this down for a professional gun's job. Who'd be—"

"Stop, Donovan!" the Inspector cried ferociously.

"But—"

"Not another word, Donovan. No buts, ifs, maybes." Collins slashed the air with his open hand. "I wouldn't care if Ryberg killed his mother or his sister. *He* was murdered. To me murder is murder. I never made no distinctions between murders and murderers. Neither does the law. Do you think I'd gotten anywhere in this line of work if I'd ever let down on a case? Not on your life, Donovan. There's no sense and no fun going out fishing, catching nothing, then buying fish at a market. You'd never learn anything about fishing that way—or murder. I'll stack up against O'Brien anywhere, any time, and put him where he belongs."

"You understand, Inspector, I was only trying to—"

"Donovan, you got an order. Go out and snatch O'Brien. When you find him look and see if he's got a topcoat on, and if he hasn't, ask him where it is. Phone me at the office when you snatch him and not until. And no trick stuff, Donovan."

"You never saw a man that's wired like O'Brien is," said Donovan, opening the door.

"Wired!" the Inspector shouted. "What do you take me for, Donovan? A political cop?"

COLLINS stepped gingerly into the hall and brushed past the detective. The younger man stood for a moment at the door, his eyes following the figure of the older man, whose pace slackened as he reached the stairs. He reached out and caught the handrail and cautiously lowered his foot to the riser below. His shoulders were a trifle bent, Donovan observed, and now, as he felt his way down the stairs, his age seemed to show a little. He halted suddenly on the stairs, looked back and saw Donovan eying him. Instantly his shoulders straightened.

"Ah-h-h, Donovan," he sputtered. "I'll forget that proposition you put to me if you bring that man in before I leave the office. I go at five."

"I'll do my damnedest, Inspector."

"And, Donovan, if you make a nice clean job out of it I'll see what I can do about getting you out of this branch-office five-and-ten work and have you brought into the Homicide Bureau."

The detective made no response. He was preoccupied for the moment wondering whether, after O'Brien was arrested, Collins would have anything to say about the Homicide Bureau. With somewhat tragic misgivings his gaze followed the figure going down the stairs. He fancied he was looking at a man who, if he was not now a martyr cop, soon would be. It set him puzzling over remarks often thrown at young men on the force: that it paid to be a political cop, the kind that would listen to the easy-money logic of men like O'Brien and climb fast in the department.

CHIEF INSPECTOR BRAY and Inspector Collins stood shoulder to shoulder studying the front page of an evening newspaper which lay upon the homicide man's desk.

"'Mayor Demands Arrest of Ryberg Slayers,'" Collins read aloud. "'Threatens Police Shake-up If Gunmen Are Not Caught.'"

Collins looked up sharply at his superior officer. "As I told you, Chief, there's only one man that killed Ryberg. He's not a gunman. He's worse. He's O'Brien."

"That fellow in the City Hall is hot," said Bray.

"White-hot," said Collins. "So hot you can see through him. He hollers his head off when a thieving gambler is killed. This year four cops were shot in line of duty; at least twelve honest citizens were killed, but did you hear him hollering to go out and get their slayers or threatening a police shake-up?"

"What's riled him about this?"

Collins grinned at Bray. "Wires!" he shouted. "Wires. They're going to try and smear this O'Brien case. The cry that gunmen killed Ryberg shows that. That fellow in the City Hall's a magician. Nothing up this sleeve, nothing up that sleeve, but keep your eyes on his hands. Why, if they let O'Brien get within the shadow of a jail, he'd spill and blow them up."

"He's in solid?"

"Wired in," said Collins. "You'll have a look at him pretty soon. He'll be brought in."

Bray started for the door. "I'd like to give one of his kind the once-over," he laughed. He left.

The phone tinkled. Collins put the receiver to his ear.

"Collins," said the Inspector.

"Donovan. The snatch is made."

"Where are you now?"

"Porterhouse Pete's," said the detective. "O'Brien was in here with his mob eating when I grabbed him."

"What about the topcoat?"

The Inspector cut in: "Only one thing I ever snatch a man for, Donovan. Murder."

"Didn't have one on. I asked him where it was. He said at his tailor's being fixed up. Wouldn't tell me who his tailor was."

"No, I guess he wouldn't. What else?"

"He gave me a long song and dance and the horse laugh. I told him to come along and tell it all to you. He hee-hawed, turns to the mob at the table, and says, 'Boys, I'm goin' down to see old man murder and hang a to-let sign over his desk.'"

"Old man murder, huh? Did he threaten you?"

"Only that he'd break me. Then he turns to the mob and says, 'Tell the chef to get in a pile of porterhouses and roll in a kag of beer. I'll be back before midnight and put on a comin'-out party.'"

"That's enough!" the Inspector roared. "Snap him

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

THE SECOND MILLION

. . . proverbially easier

The first million! That's the hazard

By the measure of present-day magazine circulations the million mark is circulation's solo flight; therein fledgling spurs are won. But the thrill and glory of that first take-off, out of the gloaming to a grander place in the sun, should not mute the tributes due the school where the groundwork in sound fundamentals was laid—that fledglings might some day soar.

Now to LIBERTY a second million has come—proverbially easier. *Proverbially easier* because, as always, sound basic principles gradually take hold, become firmly rooted, and bear abundant fruitage in the future. Within a few months after decision to increase, the fourth unit of 500,000 has been added to LIBERTY circulation.

We say *easier* than the first million because it was entirely a natural increase. LIBERTY opened its circulation sluice gate to 500,000 additionally printed copies and they were voluntarily *bought by*, not *sold to*, another half million at the newsdealers.

We say *easier* than any other publication ever added a comparable lump of circulation because there was no meticulously planned promotion campaign to stuff more copies down a glutted market; no vacuum cleaner soliciting machinery to glean every wisp of demand from Ruralia to Outpost.

One of the principal tenets of circulation value as observed by Mr. P. L. Thomson, president of the Audit Bureau of Circulations and director of public relations for the Western Electric Company, in his address before the annual convention of advertising agencies, was that of keeping within a publication's own territory. "*As a publication goes outside the radius of readers who are naturally interested in it*, the publisher's cost of getting that circulation increases and eventually becomes prohibitive, *and the value of such circulation to the advertiser at the same time decreases.*"

That LIBERTY more than stayed within the "radius of readers who are naturally interested in it"—the metropolitan centers to which it is editorially directed and where it is most enthusiastically received—is evidenced by an increase, from 77 per cent to approximately 80 per cent, in percentage of distribution in the 249 Major Counties which embrace the 322 cities of 25,000 or more population.

It is to these rooted principles, these antecedents of achievement, to which LIBERTY has remained steadfast, that we summon tribute and approval.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

AND STILL NO INCREASE IN RATES!

. . . for 1930
LIBERTY GUARANTEES
2,250,000
Average Net Paid
CIRCULATION
. . . an increase of a quarter of a million circulation

"He gave me a long song and dance and the horse laugh. I told him to come along and tell it all to you."

[WIRED
Continued from page twenty-eight]

out of there like he was a cheap dip and bring him down to me."

With a bang he threw the receiver back on to its hook. He looked up quickly at a clock on the wall whose hands had crept to within ten minutes of 5. He folded the paper lying on his desk and jammed it into his coat pocket. The door opened. A uniformed clerk entered.

"Inspector, the Commissioner wants to see you. After you've looked at this." He handed the Inspector a long white envelope. The clerk backed out, slowly. He saw Collins take out a slip of paper, read it, and come forward savagely for the door.

DONOVAN quickly closed the door to Collins' office and looked at the man in tweeds who stood before him, hands thrust deep into his trouser pockets, and fawn-colored fedora poised rakishly on the side of his head.

"Mr. Murder's not in, huh," he snickered.

"No, he's in the Commissioner's office," said Donovan. "But never mind that. I'll introduce you to Chief Inspector Bray."

"Bray . . . donkey," O'Brien grunted.

"Yeah, horned donkey," snapped the detective. "Come on, O'Brien." He started for the Chief Inspector's office at the end of the corridor.

"Say, Donovan," rasped the gambler. "To you I'm Mr. O'Brien."

"To me," said the detective, "you're O'Brien, alias George the Fifth. And listen here." He caught the gambler's sleeve and wheeled him around suddenly. "One word, before Bray gets you."

"Weakening, huh?"

"No. Just trying to make it easier for you. You figure you're pretty well wired around here. Well, maybe you are. You can get a man like Battering Dan Devery and maybe you'll get Collins. A baby could get Collins. He's past the retirement age and the only reason he sticks around is because he likes the job and can't do anything else but murder cases. Now, if you've got an idea of putting a plug in against me, getting my job, go ahead. I'm getting seven bucks a day at this. I can get seventeen bucks at my old job and I can still wipe as nifty a joint as any plumber in the trade. And it's better than playing stableboy to the likes of you."

"Want to play ball with me now, huh?"

"Play ball nothing." He caught the knob of the door and threw it open. "The Chief Inspector'll play ball with you. Step in."

The gambler walked jauntily past the detective and into the Chief Inspector's office. Its occupant, a long, thin-faced man, looked up from his desk.

"O'Brien," the detective announced. His voice rose. "George V. O'Brien, alias George the Fifth."

"Sit him there," said Bray, waving his hand toward a chair in front of the flat-topped desk.

"The pleasure is all mine," said O'Brien, drawing his coat about him tightly and sitting down.

"I guess it is," said Bray icily. "Pleasure follows you around like the measles. Something new to you, I guess, to be down here for killing."

"Oh, I don't know," said O'Brien.

THE Chief Inspector directed his attention to Donovan. "You can go now," he said to the detective. "Collins has given me the story." Donovan walked out. The Chief Inspector swung back in his swivel chair. His hands swept over a shock of bushy, steel-gray hair.

"Where's your topcoat?" he barked.

O'Brien twisted in his chair and leveled two cold blue eyes at the man at the desk.

"What's this, a tailors' convention?" he snapped back. "Never mind topcoats. I'm a busy man. I got plenty affairs to look after and not much time to spend here. And I like short cuts."

"Answer that question," Bray directed.

"I want to save you time and the state money," O'Brien drawled. "You want to know if I killed Ryberg?"

"And you're going to tell me."

"Well." The gambler put out a white hand whose polished tips shone brilliantly. He ran it slowly along the edge of the desk. "You're old enough to have a weak heart." He leaned forward. His eyes met the Chief Inspector's and his mouth widened into a cocky grin. "I killed Ryberg!" he blurted. "Now, what are you gonna do about that?"

The Chief Inspector shot a hand across the desk. A forefinger stiffened to press a button.

"We'll put that in writing," he said coolly.

"One minute, just one minute, the gambler drawled. "Nothing I ever say, or do, goes into any written record."

"What do you think you are, O'Brien, a king?"

"Not a king," said O'Brien. "But the king's pajamas. Just close to kings; next to them."

Bray's face reddened.

"I'll say it again for your benefit," said O'Brien. "I killed Ryberg." He sat erect suddenly. "What's more, Bray, there's nothing I'd like better than the quiet of a jail just to get away from the nagging woman I'm married to. Just for a vacation."

"I'll accommodate you, O'Brien," said the Chief Inspector, pressing the button.

"But, Bray," O'Brien snapped, "you, nor nobody else, is going to put me in jail."

"Save that till the stenographer comes in," said the Chief Inspector.

"No stenographer'll ever get that," said the gambler. "I carry my own records." His hand shot up to a vest pocket and drew out a small black book. He ran his thumb across the edge, turning the pages. "Bray, you like champagne, don't you?"

"What's that got to do with this?" snapped the Chief Inspector hotly.

"Well, you drink a lot of it—when you can get it," grinned O'Brien. His eyes fell upon a page in the little book. "Did you like that case of wine you got about a month ago?"

"What—?"

"Twelve bottles of Mumm's on February twelfth, delivered at your house."

Bray's face clouded. He stifled a cough and cleared his throat with a laborious swallow. "Well," he stammered, "what of it?"

"Nothing," said the gambler, circling the ceiling with his eyes. "Nothing, except it was stolen from the cellar of old man Ford, editor of the Star."

"What d'yuh mean?" demanded Bray.

"Nothing, only I know where it came from, and maybe you don't."

The door opened. A young man with notebook and pencil in hand appeared on the threshold.

"You want me, sir?"

"A little later, a little later," said the Chief Inspector irascibly. "I'll ring again when I want you."

The gambler smiled. His eyes followed the stenographer till the door closed, then he shot a quick glance at the man at the desk who was glowering at him.

"YOU come in here to put the works on me, O'Brien," said Bray. "You trying to grab my goat?"

"Not your goat, old man. Just your attention, friendly attention."

"Well, you won't get it," snarled the Chief Inspector. "I'm gonna fasten this thing on you regardless." His clenched fist came down upon the desk.

"I don't like this alley-cat stuff either," said O'Brien. "We'll pass up the wine—the stolen wine. Let me ask you, how old are you? I know you're past fifty." He looked into the book. "Who committed this murder, O'Brien, me or you?"

The gambler did not lift his eyes from the book. In an undertone he said: "I did." He looked up quickly. "You could have been retired on age two years ago, Bray."

The Chief Inspector shot up out of his chair. His hands gripped the edge of the desk. The muscles of his jaw drew tight and ridged themselves.

"But," the gambler went on unperturbed, "six thousand a year from a job like this is nice and handy when a man has a swell home to pay for, a family to bring up, and no other income in sight except maybe a measly half-pay pension."

Bray's fist clenched. He glowered savagely at the man in tweeds. The little black book swung from his fingers. "If my records is straight," he said, "a couple more years and the home'd be paid for and you could drag yourself out of this job and settle down to enjoy your old age. Now, I don't want to retire a—"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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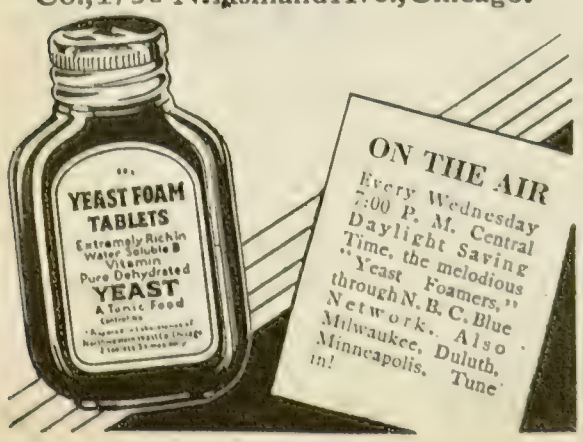

[WIRED
Continued from page thirty-one]

"You retire me!" Bray's jaw shot out. "You couldn't retire a—"

"I retired Ryberg," the gambler cackled. "But that's alley-cat stuff again. Who helped you get that home, Bray?" O'Brien bent forward.

"You didn't," the Chief Inspector growled.

"No? But the Lake Plaza Night and Day Bank did," said O'Brien. "They took your note for $12,000, didn't they, and with no more security than the job you got at this desk."

"What's that got to do with you?"

"You're looking at the man that owns the Lake Plaza Bank and the hotel it's in."

Bray dropped into his chair.

"You see these fingers?" said O'Brien, holding up a hand and twiddling thumb and forefinger. "These wrote okay on that note. You won't see my name on the high-class stationery the bank puts out, but I could show you damn quick who could call in that note and retire you at the same time. And I'm telling you I killed Ryberg. Now—"

The Chief Inspector's face went white.

The gambler went on: "Now, as long as Nat Ryberg lays quiet in that hole in the ground, that note is good and so is your job."

Bray swung round in his chair. His eyes left the gambler and found blankness, if not comfort, in the bare ceiling of his office. O'Brien eased back in his chair. There was a moment of silence.

SLOWLY Bray lifted himself out of his chair. "I'll put this back where it belongs," he said.

"And where's that?" the gambler grinned.

"It's homicide and it belongs to Collins." Bray started around the desk.

"Collins?" said O'Brien dryly. "Don't waste your time."

"What d'yuh mean?"

"Put that phone to your ear," drawled O'Brien, "and listen in while I talk on this extension." The gambler spoke into the phone. Bray put the receiver of the phone at his elbow to his ear.

"Commissioner's office," said the gambler softly. His eyes were slanted on the Inspector, whose face had twisted into a puzzling scowl. The corners of O'Brien's large, thin-lipped mouth had moved until the distance between them and the bulbous lobes of his spreading ears could have been bridged by a two-cent stamp. He spoke, smiling cockily. "The Commissioner? . . . Hello, Jack. . . . This's George V. . . . Never better, Jack. . . . Just a ring to tell you to hold on to that Lake Plaza stock. I'm gonna jump that to the sky as soon as this jam blows over." His eyes twinkled at the Chief Inspector. "Now, Jack, about that other thing. . . . Yeah, Collins. You put it through? . . . Swell! . . . He was sore? Well, ain't he always that way? Put a young guy in that bureau, Jack. I could give you the name of a good man to take his place. . . . I will when I see you. . . . Up at the night office. . . . Yeah, after. . . . So long." With slow deliberation he replaced the receiver on its hook.

"There's that," he drawled, grinning at the Chief Inspector.

"You forgot to thank him," said Bray.

"I CAN do that later, personally," said O'Brien. He threw his shoulders back into the chair, let his head fall back, and exploded a gust of laughter—laughter with a knife-like edge that made the Chief Inspector wince.

"So Collins is out?" Bray said half audibly in a thick voice.

"You heard what I heard."

The Chief Inspector reached suddenly for the phone. "Get me Mulvaney in charge of homicides at the District Attorney's office," he said quickly.

"Wait," cried the gambler. "Mulvaney'll never thank you for dragging him into this thing." He tapped his vest pocket where he carried the little black book. "He's in here plenty, too. His whole family is loaded up with Lake Plaza. That stuff is as common as pay checks in and around these city and county offices."

Bray stood in silence. "Never mind that call," he said and hung up the receiver.

"It wouldn't do you any good, old man, to call in the Mayor," the gambler drawled. "By this time you ought to know I'm a dangerous man to touch."

"Yes," slurred Bray. "Like you had leprosy."

"And anybody that steps in my way or crosses my wires catches it."

"You kind of breathe it," said Bray. "You'd contaminate a prison, you would."

"But there's no danger that I will," said O'Brien. He started to arise.

"Sit where you are," Bray commanded. The gambler remained standing. He drew himself to full height and stretched.

The Chief Inspector hurried from the room.

Raking a hand through his shaggy hair, Bray stepped into the corridor outside his office. He slipped a finger between his stiff white collar and neck and eased the uncomfortable pressure there. Collins left a group of fellow officers and came up to the Chief Inspector.

"That right, Collins, you through?" queried Bray.

"That's right," said the homicide man. "But what's the matter with you? Been in a fire?"

"Worse than fire."

"O'Brien, huh?"

"Yes, and you had him right. He did that job."

"He's been yanking the wires on you, has he?"

"What about you taking him on, Collins?"

"My retirement took effect ten minutes ago."

"What happened in the Commissioner's office?" Bray's face lighted.

"That coat-tail duster called me in and tried to throw the guff that he would've liked to retire me on full pay. Wanted to salve me. I says to him, 'Don't hand me that old larry. You couldn't retire me on full pay. The law won't let you do it.' While I was in the office the phone rang and somebody spoke to him about my case."

"That was O'Brien," put in Bray.

"I guessed so. I heard him say 'night office.' Where's O'Brien now?"

"In my office."

"He's thrown the hooks into you, huh?"

"Well, he—uh-h-h—"

"I know. I know," said Collins. "He works a system that even an honest bird can't beat. I was thinking. Even though you charged him with murder the best you could do would be second degree. Then he'd yank his wires and get away with it. I don't know that I'd worry about him just now."

"No?" Bray's face brightened.

"PUT your eye on this," said Collins, opening the pink edition of an evening newspaper and pointing to a headline. "Listen to this larry." He read aloud: "'Police Shake-up Starts. Collins Slated to Go. . . . Mayor Gives Police Twenty-four Hours to Find Ryberg Slayers. . . . Calls O'Brien Detention Stupid Blunder.'"

"Fog," Bray muttered.

"Fog mixed with red pepper," said Collins. "But there's more. Listen." He read again. "'Tells Federal Grand Jury of Gambler's Finances. . . . Mrs. George V. O'Brien Testifies Before Probers that Husband Hasn't Paid Income Tax in Ten Years. . . . She Lays Bare His Income, Which Exceeds $400,000 Yearly.'"

"She's tipped the Internal Revenue Bureau on him," Bray grinned.

"She's been suing him for alimony for herself and kids for fifteen years, but I guess he wired her out of it. You think he's a tough bird. Look at this." Collins raised the paper. Bray came closer and fixed his eyes on the photograph of a woman.

"Mrs. O'Brien," Collins went on. "Get the way she parts that hair of hers. In the middle. That pointed chin and pinched face. Cold smile and that high collar around her neck. And that row of buttons down the middle of her old-fashioned waist."

"He said she nagged him to death," said Bray.

"I guess so," said Collins. "It takes that kind of a woman to beat an easy-money shark like him. She will."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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WIRED
Continued from page thirty-three

"Maybe he'll wriggle out of the government tax case," said Bray. "He's wired in every place."

"Every place, maybe, but not into the local office of the Internal Revenue Bureau."

"You can't tell," said Bray, shaking his head dubiously

"Oh, yes, I can tell," said Collins. "The deputy collector in that office that handles all these tax-dodging prosecutions never could be wired by O'Brien or anybody else. She's my married daughter, Kathleen. I brought her up like I brought myself up. To stay clear of wires."

"But O'Brien's wise enough to wire up further; over her head. Get his hands on somebody in the U. S. District Attorney's office."

"He might have tried that yesterday or this morning," said Collins. "Too late now. Donovan the branch-office man who was out with me on this case, was shunted off to the goat pastures an hour ago."

"But what can Donovan do?"

"He don't have to raise his hand. His younger brother is the U. S. District Attorney in charge of tax cases. Yes, O'Brien is pretty well wired, but other people have wires in, too." He winked.

The door of Bray's office opened. The man in tweeds came through it. "I got tired of waiting, Bray. I got business that needs me."

"You got more business waiting for you than you ever dreamed of having," snapped the Chief Inspector.

"And I can take care of it all," was the gambler's retort. He strode off down the corridor. His pace quickened as he thrust his hands into his coat pockets, hauled his coat tight about his thighs, and swaggered.

"I hate to see that guy get away with this," said Bray, starting after the man.

"Wait!" cried Collins. "Let him go. When that wife of his gets through with him, and the government too, and he does a bit way down in Georgia, and between the both of them and the lawyers they get all his easy money, he'll be wishing he took the rap for murder. He'll even be wishing he came in here and copped the plea. And, anyway, when he gets through with Atlanta maybe all his wires'll be down. Then you can stick him for homicide. You can put murder down, but it never goes out."

"You know more about murder than I do," laughed Bray.

"I ought to. I put in thirty-nine years, three months, and thirty days at it. Up to five o'clock this evening."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of West Virginia; Wisconsin; Wyoming?

2—What is the source of the following quotation? "Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

3—What is the last state admitted to the Union?

4—What is the approximate circumference of the earth at the equator?

5—Is Atlanta, Georgia, east or west of Detroit, Michigan?

6—Which is the higher rank, vice admiral or rear admiral?

7—What is legal tender?

8—Differentiate between a pardon and a reprieve.

9—What President of the United States was called Tippecanoe?

10—How many lines in a sonnet?

11—Who composed the oratorio The Messiah?

12—What pugilist was called the Orchid Man?

13—What event does the French national holiday on July 14 commemorate?

14—What is rigor mortis?

15—What are ratlines?

16—Who was the youngest President of the United States?

17—What is tapioca?

18—What was the symbol of the political party organized by Theodore Roosevelt in 1912?

19—What is the difference between atheism and agnosticism?

20—Whose face was said to have launched a thousand ships?

(Answers will be found on page thirty-nine)

These Talkies!

They're Breaking Our Celluloid Traditions

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Alice Day and Richard Barthelmess in a scene from Drag, the latter's newest film.

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★

THE Richard Barthelmess fans, just recovering from the shock of discovering that a double sang Weary River for their idol, will find their favorite's newest First National film, Drag, a worthy little domestic drama.

Drag is the story of a boy who becomes editor of a small-town newspaper and marries the wrong girl. The spiritless bride unloads her family upon him and the young chap is being dragged down to failure. However, he kicks over the traces, goes to New York, writes a musical comedy hit, and, at the finish, you see him dashing off to Paris for a divorce. Then, of course, he will wed the right girl, a flip villager who has become a Manhattan riot as designer of new variations in revue undress.

Lois Moran and Warner Baxter appear in the movie version of Earl Derr Biggers' Behind That Curtain.

The talkies are tossing overboard the old silent film's inhibitions so fast that it is breath-taking. Drag pushes family traditions aside, preaches divorce, and takes up the argument for the other woman. Imagine the screen doing that two or three years ago!

Drag is not a flashy film as was Weary River. But it is sincere and almost honest. Director Frank Lloyd has exaggerated the bride's parasitic family. The in-laws come close to becoming comic-strip cartoons, but, on the whole, the picture is interest-holding.

Lila Lee, who nearly steals the picture in Drag.

Although Dick's voice is suggested, there is no flagrant attempt at doubling in this film. Let me speak a word in defense of Dick in Weary River. Barthelmess never meant to mislead his followers by voice faking. It happened to be done so neatly that every newspaper reviewer fell hard. When they discovered that they had been fooled, they exposed the stunt in remorseless fashion. At that, why is voice doubling any more unfair than stunt doubling or other camera trickery? A new and fascinating Lila Lee, as the pert small-town girl who should have married our editor-hero, almost runs away with Drag, although Barthelmess is excellent. Have you noticed how many players scored their first big hits in Barthelmess films? Run over the list: William Powell, Ernest Torrence, Jetta Goudal, Lois Moran, Dorothy Mackaill.

★ ★

The Fox studios have just completed an all-Movietone of Earl Derr Biggers' newest mystery yarn, Behind That Curtain, built around his Chinese detective, Charlie Chan. However, the celluloid Behind That Curtain subordinates Chan to an exceedingly minor rôle.

In its film form, there is little mystery. Eve Mannering marries the wrong man and sends the right one, an explorer, off on a lonely expedition into the Persian desert. There is a murder, a long chase by Scotland Yard, the bridegroom proves himself a rotter, and the disillusioned bride runs off to join her explorer for four brief weeks on the burning sands.

The film has moments of real interest—with Warner Baxter and Lois Moran doing fine work as the explorer and the girl—but the story is told in too long and rambling a fashion.

There is a moment late in the film, when the explorer almost breaks down on the lecture platform at the sight of his lost love in the audience, when he seems to be on the verge of a theme song. Apparently the director caught himself just in time.

★

Two Weeks Off is a First National 25-per-cent talkie co-starring Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall. Dorothy, as a department-store salesgirl on her vacation, falls for Dave Pickett (Mr. Mulhall) when she thinks he is a movie actor. He turns out to be a plumber, which provides enough complications to run the story into six reels. Eddie Gribbon lends a little breeziness as a brash life guard.

★

The Wheel of Life is another variation of the strong, upright young man who loves fiercely, but never yields. In this Richard Dix vehicle from the Paramount studios, the hero saves a beautiful young woman from drowning in the Thames. Later in India, he finds she is the wife of his commanding officer. Nothing much to this, save the two personable chief performers, Mr. Dix and Esther Ralston, and a lively defense of a beleaguered Buddhist monastery.

Do you know that—

Lila Lee is twenty-seven and her real name is Augusta Appel? . . . Although an American, born in Pittsburgh in 1909, Lois Moran first was brought over from Paris in 1925 to play the child in Stella Dallas? . . . She made her grown-up début, however, in Barthelmess' Just Suppose? . . . Warner Baxter is thirty-eight? . . . He is a graduate of Ohio State?

The Soucek Boys

Wide World photo

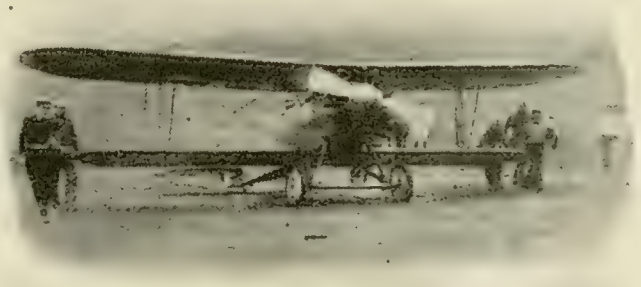
Lieut. Apollo Soucek.

The Adventures (to date) of Two Oklahoman Olympians

By

RICHARD CARROLL

International photo



Wide World photo

Assistant Secretary of the Navy Ingalls congratulates Apollo Soucek, with Rear Admiral Moffett's approval. At the right is Apollo's landing after his record flight.

WHEN Matthais Soucek back in 1875 packed up his few belongings, bade farewell to his native town of Kolin, Bohemia, and set out for the great melting pot that was then America, he had two objects in mind.

The first was escape from the Prussians who had conquered his country and were now engaged in substituting for his carefree Bohemian nationalism the military seriousness of the Teutonic mind. The second was to give to his children an opportunity in another land to acquire for themselves a nationalism that would not be subject to the acquisitive whims of its neighbors.

For Bohemia had been a succulent bone for the hungry nations of Europe. Prague, its capital, was the scarred scene of a thousand battles. Matthais had fought against the invaders. He had joined the Austrians in the war against the Prussians and as an officer of cavalry had gone with them down to defeat.

So in the spring of 1875, Matthais with his wife and four children landed at Baltimore, Maryland, to seek for them, for himself, and for those to come after, an independence denied at home.

How far he succeeded can be judged by the accomplishments of his grandchildren.

Some months ago Apollo Soucek, lieutenant in the U. S. Naval Air Service, graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and grandson of old Matthais, took a navy pursuit ship and drove it higher above the earth than any living man had gone before. Previous to that Zeus Soucek, brother of Apollo and also a graduate of Annapolis, had taken a navy flying boat, the PN 12, and broken the duration record for craft of its kind by remaining aloft thirty-six hours and one minute, and, by soaring to 19,000 feet, had broken the world's altitude record for ships of the type. Thus, in a profession that demands the ultimate in physical ability, courage, and skill, the grandchildren of old Matthais justified him in his adopted country.

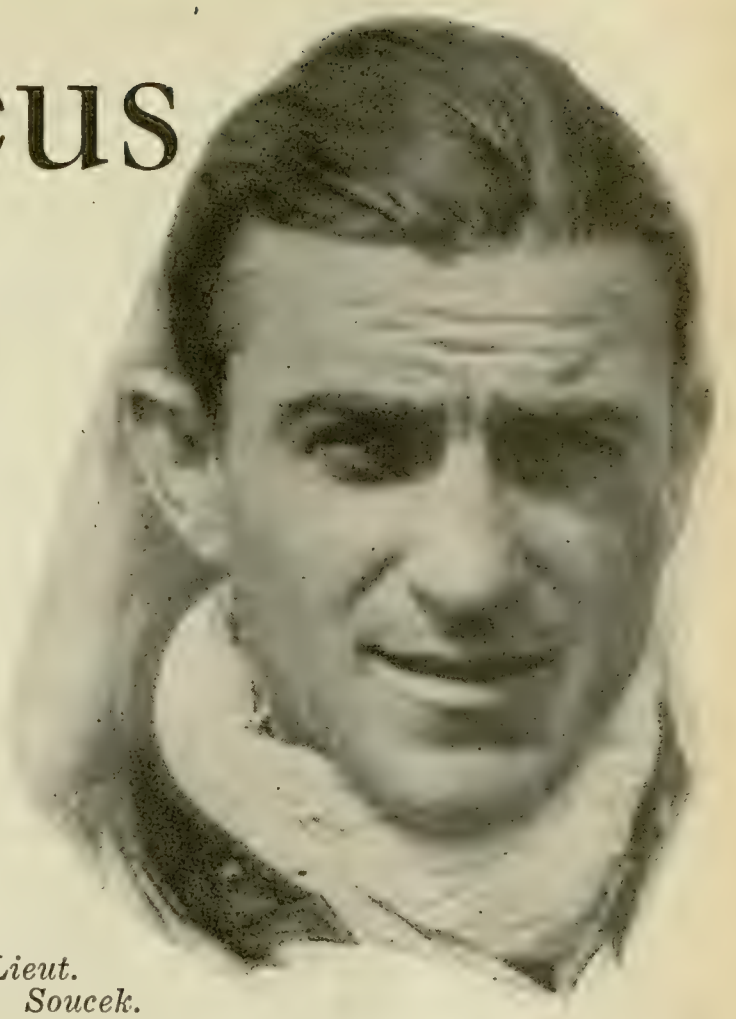
But between the immigration of the grandfather and the achievements of his grandsons stands John Soucek, pioneer settler, farmer, blacksmith, student, and sage—John, son of Matthais and father of Apollo and Zeus and their sisters Myrrha and Venus.

John Soucek was ten years old when his father landed at Baltimore. Sailing up Chesapeake Bay the boy's attention had been drawn to the group of massive gray buildings set in the forests near Annapolis. Told that it was the great United States Naval Academy, he asked his father if some day he could attend there. When the difficulties were explained they made him all the more eager. He, a poor boy, unable to speak the language of the country, resolved that one day he would attend its great naval institution.

BUT Matthais had other worries. There was a living to be earned. He selected Crete, Nebraska, for his first attempt, bought some land and cattle, and settled down. Matthais was a strong man of medium stature, broad shouldered and aggressive. He had four children to provide for. His first wife had died and he had married again, a widow with a child of her own. There were two sons and two daughters: John, Anne, and Frances by his first wife, and Charles by his second.

Finding the going unprofitable in Nebraska, Matthais moved with his family south to Caldwell, Kansas. John was then eighteen. He had helped his father at the farming and had taken what time he could find for his own advancement. He had attended the rural schools in Nebraska during the winters, when the work on the farm fell off, and had progressed far enough to enter for the

Apollo *and* Zeus



Lieut. Zeus Soucek.

Wide World photo

winter course at the State Normal School for teachers at Emporia. He passed his examinations finally, only to discover that he was too old to gain admittance to the Naval Academy. Thereafter he promised himself that boys of his, should he have any, should have the chance denied to him.

The period was one of land grants. The Indians were being driven from their holdings and concentrated in one sector and their old lands given over to white settlers. The Cherokees, most enlightened of all the tribes, had been persuaded in 1892 to sell the United States government that section known as the Cherokee Strip, which now forms a portion of the state of Oklahoma. In 1893, the whites were invited to come in, take up homesteads, and work them.

John and his father, living on the border of Kansas close to the northern boundary of the Strip, lined up with thousands of others for the signal that would set them off in a race for its choicest sections. Both of them knew the territory and knew exactly where the choice ones lay. John obtained a buggy drawn by a fast little mare. His father was mounted on a horse, the fastest he could find. The object was to be first to drive a stake in a quarter section of land, 160 acres, and thereby obtain title to it for a nominal sum.

Wide World photo

The U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., as seen from the air.

At the crack of the gun the settlers were off, some on foot, some on horseback, some in carts and carriages. John made straight for his section. Ten miles out and far in the lead, he ran into a prairie fire and whipped his little mare through it. Swarms of locusts filled the air so that he could not see ahead of him. One struck him in the eye and he drove on half blind. When he arrived at his destination another settler was ahead of him. John got second choice. His father in the meantime had ridden ahead of the leaders and staked out the claim he wanted close to the town of Lamont.

HERE it was that John, using the money he had saved, stocked his farm, built a small two-room frame house in the center of his 160 acres, and went to Caldwell for the girl he had persuaded to be his wife. Lydia Pisney was then eighteen and John was twenty-eight. Her parents, like his, had come to America about 1875.

John spent the next few years stocking his farm, fighting prairie fires, locusts, and kindred pests, raising crops and children. He had spent his winter evenings reading the classics. How much he was impressed by the mythology of the Greeks can be seen in the naming of his children: Apollo, Zeus, Myrrha, and Venus. But there was little bodily nourishment in books. And little enough on his farm. He gave up his winter studies and traveled to Lamont, where he learned the trade of blacksmith. He soon found that the smithy paid better than the farm. Bill Williams, the local blacksmith, taught him the trade and in 1897 John with his brother Charles moved to Medford, Oklahoma, and there opened a smithy of his own.

It was a fortunate choice. A year after starting his new business John sent for his family and put the old farm up for lease. The children were sent to school and affairs began to prosper. But in 1907 the children's mother died. Soon after that blow the younger daughter, Venus, died, and John was heartbroken. He had made great sacrifices for his family. When Roosevelt had ridden at the head of his Rough-riders in the Spanish War, John had sought to join him. John's own father was a cavalry officer. But his family had claimed his protection and his chance for glory had vanished. Roosevelt had been his idol and the chance to serve with him had not been easily foregone.

His cares increased. The business now employed seven or eight men. The farm was sold and John established in the life of the town. Apollo and Zeus were sent to neighbors to be taken care of, and Myrrha went to a convent as the only place within reach where the higher branches of learning were taught.

Apollo and Zeus attended Medford High School and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SOUCEK BOYS—APOLLO AND ZEUS
Continued from page thirty-seven]

meanwhile picked up their first ideas of aëronautics. A chum, Albert Dare, was a genius with a carving knife. Among the three of them they managed to construct model airplanes and run them with elastic bands. They exhibited their work at the county fairs and met with enough success to encourage them to build a real ship.

The new venture was a glider, large enough to fly. From one source or another they obtained working plans. They bought some cane fishing poles, cheesecloth, and stout wire. The result was a glider that boasted a twenty-foot wing spread and an eighteen-foot fuselage. It was as scientifically correct as they knew how to make it. It had room for one passenger who clung with his arms to two stout bars in the center of the lower wing.

The next step was to fly it. That part of Oklahoma is flat. There were no hills from which to take off. Finally they bethought them that Robinson's pond had gone dry and the banks were fifteen feet high.

There the three went and Apollo made the first venture. Taking a running start he leaped from the edge. The ship glided straight out and made a gentle descent for a distance of sixty feet. It was a success. The others tried it. The kids of the neighborhood tried it. The glider was the town's sensation. The brothers leaped in it from every lofty spot they could find. It was only on strict orders from their father that they refrained from jumping from the highest buildings in town.

Finally they took their glider to a haystack on a near-by farm. The drop was thirty-five feet. Apollo again made the first try. The hay gave an insecure footing. Apollo slipped as he ran with his machine. He leaped at the edge —not far enough; the tail caught in the hay and boy pilot and machine nose-dived groundward. He got off with a broken finger and a completely wrecked glider.

Undismayed, the boys rebuilt their machine. This time they fastened bicycle wheels under it for a landing gear. Once more they hitched it to a wagon, this time the grocer boy's team. It soared beautifully for over a quarter of a mile, till the horses got tired and the yelling kids behind—nearly every one in town past the toddling stage—had been distanced.

But life wasn't all fun. The boy's father had determined that Apollo and Zeus were to go to Annapolis, and with this in view had persuaded Congressman Dick T. Morgan, famed in Oklahoma as the homesteaders' friend, to get his son an appointment. Apollo accepted the offer, although he realized his lack of preparation.

Apollo was eighteen when he graduated from Medford High in 1915. His father in the meantime had been elected mayor of the town. John Soucek's advice was being sought far and near. Disputants came to him for judgment in his blacksmith shop. Councils where the affairs of the town were planned were held around the forge. Fights were settled, legal squabbles aired, and justice generally administered.

IT was a rough settlement, judged by today's standards. The citizens were of the tough pioneer stock and fought hard for what they considered their due. But John's word was law. Standing about five feet nine, powerfully built, with the traditional chest and shoulders and arms and hands of the blacksmith, it was not hard for him to command respect.

Apollo finally obtained his father's consent to leave home and teach school near the village of Wakita. The school was eighteen miles from the nearest railroad and the pupils came riding in wagons. Many of them were bigger than their teacher, who then was as tall as his father, but without his father's massive physique. For this work Apollo received sixty dollars a month and thought himself well paid.

In April of 1916 Apollo took his examination for Annapolis and failed. But Dick Morgan wired him that he would get another chance. The second time Apollo himself took no chances. He set out for Annapolis and registered at Werntz's preparatory school. After a winter of concentrated study he passed the examination in the spring of 1917 and the following June entered the academy. His father's ambition was realized. Two years later his brother Zeus joined him. Senator Robert Owen, a friend of the family, had given Zeus the appointment.

Apollo created no sensation at school. He was an average scholar whose interests were practical. He took part in most athletic pursuits, shining in none of them. He boxed, wrestled, played football, and, above all, studied. Zeus did better. He captained the lacrosse team and developed into one of the country's best players. He was a natural athlete. Almost the same in physical build as his older brother, he was quicker of hand and eye than the more conservative Apollo.

APOLLO graduated in June, 1921, and was immediately assigned to the U. S. S. Mississippi as ensign. In February of 1924 he asked for and obtained a transfer to the air service. He was sent to Pensacola, the naval aviation training school, and there learned to fly. After one year of such intensive training as only the naval or military service can give, he was transferred to the naval air station at San Diego and attached to Observation Squadron No. 1.

Two months of this and he was ordered to report to Lieutenant Commander H. C. Davis as junior aviation officer aboard the Maryland. Here he was to learn something about aviation he had not known before. The catapult was then just coming into use. Apollo's job was to strap himself into his airplane and be hurled into the air from the ship's deck.

The new work was interesting. Apollo liked it. Most of the time he was acting as spotter for the fleet in company with planes from the other ships. It was his job to locate the targets, invisible to the gunners aboard ship, and, flying high above the fleet, to radio the orders for firing.

It was the efficiency of these observation planes that finally won from naval officers recognition of the value of aviation in future fighting. For the first time the battle fleet could proceed in formation, indifferent to torpedo attacks, as long as an airplane spotter was overhead to give warning of danger. These spotters, against whom the smoke screens were impotent, marked the course of enemy torpedoes and guided the fleet from their path.

While Apollo was demonstrating what airplanes were able to do in modern warfare, Zeus was doing no less. Attached to the First Torpedo Plane Squadron he was cruising through the West Indies and along the Atlantic coast, taking part in maneuvers and general battle practice. Two years of this, and he was transferred to the naval base at Philadelphia as superintendent of the aëronautical engine laboratory.

P. & A. photo

Lieut. Apollo Soucek ready for an altitude flight.

When the navy acquired the new PN 12 flying boats from the Douglas Company, Zeus was given the job of testing them. On May 3, 1928, with Lieutenant Art Gavin as co-pilot, he took the heavy ship aloft and stayed in the air for thirty-six hours and one minute, establishing a world's record for flying boats. Later, with a dead load of 2,204 pounds of lead on board, he took the ship to an altitude of 19,000 feet for another new record.

Not to be outdone by his brother, Apollo, now attached to the Bureau of Aëronautics under Admiral William A. Moffett, volunteered to try for a new altitude record for planes of any type.

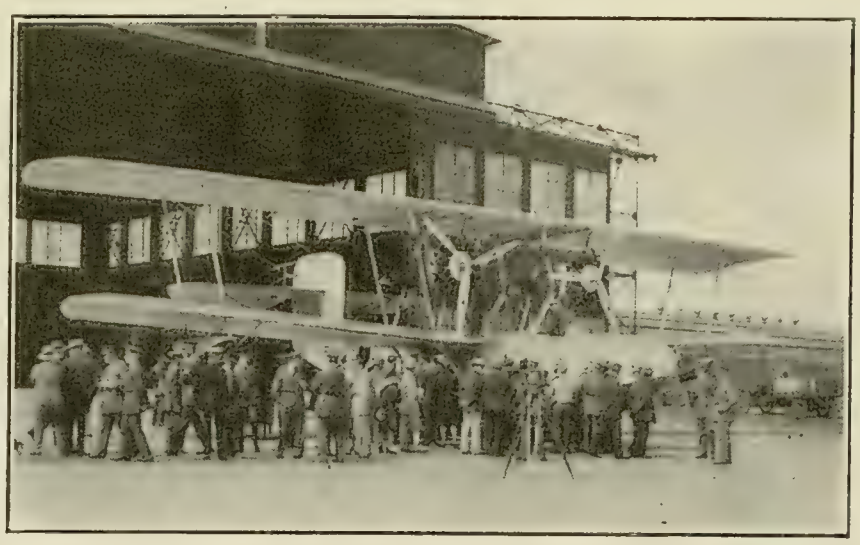
To those who do not understand it, the making of an altitude record is simply flying a ship as high as she will go and, having reached the top, coming down again. This will not sound so simple when it is remembered that an unprotected human being cannot live in the air above 28,000 feet. Death would be a matter of minutes unless provided against.

Intense cold has to be contended with. At 35,000 feet the temperature of the thin air falls to sixty below zero,

and body moisture, freezing on the inside of the pilot's goggles, renders him blind. He cannot afford to lose his head. Dizzy and blind, he must keep his oxygen tank supplying him with its life-preserving gas.

In 1927 Lieutenant C. C. Champion, also of the Naval Air Service, had ascended to 38,418 feet. Apollo had to do better than that.

His ship, a Wright Apache, powered with a Pratt & Whitney Wasp engine, had been tuned up for the performance a month before. The entire Bureau of Aëronautics, from Admiral Moffett down to the humblest mechanic on the field, had been working heart and soul to make the attempt a success. It was to be no spectacular stunt. Altitude flights made by the bureau are made with a definite scientific object in view. Fighting planes have to fly high. What the conditions of the air are up above the clouds; how superchargers work; how much the human element can stand; the machines and instruments—all are studied, and lessons are learned and new devices made to replace those that fail.



Wide World photo

The crowd around Lieut. Zeus Soucek's seaplane after his feat of altitude record-breaking

Apollo took off from the Naval Air Station at Anacostia, Washington, D. C., on the morning of May 8 last. He was dressed in heavy flying clothes. His nostrils were plugged with cotton so that he would be forced to breathe through his mouth. He had been waiting for his brother to fly from Philadelphia with a pair of electrically heated goggles devised by himself that would ward off the coats of frost bound to accumulate on the lenses in the chill atmosphere above. He could not wait longer. The weather was perfect, visibility the best. A run of seventy-five feet and his ship was off the ground.

What happened after that is history. Apollo climbed in ever widening circles until he reached 15,000 feet. Here he encountered a seventy-mile gale. He nosed into the wind straight so that wind and propeller would lift the ship. At 20,000 feet the horizon was visible a hundred miles around. The cold air hurt his eyes.

Soon the goggles pushed up on his forehead are needed to keep his eyes from freezing.

THE air gets thinner as the ship climbs higher. The slight flow of oxygen, turned on at 12,000 feet, is increased. The air gets too rare for the motor, so the supercharger valve is closed to send the current of air into the carburetor.

The engine, that has slowed down to 1,700 revolutions, shoots back to its normal 2,000.

At 30,000 feet Apollo feels tired and sleepy, as though he had not slept for days. More oxygen. At 37,000 feet his real trouble begins. Heading into the west at an air speed of sixty miles an hour, the wind proves too strong and the plane drifts backward.

Now the ailerons, rudder, and elevator are frozen. The oil has frozen, making it hard to work the control stick. Down below, the naval air station has disappeared. The Potomac River is visible, a narrow silver ribbon half an inch wide. To the north is the head of Chesapeake Bay, southward the bay empties into the Atlantic, westward the Potomac threads its tiny course to Harper's Ferry.

At 39,000 feet Apollo looked down upon the earth from a height no living man had attained before him. The frost had formed on his goggles; the pinholes, intended to permit some degree of vision, were almost useless. The temperature hovered near seventy degrees below zero.

The altimeter seemed to stick at 39,000 feet. Apollo got free of his goggles, pushing them up on his forehead, taking the chance of his eyes freezing.

One more pull on the control stick, and slowly the altimeter climbed to 40,000. Another push. The pilot, weak and impatient, felt the ship wabble uncertainly and suddenly nose over into a crazy spin. She had climbed as high as she could go.

APOLLO let go the throttle of the supercharger and the motor slowed down. He leaned back in his seat, resting as the ship spun. Two thousand feet down he gently pulled her out of it.

In long, slow spirals he descended until once more the field hove in sight directly under him. His ears ached. The circles grew wider, to prevent the sudden change of air density injuring plane or pilot. A few minutes later his wheels touched the ground. The new record as officially corrected stood at 39,140 feet.

As though this were not enough, on June 4 Apollo went up again, having first attached pontoons to his Wright Apache plane, and reached the height of 38,560, a record for seaplanes. This time Zeus was on the job. He had constructed a new pair of electrically heated goggles which Apollo wore to his complete satisfaction. He was not bothered with frost. At the top of his climb he was able to see clearly the maneuvers of his ship and thus force her to the limit.

And so John Soucek's son Apollo has joined his other son Zeus in aviation's hall of fame.

But the record of the Soucek family, that begins with a defeated officer in a small Bohemian town and progresses to two triumphant officers in the United States navy, is far from complete. As this is written Apollo is planning for new altitude records, this time to better the later mark of the German pilot, Willi Neunhofen, who, on May 26, soared to 42,123 feet in a land plane. Zeus is busy at Philadelphia devising new instruments to help his brother. Their sister Myrrha is secretary for a large publishing house. And back in Lamont, Oklahoma, two more boys are growing up under John's care and they, too, will enter Annapolis to keep the family name rising. For Ormus and Remus, the sons of a second marriage in 1910, want to enter the service.

Zeus was married last June to Linda Mauk, who was then performing in Sonny, the Broadway musical hit, and they are living in Philadelphia. Apollo is married, but only to his work. He says there'll be no divorce from that. The careers of the members of the family will be well worth watching, for if ever the melting - pot theory found justification, it has found it in the Soucek family records.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 34

1—Charleston; Madison; Cheyenne.
2—Abou Ben Adhem, by Leigh Hunt.
3—Arizona.
4—Twenty-five thousand miles.
5—West.
6—Vice admiral.
7—Money that may be legally tendered in payment of a debt.
8—A pardon frees one from a penalty; a reprieve merely postpones the execution of a sentence.
9—William Henry Harrison.
10—Fourteen.
11—Georg Friedrich Händel.
12—Georges Carpentier.
13—The fall of the Bastille.
14—The rigidity of the muscles that occurs at death and lasts until decomposition sets in.
15—Transverse ropes attached to a ship's shrouds and forming the steps of a rope ladder.
16—Theodore Roosevelt, who was inaugurated at the age of forty-three.
17—A coarsely granular starch derived from the rootstock of the cassava plant.
18—The bull moose.
19—Atheism denies the existence of a God; agnosticism does not deny God's existence but refuses to affirm it.
20—Helen of Troy's.

Show Girl *in*

A New DIXIE DUGAN Adventure

By J. P. McEvoy

Pictures by J. H. Striebel

WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT: Dixie Dugan's optional movie contract has not been renewed by Colossal—result, she's stranded in Hollywood. Stranded, but not friendless, for there are Jimmy Doyle, her ex-newspaperman sweetheart, who is writing scenarios; Mickey, a theme-song writer; Kirk King, a producer; and Fritz Buelow, a director. Dixie blames her refusal to be nice to King and Buelow for her failure to get a chance to make good.

PART SEVEN—WATCHING THE WHEELS GO ROUND

SCENE I

(Express elevator, office building, lower Broadway.)

OPERATOR: Good morning, Mr. Goldman.

VARIETY REPORTER: Ah! That's Goldman of Goldman, Goldman & O'Brien.

OPERATOR: Good morning, Mr. Dillon.

VARIETY REPORTER: Ah! Dillon of Dillon & Fishback.

OPERATOR: Floors, please. Thirty next.

GOLDMAN: Five.

DILLON: Seven.

GOLDMAN: I think I'll get off with you.

DILLON: Okay.

VARIETY REPORTER: Ah-hahhhhhh!

SCENE II

(Office of Variety, a theatrical weekly.)

REPORTER *(breathlessly):* Where's Sime? Gee, I got a hot tip. Swell!

ABEL: Better let him alone. He's busy.

REPORTER: Busy, hell! I got a big story. Merger. Wall Street bankers getting together. Dillon, who's behind Fox, and Goldman, who controls Loew, and—

ABEL: Oh, nuts! Hey, boy. Take this up to the composing room.

SIME *(cheerily):* Well, this Goldie dame is doing perch stuff with the Gertie Hoffman troupe. Cute little broad, too. So last night she falls right out of the flies—smack on the fanny.

JACK: No kiddin'!

REPORTER *(breathless):* Oh, Sime! I've got a hot tip.

SIME: Hold it—Yeah, and the tough part is this little bimbo had just been given fifty grand and a piece of blue ice that must have been eight carats. That's what knocked her. Celebrating.

JACK: Celebrating what?

REPORTER: It's a big movie merger, Sime. I saw them talking together. Dillon and Goldman.

SIME: For God's sake, boy!—Where was I, Jack?

JACK: She was celebrating.

SIM: Yeah, that's it. Her husband. Hadn't seen him for five years. Met her in Chicago and next morning he walked right out of the picture and never showed up again. Couldn't find him. Tried every way. Yesterday he comes into town, looks her up. Seems he got knocked on the head out in Chi. He picked the right town. So he goes out West and turns up in the movies. Probably made a director out of him.

REPORTER: This is about movies. This is movies, too. It's a merger.

SIME: Shut up!—Then he gets some ground, and there's oil on it, and one day he comes to and looks around and says, Where am I? Hollywood. So he gets the hell out—comes here, finds the wife, explains all, and gives her fifty thousand bucks just as a start. She gets high sterical; they go out and get plastered together. When she goes on to do her stunt at the Shubert last night, she jumps for a trapeze that ain't there. Klunk! Write it up, will ya?—Now, what the hell's eating *you?*

REPORTER: I saw Goldman and Dillon together down on lower Broadway—looks like a merger of Fox and Loew.

SIME: Wha'd they say?

REPORTER: Well, it isn't so much what they said. It's what they didn't say.

SIME: Well, see that you quote them correct. Is the Stanley chain part of it?

REPORTER: I think so.

SIME: How 'bout the West Coast Theaters?

REPORTER: They didn't go into that.

SIME: Well I guess you can say they're involved.

REPORTER *(panting):* How much do you want?

SIME: Gimme about a column and a half and I'll break it over from the first page.

. . . . .

All the writers were dictating madly and the plots were coming out of the transoms.

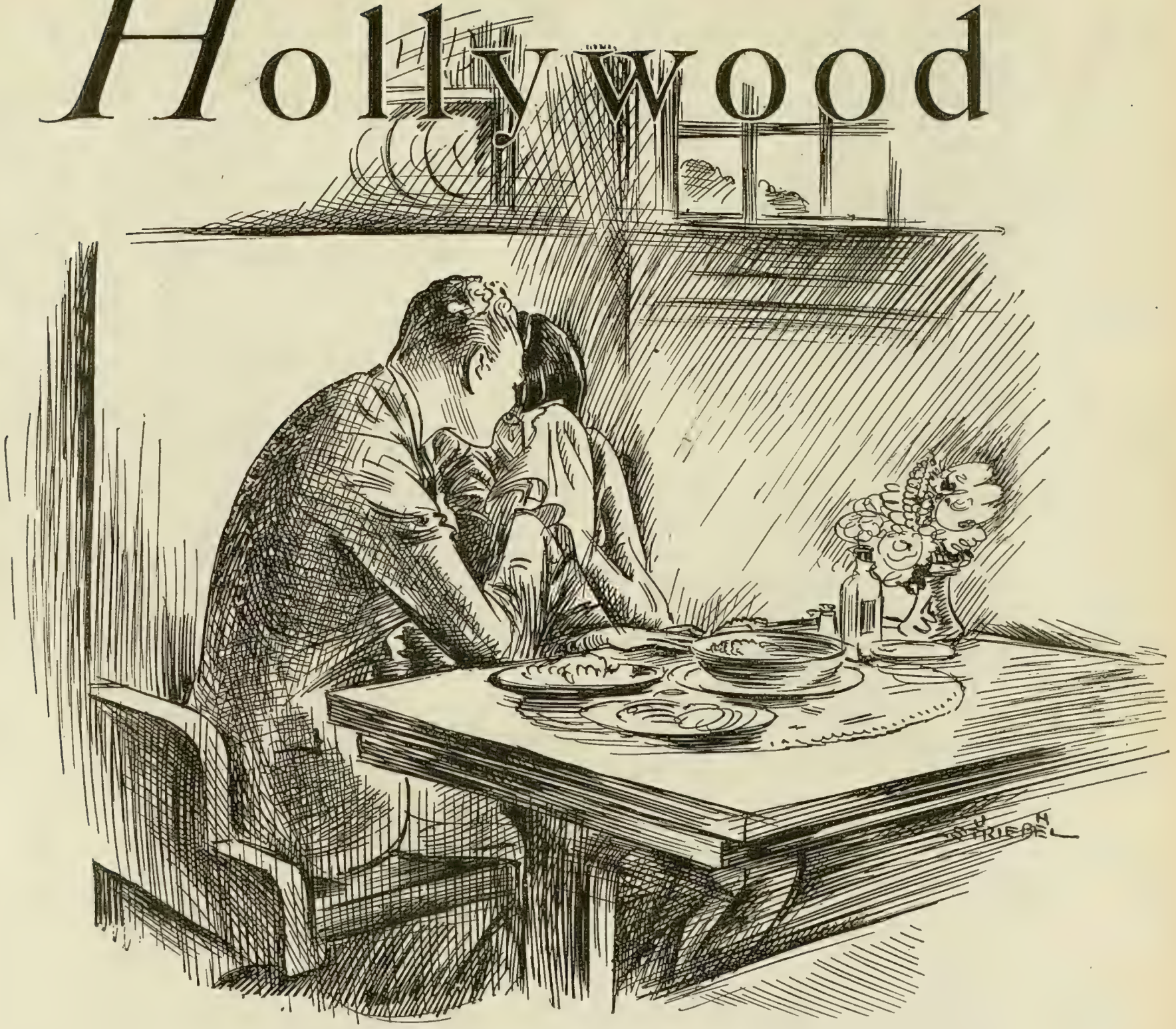
(From Variety, week of October 3.)

FOX-LOEW-FAMOUS-COLOSSAL MERGER!

Four Flicker Leaders in Wall Street Omelet

The mating season for movies opened with a bang yesterday. Before very long four of the largest companies in the flicker business will either be married or living in sin together. Fox, Loew (M-G-M), Famous, and Colossal will be banded together under Wall Street auspices, which means practically the entire industry will be taking orders from Downtown. Yesterday morning a Variety reporter had enough first-hand information in Wall Street to confirm rumors which have been rampant for weeks, or ever since Kennedy and Zukor made a hurried trip West together. Among the banking firms interested in the financing of the holding company that will absorb and operate the companies mentioned are Goldman, Goldman & O'Brien, and Dillon & Fishback, who have been interested before this in . . .

Hollywood



I cried down his neck and all over the potato salad and cold chicken wings.

Hollywood, Cal.,
October 6.

NITA DARLING:

I've just left Jimmy. What a sweet time we had! We're that way again—the sun is shining, the birds are singing, the stars are as big as your fist—and if this doesn't make sense, it doesn't matter.

He'd been out here almost two months; never even called me. Said he thought I had a swelled head. Then the day they didn't take up my option, he heard about it. He called me and came up to see me and told me how sorry he was. And I cried down his neck and all over the potato salad and cold chicken wings we got from the del.

Gee, and all the time I thought he was the one who had gone Hollywood. Pictures in the paper, guest of this and that. It's a wonder you notice me, I told him. That's a lot of malaky, says he. The press department sends out a big blurb about you, one day posing you with Clara Bow, the next with Greta Garbo, and pay day you find you're docked $4.50 for that dictionary missing from the reference department. By docking all the writers, they're sure to get the right one—unless it happens to be the guy who wrote the story about you in the press department. And that's who it was, too. Try to collect from one of those guys.

I told Jimmy I'd like to see where he works and he said, Why not? The boys'll be glad to get some news from the outside world. Be sure and bring them some newspapers. The last contact they had was when Balto got through with the serum—just in time to save them, too. They'd been isolated for months, working night and day on imitations of Abie's Irish Rose. Remember Toplitsky of Tipperary and Paddy of Palestine? For a while one whole department was devoted exclusively to the production of Begorras and Shmai Yisroales. Come out tomorrow night. We're all working double shifts now on stories for sound pictures.

So tonight I went out to the Colossal lot and battled my way through sentries waving red lanterns outside of sound stages—you see they try to shoot most of the mike opera at night when it's quiet.

Well, it took an hour to find where Jimmy and all the other writers were holed in. It was a long wooden barracks, Nita, in a far corner of the lot, built for one of the war-picture sets. Remember that big delousing scene in What Price Glory or The Big Parade or something? I forget which. Well, after the picture they condemned the building and divided it up into little cubby-holes and put all the scenario writers in it. One writer in each coop with his name on the door.

Jimmy says they started out first by putting the names on the door in gold leaf. Then they found that was too permanent, besides it gave the writers wrong ideas about themselves, so they printed them on little cards and then as the writers got fired or had to be taken away, they stuck the new names on with thumb tacks. But that got to be too much trouble, too, so now they chalk the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD
Continued from page forty-one]

names on the doors or just the time-card numbers.

Jimmy was in one of the cells away down the hall and I had to pass about 15 doors, all closed, but the transoms were open. All the writers were dictating madly and the plots were coming out of the transoms. I wish I could give you an idea of what a madhouse it was. But this is something like—

Long shot Zulu beating Bongo Drum. Boom-boom-boom sound effect. Fade in title letters dripping blood, The Red Dance, The Red Dance of Death—long shot of Girl's white body tied to stake: Camera pans slowly up from feet—slowly moves up to face. Face fills screen, then eyes. One eye. Horror! In her eye we see reflection of fire and dance of the savages. Cut to close-up of grass rope burning. She breaks away. Bongo drum beats faster — BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-Boom!!! Girl flees through jungle, on trail to white trader's shack. Shot, Chaney in plaster cast, chewing orchids. Cut to chase.

Open with close-up of white legs dancing. More white legs—lot of legs. Lap into saxophones. Plant theme song. Quick flashes, breasts, hips, legs. Fade in. Dear old New England mother crocheting doilies. Shot of clock: 8 o'clock. Title: 'Pears to be about bedtime, paw. Sound effect: laughter from cabaret very sarcastic coming through organ solo played by old New England father on a little parlor organ. *Suggest* Lead, Kindly Light. Lap dissolved into: Lights of B'way. Electric signs UFA angles. Shots of white legs running upstairs. Black trouser legs with evening braid pursuing. Long, rambling corridors of summer hotel. Cut to chase.

Close-up, Jannings' back. Huge drooping shoulders. Fade in beer garden in Milwaukee. All pounding steins on table and singing Schnitzelbank. Jannings crying into beer. Close-up of beer with tears splashing into it. Tart pushes him playfully. Title: Putting salt in your beer so early in the evening? . . . I copped that from O'Henry, but who knows that? L'me see—salt—oh, yeah—cut to salt mines in Siberia. Long lines of convict prisoners struggling through snow—might show aurora borealis with shooting tongues of light changing to cruel whips lashing convicts—Maybe that's a symbol or something. Jannings escapes—I'll figure it out later. . . . Cut to chase.

WELL, sis, that gives you an idea. Farther down the hall, some guy was doing a college story—one of those Yip for Yale one minute to play hats over the goal posts sort of things. And a male collegian chorus for sound track singing Fight, fight, fight for dear old Whoozis! And next door another underworld story—Mike the Rat and Gyp the Gat and the fine clean cop who always just happens to wander in when they're unloading the Scotch or putting one of the other gang on the spot—and so on and so on and so on—until I got down to Jimmy.

There he was, walking up and down in his cell. Three steps up and three steps back, his collar off, his hair on end, and a girl taking it all down. I listened a while and couldn't make any sense out of it. Then a bell rang and the girl gathered her notebook and ran down the hall. That means there'll be a story conference in ten minutes, says Jimmy. That's the warning bell. She has to have all this typed for the conference. They have conferences every fifteen minutes so we can discuss the story as it goes along. I suppose you didn't understand what I was dictating, did you? No, says I, did you? And he says, sure, I'm on the Rin-tin-tin story now. I was faking an Eskimo song. They chant to celebrate the success of the big seal drive. It was Nebbick's idea. I thought you came out here to do your own ideas, says I. I was young, says he, and didn't know. Well, only a few more weeks and I'll be out. Have you found anything? And I told him the truth, a lot of promises and a lot of tips to go to this studio and that, but all wild-goose chases.

And then he says, well, cheer up. We were flops before and we can flop again and so long as we can be together while we're doing it, it could be a lot worse. Anyway, there's something stirring around here. All sorts of huddles going on and rumors about this going out, and that coming in, and shake-ups all the way up the line. I don't know just what it is. Everyone has a different angle on it. We're buying somebody or they're buying us, so anything's liable to happen. I might finish up running the works, or just opening the gates, and where's that big kiss you brought me?

So I delivered it, and just then a siren blew and Jimmy jumped up and said, My God! Story conference. You'll have to find your way home. I'll call you tomorrow. Then he ran down the hall without his collar, and all the other doors flew open and all the other writers tore down the hall and out over the lot looking for their conferences. I found out later the supervisors and directors try to keep the places a secret, but the older writers always know where to find them.

Love, DIXIE

. . . . .

(Offices of Dillon & Fishback, lower Broadway.)

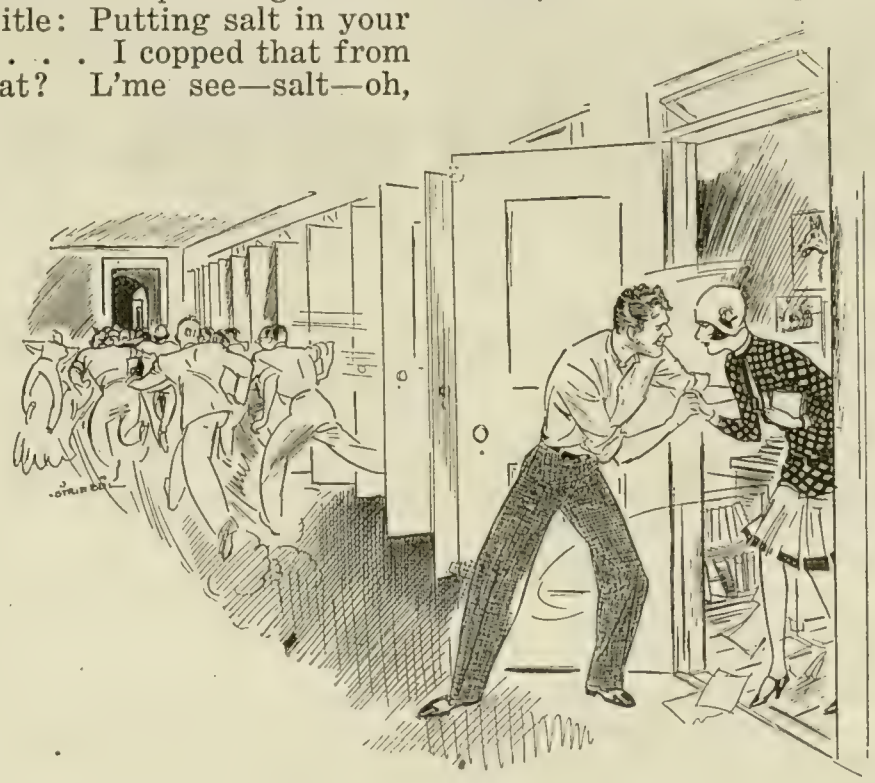
Hello Max, this is Dillon.

I was just going to ring you.

About that merger story?

Yeah. What is all this cockeyed nonsense? The Times just called me.

Me, too. Something about a story in Variety.



Just then a siren blew and Jimmy jumped up and said, Story conference. Then he ran down the hall.

Never heard of Variety. What is it?

It's a theatrical sheet. The Times said they had a story that you and I were merging three or four movie companies.

That's what they told me, too.

I told them it was a lot of nonsense.

Me, too. But it gave me an idea. Maybe they're ripe for a merger and this was just a feeler.

Think so?

Shouldn't wonder. Wouldn't do us any harm to talk it over. What do you think?

Well, I know our bunch don't want to merge.

We don't either. But the other guys might. Wouldn't do any harm for all of us to get together and talk about it, anyway.

How's your golf?

You'd be surprised. Who is the Warner outfit?

Fineman put out their last issue.

We might have a talk with him.

He's been playing a pretty good game lately. Eighty-two last Saturday.

I think Milton would be a good feller to talk to.

That's a good hunch. They'd never suspect him. Jack is okay; he's dabbled a bit in the theater, too.

Sure enough. He had a piece of that show last year. What was the name of that girl he was crazy about? Dixie? Dixie something?

Dugan. But Jack isn't bragging about it. She certainly took him for a ride.

Well, it could happen to any of us.

Sure. Anyway Jack could do a lot of the ground work for us. Think it over and we'll get together sometime.

How about making up a foursome Saturday? I'll try to get Fineman.

I'll check up on Milton and call you back.

"I hope they get to me this afternoon. They spent the morning shooting close-ups of doorknobs."

Okay. You wouldn't like to come in on Chrysler, would you?

It's all yours.

You'll be sorry.

You're too good to me. S'long.

'By.

. . . . .

(Stage Five, Colossal lot, Hollywood.)

Chiquita and her leading man, Harold Strongface, are doing the big murder scene in the allegorical sequence of Sinning Lovers. Strongface as Good Man is drowning Chiquita, Bad Woman, in the glittering goldfish fountain in the Patio of Passion in the House of Sin.

BUELOW *(hoarse from yelling all morning):* Gimme something, will you, Strongface, you big ham! I want indignation, virtuous horror. You're drowning the little hell-cat—can't you give me that?

STRONGFACE *(mechanically):* All right, Mr. Buelow. *(To Chiquita.)* The son of a so and so. *(Softly)* Am I hurting you, Sweet Thing?

CHIQUITA *(meltingly):* I love your hands on my neck—s-ooo strong.

BUELOW: All ready—action—now, Chiquita, as he is pushing you down into the fountain, rage at him—spit at him—he squeezes your neck tighter—you're choking—take it BIG—let me have it—Music!—Camera!

STRONGFACE *(registering hate while talking through his clenched teeth):* You come over to my house after you've seen the rushes tonight.

CHIQUITA: Ye-es, darling!

BUELOW *(yelling):* Give me hate, will you? Damn you!

STRONGFACE: Ah, tahel with him. He'll be dragging his tail up and down Hollywood looking for a job before the week's out.

CHIQUITA: Who? Fritzie?

STRONGFACE: Sure. Haven't you heard? There's a big merger and Colossal is going to close down and everybody is out except directors with stage experience and actors on contract.—Hurting you, honey?

CHIQUITA: Ye-es, it's nice. Tonight I weel hurt you—Oooh!

BUELOW: Cut! Move up for the close-up—shot of hands on throat. . . . That was lousy, but we're behind schedule. Hey, Joan—where tahel's that scrip girl — Joan! There, run out while we're making this set-up and get Mickey O'Keefe over here. We're going to do that theme song tonight. And hurry back.

VOICES: Rest your lights . . . give us another broad here . . . hit her with 248 . . . try a silk on it . . . hey, Mike, put a few of your goddam tourists to work on these props, will you?

. . . . .

(The soundproof cell of Mickey O'Keefe, number seven in a row of two dozen cubicles all occupied by theme-song writers, sad exiles from Tin Pan Alley.)

MICKEY *(picking the keys with one finger):*

When I begin
To fall in
To sin—umpty-ump—a loving sinner, winner, dinner, finner, skinner—

Oh, is it a sin to love? Oh, I love to sin with you, my loving sinner—

Oh, hello, Joan—how's that?

JOAN *(running a slim warm hand through his curly hair):* How's what, Mickey?

MICKEY *(singing):* Oh, is it love—oh, is it sin—when I love to sin with you—just you? Umpty-bump bump—just you. Now I'll work backwards on the middle part.

JOAN: Gee, that's hotsy. When will you be finished? Buelow sent me over for you—they're going to shoot sound tonight—the theme song.

MICKEY: I'm still writing it. Say, baby, can you keep a secret? Listen. I got it straight today from a guy who just came from New York that there aren't going to be any more pictures made out here after this month. All

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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IN THOUSANDS of homes, breakfast isn't breakfast without coffee. Yet when supper-time comes, the flavor and gracious cheer of coffee is missing, and merely because of an unnecessary drug that keeps people awake.

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KNIGHTS of the BLUE

a dashing new LIBERTY warbirds feature. It is written by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall who fought and flew to fame under the colors of the Escadrille. Don't miss KNIGHTS OF THE BLUE!

. . . READ IT IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK!

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[SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD
Continued from page forty-three]

the production with this sound stuff can be done inside and they're gonna move everything back East so as to be near the actors in New York and the electrical experts in Schenectady.

JOAN: I heard different.

MICKEY: But this is straight—he got it from a guy downtown. He says buy Western Union.

JOAN: Western Union?

MICKEY: Because they're behind the whole thing—buying all the film companies so they can control the television when they get ready to release it—I got it straight—it's all perfected and they're just holding it back till this is put over.

JOAN: You wouldn't fool a dumb girl?

MICKEY: You ain't so dumb.

JOAN: I wish I was as smart as you—could write songs and everything. It must be wonderful. And you get it all out of this curly head!

MICKEY: Get away closer—that's better. . . . Aren't they cute? You know, baby, I can remember when knees were away uptown—

JOAN: Fresh!

. . . . .

(Soda fountain in drug store across the street from Colossal lot. Dixie is getting an earful from Delight Moran, doing a small bit as one of the Seven Deadly Sins in Buelow's superepic Sinning Lovers.)

DELIGHT: I got seven bucks and a half a day just as atmosphere. Now, when I get a part all I can chisel is ten.

DIXIE: Ten bucks is better than nothing.

DELIGHT: Sure, I know. But doing a part like Pride is worth more than ten bucks.

DIXIE: There's a lot of kids in this town that would commit murder for ten bucks.

DELIGHT: Yeah, it's tough and this sound stuff is making it tougher.

DIXIE: How do you mean?

DELIGHT: Used to use a lot of us kids when they were having a big fight or a frolic but now the guy goes to the window and says, "Viola, sacre bloo. It's the Revolution. Look at the bloodthirsty mob coming up the road to Versailles." And then four or five huskies do a huddle over in front of the mike and make mob noises like walla, walla, walla. You can see the dough they save. But how about little me!

DIXIE: Or little me, for that matter.

DELIGHT: Yeah! The whole racket is in for a fall if you ask me. Ya know I got a boy friend who works over at Grauman's Chinese—he's that big, tall, good-looking egg who stands out in the middle of the patio in the gold kimono—well, he overheard Joe Schenck tell Sid Grauman that the U. S. Steel Company has got control of some new patents where they make pictures in three dimensions—life size and in natural colors—and they're going to produce them in Pittsburgh, and all the companies out here will have to close down. I might just as well have stayed in Akron. I wouldn't have that long haul back across the country. *(Climbs down off stool, shakes out long white robes of Pride, and pats down diamond tiara.)* Well, back to the factory. I hope they get to me this afternoon. They spent the whole morning shooting close-ups of a doorknob. Say, I heard Fox is looking for a girl that can lead numbers. They're doing a revue. Know Schmeck over there?

"I got Jack Milton. Say, you know he's still nuts about that Dixie Dugan gal."

DIXIE: No. Do you?

DELIGHT: And how! I'll take you over there tonight when I wash up here. Thanks for the coke. S'long.

DIXIE: 'By. *(Paying check.)* Schmeck! Well, he might be my luck. Here goes the last ten-spot and not another in sight. I'll be climbing palms and chewing holes in coconuts. *(Goes out singing softly.)* I Can't Love or Anything but Give, Baby. Say, that's a good theme song for this here Hollywood.

. . . . .

(Express elevator, office building, lower Broadway)

OPERATOR: Good morning, Mr. Goldman. Good morning, Mr. Dillon.

GOLDMAN: Hello, there, Dillon.

DILLON: Hello, Max.

OPERATOR: Floors, please. Thirty next.

GOLDMAN: Five. Say, I lined up Fineman for that foursome.

DILLON: Six. I got Jack Milton. Had lunch with him yesterday. Say, you know he's still nuts about that Dixie Dugan gal. Says she's out West in the movies now. Got steamed up right away on the chance he might go out there.

GOLDMAN: Saturday morning is on, then?

DILLON: Yes, same time. We'll meet at the club.

GOLDMAN: Okay. 'By. Going out five.

DILLON: S'long. Six out.

And next week Dixie gets her first look at a Hollywood mansion and one of the famous movie colony parties.

How Many Mistakes In This Picture? $1,000 for Answers Every Week

Rules and Regulations Covering This Contest

These Prizes Are Offered Each Week

First prize	$500
Second prize	200
Third prize	100
Forty prizes of $5 each	200
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In drawing this picture the artist made between forty and fifty mistakes. How many can you find? Liberty now offers $1,000 a week for the most skillful detecting of mistakes in the series of drawings of which this is the first.

You may indicate the mistakes by drawing on the picture itself (or a tracing of it) or, if you prefer, you may describe them on a separate sheet of paper.

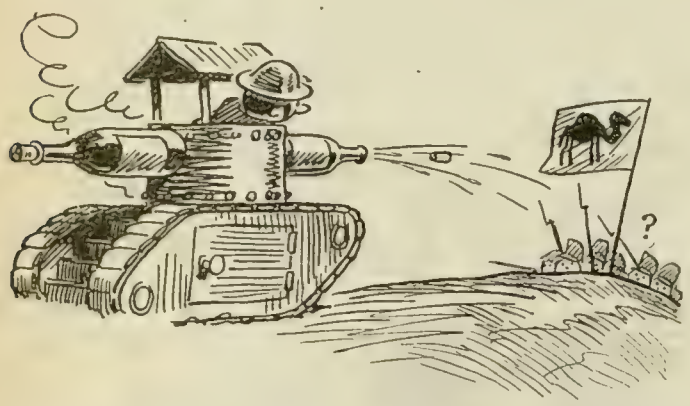
You need not purchase a copy of Liberty to compete. Copies of Liberty Magazine may be examined at our various branch offices or at the public libraries free of charge. Neatness and ingenuity of arrangement, as well as accuracy and the number of mistakes detected, will count. In case of ties the prizes will be duplicated.

This contest is not open to professional artists, nor may any employees of Liberty Weekly or their families compete. Entries should be addressed to MISTAKE PICTURES, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and must be mailed within one week of the date of this issue. No entries will be returned, and Liberty cannot engage in correspondence on the subject of the contest.

Vox

But Some Humor Is So Dry

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Civil war between the wets and the drys. Dry soldiers attacking wet dugouts. Wet warriors staging a Charge of the Tight Brigade. Wells poisoned with poison rum. Tanks —appropriately named—in which every man and every bottle does full duty. Wets fighting to the last drop of blood



and booze. Drys rallying round the flag of the camel.

Well, I tried to picture it, after reading Ida M. Tarbell's interesting article, "Is Prohibition Forcing Civil War?" I tried to, but didn't succeed.

After all, though extreme wets and extreme drys hate each other enough to blow each others' brains out, the country as a whole has enough sense of humor to put the bigots of both factions in their place—if it has to.—*M. Gregory.*

We Hope It Isn't Possible

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Ida M. Tarbell's article on prohibition is the best of its kind yet published. However, she is all wet when she infers that the question is leading to civil war.

She compares it with the slave problem in 1850. The slave problem was sectionalized—North mainly against, South mainly for slavery—both rabid in opinion. The liquor problem is not sectionalized, there being both wets and drys in all sections of the country, side by side.

In order for war to be possible each group must consolidate its members. I do not believe this possible in our present problem.—*W. B. Williams, Jr.*

The Bootleg Ring Is a Vicious Circle

OMAHA, NEB.—We Americans certainly put both feet in it when we passed the prohibition acts. We are in possession of a white elephant that nobody wants and that we are trying feverishly to get rid of.

Even if every state legislature in the land was eager to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, the bootleg ring wouldn't allow it to be done. The law can't be enforced because the bootleggers won't allow it. The laws can't be repealed for the same reason.

What, then, is left? A referendum by popular vote, the majority deciding.—*John.*

Yes—What?

HOUSTON, TEX.—LIBERTY is not worth a d—. They are too far between and don't last long enough. *Do* something! —*D. Y. Gorman.*

"The Flying Senator"

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Reuben Maury's story in LIBERTY eulogizing Senator Hiram Bingham is away off when he says that there was no second call for volunteers during the Spanish-American war. Seventy-five thousand were called for and it seems the Senator might have edged in.

His ancestors, Maury says, were the first missionaries to the Hawaiian Islands. We now know who got everything from the natives except their hula skirts: the New England missionaries.

The Senator is shown to have been of Mayflower stock—one of the four million.

Senator Bingham is well thought of down here, but—

Mary King Bastick.

Stung by Gob!

LAKE ELSINORE, CALIF.—"The Red Napoleon" started off all right, but, for the love o' Lil, Gibbons smoked a pill or two when he got Uncle Sam's battle fleet bottled up in the Gulf of Mexico, and now has the Red troops tramping on U. S. soil.

That reminds me of once when I was a kid I was going to bottle up a nest of big red wasps by setting a milk bottle under the nest and hitting the nest with a clod of dirt, thinking the wasps would chase the falling dirt and would go into

the bottle and I would rush out and capture them.

Yes, it worked fine—just like bottling Uncle Sam's battle fleet in the Gulf of Mexico would work. Some would rush in and you'd rush out to close up the bottle on them—then you'd find some stayed at the old nest to watch it, and oh *boy*, it's hell what they will give you!

When the Red Napoleon's troops start tramping on United States soil elephants will be roosting in trees, singing a tune called "Turkey in the Straw."

I done one hitch in the navy, and I think Mr. Floyd Gibbons' story is *out.*—*Jimmy T.*

Points with Pride and Views with Alarm

ALBANY, N. Y.—It is amusing to read some of the criticism printed in your Vox Pop department on "The Red Napoleon," by Floyd Gibbons. These pacifists have to unburden their minds somehow, so I suppose we must forgive them their idiosyncrasies.

I have been a constant reader of the "Red Nap" and frankly cannot wait until the next issue gets to Albany. I think Floyd Gibbons is a public benefactor.

He may not move the pacifists much beyond exciting them to rant and rave, but he ought to bring home to us the fact that the so-called isolation of the United States is no longer true. Airplanes and dirigibles have brought us to the door of Europe.

Gibbons may be a bit early in his dates, but as surely as the night follows the day, if the millions of Chinese inhabiting China ever wake up, may the Lord help the white race! All they would need would be a leader of the type of Karakhan (even though he be a bit off mentally).—*E. C. S.*

Our Purpose Is to Give Pleasure

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—What is the purpose of your vile story, "The Red Napoleon"?

Is it to warn the white race that there is a "yellow peril"? Or is it intended to incite in the mind of some brute like Karakhan a desire and courage to undertake such an insane adventure as is here depicted? Or is it merely an appeal to the spirit of jingoism?

LIBERTY, in so far as it has ever discussed warfare, has consistently displayed a spirit of jingoism.

Jingoes are bullies walking about with a chip on their shoulders and ever yelling "Fight!" But when a real scrap starts they are the first to run to cover, for 99 per cent of jingoes—or bullies, whichever term you prefer—are cowards.

Make no mistake, if a brute like Karakhan, with his apelike minions, ever invades America we shall certainly give him hell, but it will be the so-called pacifists—people who believe in avoiding war as far as it is compatible with honor and justice to do so—who will face them to the death, and fight them until the last ape is dead or until they have yielded in unconditional surrender.

If jingoes would fight as boldly as they talk we might tolerate the vermin. —*D. H. Smith.*

Pop

Don't Be Reckless

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Yes, yes, I know that authorities on aëronautics are always telling us how safe it is to fly. And that article by Bogart Rogers, "Safety in the Sky," was more reassuring than most. Much more.

Nevertheless, I'm going to stick to my own recipe for real, complete, and undeniable safety in the sky. This is it:

Since I live on the top floor of a new skyscraper apartment, I'm going to buy a beauty of a small plane—the best that money can give me. Then I'm going to build some fifty-foot steel supports on the roof of the apartment house, and attach the plane to the top of the supports.

Talk about a safe thrill! The city below me, the motor roaring, the wind whistling past me—and the plane as safe as if it were in its hangar.

That's what I call safety in flying. —*Apartment-House Airman.*

Telegram

ELKHART, IND.—

HURRAH EXCLAMATION POINT I AM READING LIBERTY AGAIN STOP I STOPPED WHEN SHOW GIRL STOPPED DASH NOW I AM GOING TO HOLLYWOOD WITH DIXIE DUGAN ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN STOP FIRST INSTALLMENT GREAT STOP SECOND INSTALLMENT GREAT STOP THIRD INSTALLMENT GREAT STOP HURRAH FOR YOU COMMA J P MCEVOY EXCLAMATION POINT HOOSIER SCRIBE

Objection—

TOPEKA, KAN.—What are you running that stuff by McEvoy for? I know it tries to be clever, but it's a bunch of wind. Besides, it's obnoxiously sexy, and, at times, vulgar.—*Sue.*

—Overruled

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Just a contented peep to inform you how good J. P. McEvoy's "Show Girl in Hollywood" is. In case you haven't made up your mind yet. I don't know what he is getting for this masterpiece, but, whatever it is, he is vastly underpaid. What a man! He talks only in similes and wise cracks. Doesn't Dixie dear ever say something commonplace? If only there were a real girl like her, I'd grab her.

You've got the best fiction sheet in America today. Don't let anybody tell you otherwise. Honest. — *Dinnie-the-Mooh.*

Sitting Bull?

CHICAGO, ILL.—Carry on, I say! I'll keep my nickels for you till the buffaloes on those nickels get tired and sit down.—*Dale.*

We Like This Fine

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—I am writing to Vox Pop for my first time to say LIBERTY is the best magazine in existence, so keep up the good work.

Not to bother with my troubles, but for the past two months I have lain on my back in the hospital. Once a week a tiny lad brought us poor sick people LIBERTY and, believe me, he never left the ward with a single book. Every one was too anxious for LIBERTY.

I always had the first copy. The instant the boy entered the ward I grabbed my nickel and yelled (forgetting I was sick), "Over here!"—*Dorothy Dart.*

Mama!

PITTSBURGH, PA. — Professor Watson, in "Should a Child Have More Than One Mother?" holds up the monkey as a biological model because the one-year-old monkey will steal from its mother.

The mess of cutthroats that his Utopian scheme—which rules out mother care—would engender would do even better. They would rob their grandmothers of the gold in their eyeteeth. —*Edward Godfrey.*

KANSAS CITY, MO.—I read your editorial, "Heredity or Environment?" in LIBERTY for June 29. Then I turned to John B. Watson's treatise, "Should a Child Have More Than One Mother?" and found the following:

"Here is another child, of four—afraid—afraid of its own shadow. . . . A butterfly toy or a mechanical mouse drives him into his mother's arms or to hide behind her skirt."

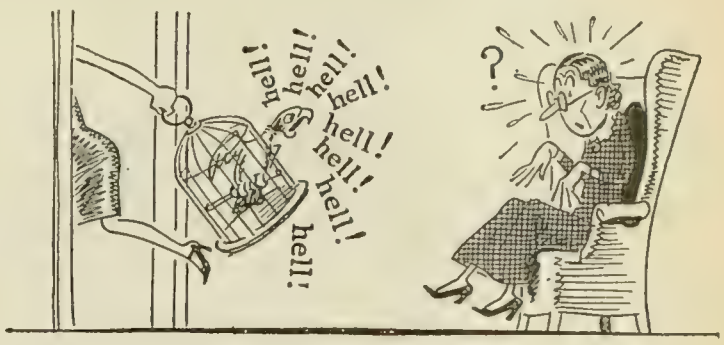
Now, that reference to a child of four hiding behind its mama's skirt was more than I could figure out. Did said offspring have a little stepladder convenient?—*Jack Bullard.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The trouble with most of us is that we accept old worn-out ideas blindly and without any attempt to analyze them. But as long as we have men like Dr. Watson, the behaviorist, to stir us up and make us think, America can't be so badly off.—*N. Christiansen.*

Naughty, Naughty

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Sech language, Viña! Sech language! That new serial, "Kept," started off true to life, but in the first two installments the author had a rush of "hell" to the head. Also, she used other naughty expressions freely.

My chum and I have been reading this serial aloud, and what do you think we had to do when we came to the second installment? We had to take our parrot right out of the room. "Kept" simply isn't fit for the bird's ears. Too dangerous.



A parrot repeats what it hears oftenest, you know.

You see, we learned from humiliating experience.

After we'd read Part One aloud, with our pet present, one of our maiden aunts —perfectly sweet, and so rich—came to see us. She sat down right under the parrot's cage.

"Hell!" said our hitherto uncorrupted bird. "Hell, hell, hell, hell!" We had to rush it out of the place.

It was—hell.—*Bachelor Girl.*

But Is It as Simple as All That?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—As an interested reader of your spicy magazine, I would like to ask a question.

What's the purpose of printing a story like "Kept," by Viña Delmar? What can our young folks—especially our adolescent girls—profit by reading such a story?

Its very title suggests immorality. Its dialogue is of the most pronounced moron type. Its situations such as most parents are eager to conceal from their daughters. Seduction and harlotry are evident in every line, and the heroine (God save the mark!) tells the story of her depravity with a brazen relish. *Cui bono?*

I am the mother of two daughters, aged eighteen and twenty, and am doing my best to keep them undefiled and pure in heart as well as in conduct. As far as I know they do not smoke, drink, pet, or keep company with undesirable men. Why should my efforts to keep them straight be nullified by such literature as this story presents, where a kept woman is made a glorified heroine? What morality can they learn by a perusal of the conversation therein recorded?—*Mrs. Rose Edwards.*

This Tennis Racket

Recollections of a Champion in the Making

Big Bill at Forest Hills in 1918, when he suddenly won fame by outclassing Kumagae in the national semifinals.

© Western Newspaper Union

By

William T. Tilden, 2d

I GUESS I have always been the Bolshevik of Tennis. At least the Old Guard of the United States Lawn Tennis Association have always said so. Maybe they are right. Certainly I have differed with the stand-pat conservatism of officialdom ever since I was old enough to think for myself. If that constitutes Bolshevism, I am the Bolshevik of Tennis. Personally, I called it Liberalism, Progressiveness, and several other more euphonious names, and still do, but naturally I am prejudiced.

I suppose this story opens on February 10, 1893, when the world in general and the tennis world in particular was seriously handicapped by an occurrence of great significance. Unfortunately the world did not recognize this significance and doesn't yet, but I at least appreciate it, even though I did not at the time. Unto William T. and Selina Hey Tilden was born a child yclept by them William T., Junior. He had, so it has been reported, a lusty voice which he immediately raised in protest against existing conditions. According to the U. S. L. T. A., it is still raised and has never been quieted.

I was practically born into the Germantown Cricket Club, of which club I am now an honorary life member, due in nowise to my childhood efforts at the club. Germantown is the typical conservative club of the élite. It has always taken itself and its social position seriously. In the early 1900s it took itself even more seriously than now.

From this quite inadequate picture of my environment in the days of my childhood, the days when I started to play tennis, the days when the names of Larned, Clothier, Davis, Ward, Wright, the Wrenns, the Dohertys, Brookes in his early days, etc., were breathed with awe, the days when tennis in the United States was Newport and Society, it can easily be seen that I was born to be a little Tennis Snob. God only knows how I escaped that fate. I suppose the U. S. L. T. A. officials would regard my escape as engineered by other than the Lord.

Anyway, somehow the Little Snob turned out the Tennis Bolshevik.

The first few years of my life were doubtless very important ones for mankind in general and my own immediate family in particular, but for some strange reason I have no clear recollections of them myself. I have a general impression that my older brother Herbert regarded me pretty much as a total loss. He seemed to feel that I was rather a blot on the family. He was seven years older than I. I still continued my vocal exercise vociferously at every favorable moment. They tell me I was not an unusually sweet baby.

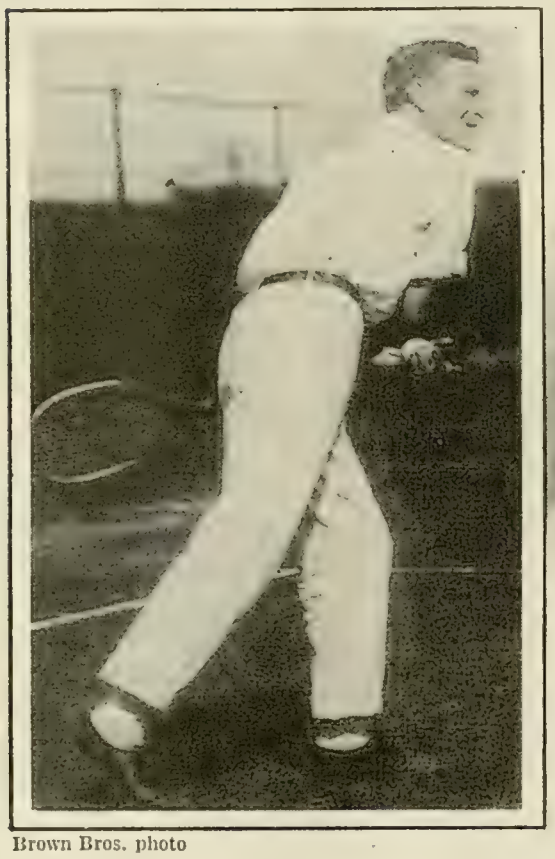
Finally, at the age of five, I took up tennis. In some manner now lost to memory I inherited a cast-off tennis racket of my brother's. Whom he had acquired it from and how I have no idea, but it was yclept The Pim, weight about fifteen ounces, and was strung with gut (if I can call it that in the light of my present knowledge that it was more like rope) which was placed in it to give long life.

I have a slightly painful idea that I pinched this able instrument from my brother's room during his absence

from home, and that my sudden demise on his return was narrowly averted only by the combined efforts of my mother and father. Anyway, I gained my first important victory in the tennis game and so took up the delightful pastime of breaking windows in our house as a side line to practicing strokes.

Our summer home at Onteora had a large carriage drive. Here I practiced tennis—and broke windows. The Onteora Club had many men and boys who were or became noted, among them Frederick B. Alexander, the Davis Cup and international star, and, of lesser fame, Dean Mathey, Alrick Man, and my brother Herbert. Yearly, from the ages of five to seven inclusive, I watched Fred Alexander. I was fascinated by the contortions of his service, the grace and speed of his drive. I determined to be another Fred Alexander. Daily I would step out upon our driveway and, having passed through a few convulsions, pat the ball gently in what I fondly believed was an exact copy of Fred's service.

For one year all I acquired were sore muscles and a few mild reproofs from my mother when she found me hunting the ball in her favorite nasturtiums. But as my sixth and seventh years descended upon me I waxed stronger in body, and at last I broke my first window. It was a proud moment! But only a moment, for it was a window of my father's den and the shattered pane fell gently on him as he was reading. 'Twas nothing to the pain that fell on me.



Brown Bros. photo

Fred B. Alexander at the end of his deadly forehand drive. He was Tilden's first model.

Underwood & Underwood photo

Big Bill as Davis Cup team captain a year ago.

Gradually, as the season progressed, I discovered that the limit of parental endurance had increased from one to two panes a day, but at the breaking of the second I departed and was no more seen in that same place that day. At least once each week I was forbidden to use the house and driveway for tennis practice, an edict that regularly lasted until next day. Out of the maze of shattered windows and stern rebukes emerged what later became my " cannon ball " and American twist services, and what I still believe is a forehand drive.

Onteora Club in the days around 1900 was an artist colony. Here writers, actors, musicians, people who did things, whose names meant something in the big world, spent their vacations between seasons. Here Maude Adams, that elfin spirit of the American theater, had her summer home. Here Mme. Louise Homer of the Metropolitan Opera Company with her husband, Sidney Homer, the composer of so many famous songs, and their delightful children, made summer headquarters for some years.

Mark Twain was a frequent visitor, although, I regret to say, before the time that I was taking much notice of such things. John W. Alexander, the portrait painter, uncle of Fred Alexander, the tennis star; Mary Knight Wood, the song writer; Carroll Beckwith; Mrs. Custer, the widow of General Custer, the famous Indian fighter; Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart, the author, and many others of equal fame, were members of the colony.

I was about ten when I met Miss Adams. I was playing a very serious personal challenge match on our private court with the boy next door. I was just comfortably in the lead, having won a set, when a voice—ah, what a voice, its queer yet adorable throatiness, once heard, can never be forgotten—said behind me, " Do you boys mind if I watch a moment? "

I turned and saw Peter Pan. Just a girl-boy in a brown riding habit, a quaint little peaked cap on the head, the slim boyish figure and face looking just a kid like ourselves, a queer bashful shyness so much part of her that it even crept into her art and made it human and lovable. It was Maude Adams. She was the worshiped idol of every man, woman, and child in Onteora, as I guess she was all over the United States, and she was asking two small boys playing dub tennis if we minded if she watched!

I GULPED and blew up completely. I started to attempt to show off, with the natural result that I lost the next set, 6-0. Fortunately my mother came out for some reason and seeing Miss Adams bore her off to the house, and it was there I met her. Just twenty years later I once more had the thrill of having Miss Adams watch me play a match, this time a big championship, and she was still the same adorable childlike spirit, the real Peter Pan of my childhood.

What a queer combination Maude Adams was to be the most popular theatrical idol of her day! She did not have great beauty; she did not have that definite sex appeal which has carried many stars to the top; she was not a marvelous emotional actress like Bernhardt or Duse. But she had a charm of person, physical and mental, a tenderness, warmth, and childlike pathos, that won her a place in the hearts of her public that was never equaled by greater geniuses. I can truthfully say that one of the great outstanding happenings of my life is that I have known Maude Adams.

My meeting with Mme. Louise Homer was rather abrupt and certainly informal. I doubt if she still remembers it, although I am glad to say she still knows me and I often see and hear her. It was the same year I met Miss Adams. I was always a restless sort of person even as a kid, and although the family seldom knew it, I used to wander off up to the top of Onteora Mountain by myself, if I could get away. One day I had slipped the parental leash and was doing nothing and doing lots of it up at the top of the mountain, when I heard a voice. Oh, who that has heard it cannot recall the deep, rich contralto glories of that voice? Even at ten it caught my imagination.

Boylike I started to find out who it was. I was traveling rapidly, and suddenly plumped myself out of the woods into a clearing, almost running into a rock on the top of which sat a woman with a boy and girl nestling close against her. The song had stopped suddenly. The woman glanced at me—and laughed.

Looking back now, I can't blame her, but just then I saw

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THIS TENNIS RACKET
Continued from page forty-nine]

no reason for the laugh. It was a serious moment. I was hot and sticky. I had spread some taffy candy well over the majority of my face, and the dust and leaves I had stirred up in my journey through the woods to find the singer were adhering in various densities to my facial exterior. Also, while originally I had left home garbed in spotless white, the woods had changed the color scheme. I was a distinctly grubby kid.

" Hello," I challenged. " Were you singing? "

The woman smiled again, and this time I like it. How pretty she was, and how friendly! " Yes," she said. " Do you like singing? " " Yeah," I said. Sometimes I really spoke English but not in moments of crisis.

She smiled again.

" Come along and join us and I'll sing one more song for you all and then we'll go home. Where do you live, little boy? "

I told her and announced, " I'm Junior Tilden." (I was Junior, not Bill, in those days.)

" Yes, I know your mother. I'm Mme. Homer and this is Louise and this is Sidney, Junior," she said, and started to sing again — which is a true account of how I met one of America's finest women and how one of the friendships I value most started.

© Underwood & Underwood

H. A. Throckmorton, who gave Tilden a setback in 1916.

Sidney Homer, the composer, his wife Mme. Louise Homer, the operatic contralto, and their children.

I have many delightful memories of Mme. Homer, but none more so than that of one July afternoon at Onteora when the finals of our invitation tennis tournament were under way, with the entire population of the club (including dogs, which seem always to attend tennis matches) gathered around our court where my brother Herbert and the Rev. Mr. Chaucey, an Episcopal minister and a good tennis player, were battling for the trophy. A thunderstorm descended on the match. The entire gathering (including dogs) fled to our house. Fortunately we had a very large living room into which they could all crowd while my mother set about on the almost hopeless task of raising enough tea and food for the bunch (excluding dogs).

Mme. Homer with Mr. Homer and Louise, Junior (aged ten), was in the gathering. Louise sat down at the piano and, with the aid of a one-finger accompaniment of her own, sang some of her father's songs, to the great amusement and enjoyment of everyone.

SOMEBODY asked her to sing Sing Me a Song of a Lad That Is Gone, a setting by Mr. Homer of Robert Louis Stevenson's poem. She said, " No, I can't do it unless Father accompanies me." " Go ask Father," suggested Mme. Homer. Louise arose and disappeared, returning in a moment with Mr. Homer, who sat down at the piano and accompanied her with all the dignity which he would have accorded his wife.

She sang the song charmingly. Mme. Homer listened gravely, and at the end she turned to her. " Louise, I did not know you sang these songs."

The ten-year-old Louise, Junior, now Louise Homer Stires of concert fame, turned to Mme. Homer of the Metropolitan Opera Company who was incidentally her mother, with scorn in her eyes.

" Mother," she said sweetly but slightly rebukingly, " I sing everything you sing." Mme. Homer jumped to her feet and turned to the gathering. " Now I'll sing if you want me to," she said, and for over an hour, lighted by the glow of candlelight and at times by the brilliancy of the lightning flashes, accompanied by her husband at the piano and God's accompaniment in the sky, she sang. She sang songs, operatic arias, and finally ragtime, leading the crowd in community singing. Never has she sung more beautifully, because she was singing to her friends and because she wanted to sing.

Years later—in fact, in the winter of 1927—at Palm Beach, Florida, I had another glimpse of the humanity and sweetness that make Mme. Homer so dear to the American public. She heard I was playing in the tournament there and came up to see me just for old times' sake, and the friendship she had for my mother.

" Junior," she said when we met, " I can't get over the fact that you are so much more famous all over the world than I, but I'm terribly proud of it."

She was quite right, possibly, that more people know my name than hers, but my name does not and never can stand for the distinction, art, and joy to others for which hers stands.

Brown Bros. photos

The beloved Maude Adams as Peter Pan, the boy who wouldn't grow up.

IT was at Onteora Club in 1901 that the United States Lawn Tennis Association received its first great setback — but they didn't know it.

It was then I won my first cup. Not only is it a mighty mug, a tremendous pewter urn fully two inches tall, and without doubt of great value—at least, to me—but the match itself is worthy of note.

I was eight years of age and my opponent in this epic struggle was two or more years older.

His name was Dean Mathey. He was decidedly favored to win. He almost did. In fact, he led by one set at 6-1 and 5-0 and 40-30 in the second set—but something went wrong and he stopped dead. I emerged to win that set at 7-5 and the last at 6-0. Frankly, I knew I was pretty good. I expected congratulations and praise from my brother Herbert. He gave me a few words. They were:

" Aw, yer yellow—you never ought to have come close to gettin' licked."

At the moment I thought he was cruel, heartless, a total loss as a brother, but now I realize that even at fifteen he knew tennis psychology, and that he pricked the bubble of my swelled head at the right moment and gave me a chance to be a real tennis player.

My school career was hardly a notable triumph for me either in the class room or on the tennis court. Really as a very young kid from six to thirteen I was quite good, but at about fourteen my tennis went into a sudden and complete collapse. I became one of the " almost " group. I almost won every match.

My brother, who at this time was one of Philadelphia's leading stars, was quite sure he knew what was the matter with me and he told me repeatedly. His views merely confirmed what I feared for years he considered me. I was a total loss in his eyes, just a yellow, lazy, useless kid who would never be worth anything. All in all, I was a blot on the family honor—especially on his—and a serious drawback to the game of tennis.

Years later the U. S. L. T. A. officially confirmed this last view of his, but I found that my brother, while telling me what he pretended to believe, was actually telling the world, out of my hearing, " Watch that kid brother of mine. Some day he'll be a world beater." Poor Herb, he did not live to see his dream of me as U. S. champion come true, yet undoubtedly much of my success was due to the bursts of irritated energy that forced me into earnest efforts at the game after each of his outbursts of

candor. I never had any professional coaching and very little instruction. Dr. E. B. Dewhurst and Mr. Ewing Stille of Philadelphia showed interest in me and played occasionally with me, due in the main to their friendship for my brother, but of real constructive coaching I had none.

My brother, until I was nearly twenty-one, looked on me as a distinct handicap on any tennis court, particularly as a doubles partner. This view has since been shared by many eminent players, notably Mr. H. H. Hackett, and various other members of the Davis Cup Committee of the U. S. L. T. A., as well as by my partners, R. N. Williams, 2d, C. S. Garland, F. T. Hunter, Vincent Richards (in an extreme manner), Sandy Wiener, Junior Coen, and in fact all who have suffered in partnership with me.

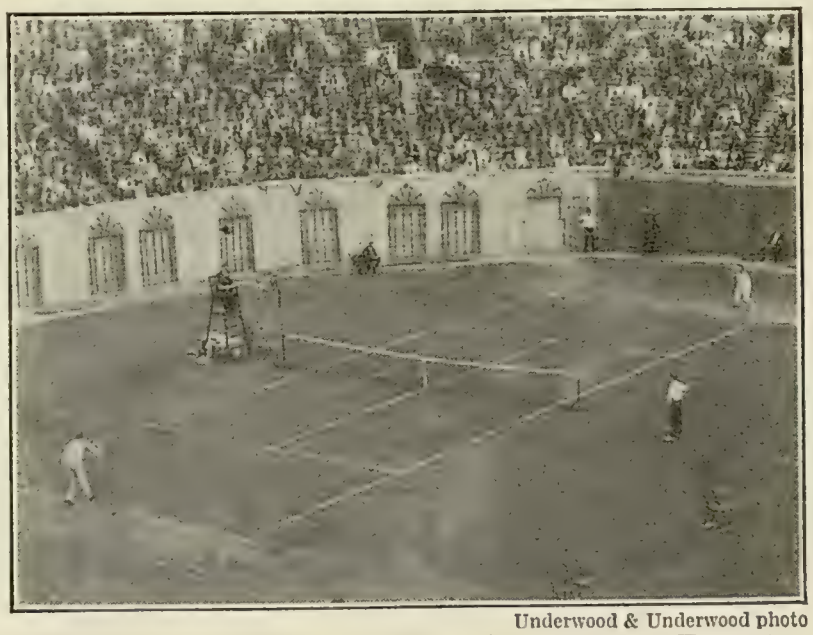
Doubtless this unanimity will convince most people, but on me it has no effect. They are all slightly mistaken! My doubles may be queer but I like them anyway.

During my school and college career I engaged in countless tournaments of which I won none. I battled through scores of team matches but never beat anybody. Yet over this arid waste of defeat a light was gradually dawning on me. Something, doubtless very little but still something, was wrong with my game. After making this remarkable discovery, for the first time since I had been a little kid I really gave promise of some day being a good tennis player.

I am inclined to think that much of this valuable awakening came from the fact that, since fools rush in where angels fear to tread, I had agreed to coach the school team of Germantown Academy, the institution of my glorious scholastic attainments. I knew little if any more than the boys themselves, but they didn't know that, and I took great pains not to let them get wise.

Unfortunately they were an inquisitive group and kept asking me questions I had trouble to answer. "Why does the ball slide off the racket if you step away from it?" or "Why must you watch the ball?" or "Which is better, a chop or a drive?" and endless other queries pounded in my ears. I didn't know any sound reasons but I made up my mind I would learn. So in my rash attempt to teach what I really didn't know, I began perforce to study the science of tennis.

Thus throughout my college career I was annually gaining a definite place in the scheme of tennis development in Philadelphia. Paul W. Gibbons, president of the Philadelphia and District Tennis Association, was greatly interested in junior tennis, and he and I set out to work out a constructive system to produce tennis players. This was the first step in a movement that has since produced the annual New York-Philadelphia junior match, the growth of big junior tournaments, and the start of such famous players as Vincent Richards, Carl Fischer, Sandy Wiener, and hosts of others.



Underwood & Underwood photo

Big Bill vs. Henri Cochet of France at Forest Hills in 1925—"Mr. Tilden serving."

OUR system was not difficult or elaborate but it proved effective. Each week Gibbons and I, either together or apart, would go to a different school in Philadelphia for an hour during the afternoon after school hours. We would meet all boys interested in tennis and give an illustrated talk on strokes, ending by allowing the boys to ask questions which we answered to the best of our ability. Then from each school we picked a small squad of two or four boys for a personally coached team or squad which we would meet on Saturday. These boys were not only taught strokes but were coached in tactics and strategy.

This scheme created tremendous interest in the schools in Philadelphia, while among the boys themselves the rivalry to make the personally coached squad was tremendous. We kept the system in vogue from 1912 to 1919, when I left Philadelphia for some years and Gibbons could not carry it alone; but over those seven years the standard of junior play jumped until Philadelphia was recognized as leading the tennis world. I am proud to have assisted in a system which I am sure will bring equal results in any city in any nation if it can be given a fair chance.

My mother's illness and death, followed by the deaths of my father and brother and by two serious illnesses of my own, not only made my college life very broken but also led me to avoid several scholastic activities which I would have enjoyed but for which at the time I had no heart. Chief among these were the dramatic organization at Germantown Academy, the famous Belfry Club, and at the University of Pennsylvania the still more prominent Mask and Wig.

PROBABLY I could not have made either organization, but my tremendous love for the stage would have been partially satisfied, and if I had failed it might have kept me from going eventually on the professional stage—a step which seemed to cause universal sorrow among the New York critics and even threatened to cause the deaths of a couple, due to apoplexy induced by the violence of their reactions.

Gradually, as I began to recover slightly from the blows of the recent deaths of my immediate family and, with my aunt and cousin, the Misses Hey, took up life again, my interest in all my favorite things, tennis, music, drama, movies, and literature, once more seized me. It was now I took what the U. S. L. T. A. doubtless considers my first false step from the ranks of the simon-pure amateurs. I took a newspaper job. True, it was only sort of general assistant to the dramatic, motion picture, and music editor of the Philadelphia Evening Ledger, and was not wholly or in any part due to the fact I played tennis, but from this connection I was at times borrowed by the sporting department to cover athletic events, including tennis, so in the eyes of the U. S. L. T. A. my hitherto spotless amateur reputation was slightly smudged.

True, the U. S. L. T. A. was not aware of it at that time, for I was not a great player and they never thought I would be. It was only in the famous player-writer fight of nearly a decade later, when I had committed the further grievous sin of attaining some reputation as a tennis player, due to having won the U. S. title several times, that the full infamy of my early Ledger connection burst on their consciousness. They feared I had obtained the original position by capitalizing my tennis reputation of ten years later.

Throughout the years from 1910 to 1915 I had occasionally produced a spasm of tennis that gained some recognition from others than myself. I usually followed a good performance with one that was so bad that it more than counteracted the victory. I remember that in 1914 I won the Philadelphia title, beating Stanley Pearson in four sets in the final round, and was elated. I decided to go with my brother to Utica, New York, and win the New York State title. I went, and was ignominiously beaten straight sets by Fred C. Inman, who immediately afterward was put out equally easily by Charles S. Garland, then still a junior.

The following year I reached the final round of the Pennsylvania State championship, beating C. S. Rogers, Dr. P. B. Hawk, Rowland Evans, and Stanley Pearson, all local stars, and ending by taking a set from R. N.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THIS TENNIS RACKET
Continued from page fifty-one]

Williams, 2d, then national champion—only to lose straight sets in the senior final of the Philadelphia District championship to Dr. P. B. Hawk, 6-2, 6-4, when all the local tennis world was set for my next meeting with Williams in the final.

It was during these years, 1910 to 1915, that I was working along the idea of learning all strokes. The only sort of recognition I received was the universal agreement that I was just a typical dub, just a hopeless idiot who could never get anywhere in tennis because I was too fancy. Many were the times I fully agreed with my critics.

It was not until 1916 that I ever played any of the big fixtures on the tournament schedule. Early in that season, Harry C. Johnson of Boston, a ranking player known to the U. S. L. T. A., and Craig Biddle, whose tennis activities at Newport carried weight with the association, carelessly played a Philadelphia tournament and equally carelessly lost to me. The shock to the U. S. L. T. A. produced an invitation to Seabright for the big invitation event there. I accepted and for the first time the two comic elements of tennis, the association in all its grandeur and me in my swelled head, met face to face.

I did nothing very startling, but after beating Roland Roberts, a promising young Californian, and carrying R. Lindley Murray to three long sets, one 15-13, I was taken seriously enough to have my entry for the first time accepted for the national singles.

It was here in the nationals in 1916 that I must have established myself firmly as a comer. What a glorious achievement! I lost in the first round to Harold A. Throckmorton, the then schoolboy wonder, in four sets, and all my loyal critics announced in chorus, "Just a dub" (or should I say "rabbit" and be very English?).

I was always a temperamental or, as most people say, bad-tempered kid. Even in those days the frowns of officialdom were centered on me because I dared to show displeasure at errors of over three feet in lining. The umpires' association of the U. S. L. T. A. was not so highly organized as it is now, so the lining was much better, even if the pomp and ceremony of umpiring was not so great. Tennis in those days was still just a sport, even for the officials and players.

IT was during the early years of my college career that the first big amateur fight aroused the tennis world. Maurice Evans McLoughlin, the most popular man who had appeared in tennis up to that time, and in my opinion the most popular the world had ever known, incurred the wrath of the simon-pure Old Guard of the association, who believed he had smirched the fair name of tennis together with his own by having a connection with a sporting goods house. Poor Maury, the most charming and impecunious of persons in those days, was held up as an awful example of dire commercialism, which if not stepped upon by the guardians of the game would quickly ruin the game itself.

A terrific debate, which threatened to disrupt the association, arose, and finally ended in a decisive defeat for the stand-pat conservatism of the Old Guard as the players and public rallied in force behind McLoughlin. Yet, wonder of wonders, notwithstanding their defeat in open meeting, the Old Guard remained in power and put into force all the machinery that was supposedly beaten, with the exception of actually barring McLoughlin from competition, by the simple process of "interpreting" the rule that was on the books. This method of "executive committee interpretation" of rules is a favorite method of enforcing legislation that is actually beaten on the floor of the annual meeting.

My sympathies were all with McLoughlin in the big fight, but in those days any idea that I might find myself in a like position would have been absurd. One need never worry about "executive interpretations" being applied to him unless he is a member of the First Ten. The first question as to professionalism in the eyes of the U. S. L. T. A. is, not whether one is being paid money for the performance of the game of tennis, but rather is the player good enough so that his ability and reputation might be of use to him? There is a definite penalty of suspicion attached to superior ability.

P. & A. photo U. & U. photo International photo

Bill Tilden, self-styled "Bolshevik of Tennis"; Julian S. Myrick, long his foremost L. T. A. antagonist; and James Stewart Cushman, Newport tennis official.

MY own differences with the amateur rule committee have been both numerous and comic. The individual incidents are not worthy of recounting. The whole serio-comic series over a period of ten years, starting with my connection with the sporting goods business and finally climaxing in the Gilbertian tragedy of the Davis Cup episode of last year, is excellent material for Mack Sennett and his custard-pie comedians.

It is a series of gorgeous cases of an indignant pot calling an irritated kettle black. Only the whole-hearted, sincere belief that the other was hopelessly in the wrong saved either the association or myself from low comedy or farce, and personally I doubt if either of us was saved. Frankly, I know I have been a comic figure in these rows and have enjoyed many a laugh at myself, but have also had a few snickers at my opponents.

The amateur-professional dispute is too old and too complicated for me to attempt to solve. The troubles that face all amateur sport bodies today lie in the attempt to find out what happens when the irresistible force of commercialism of modern civilization meets the immovable body of class tradition of amateur sport of yesterday. So far the only reaction has been one of discord, with no satisfactory solution.

Possibly out of this chaos will come order by way of open tennis championships. Possibly it will come by a return to the days of sport for sport's sake, with no big gates, no expenses paid for players, and—incidentally—no international tennis, no public interest, and no great players. Possibly it will come through a new amateur rule providing that "a professional is one who plays or coaches tennis for money, or who receives money for work he does not actually perform himself."

I do not know the solution nor dare I offer more than these suggestions of solutions, but this I do know: that so long as the game as a whole is commercialized by its organized authorities, they can never successfully weld that idea with the amateurism ideal of no return to individual players.

But enough of these serious matters. Let us play the game!

The menace to the U. S. L. T. A. was growing strong during the years 1915 to 1919 inclusive. Notwithstanding many, ah, how many, setbacks to my gradually growing tennis intelligence, I still went forward. Those terrible years of the war proved in some ways a lucky break for me. I fought the World War in Pittsburgh. I went out to Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh to join the Signal Corps, but, like so many other tennis players, was pronounced flatfooted and was about to be discharged from the service.

The commanding officer of the district, Colonel John

C. W. Brooks, disrespectfully but lovingly known behind his back as "The Babbling Brook" owing to his love of reminiscences, was a great tennis fan. When he learned the report of the physical examiners on my pedal extremities, he sent for me and told me he believed he could obtain a transfer into the Medical Corps for me if I so desired. Naturally, I was delighted, and through the kindness of Colonel Brooks I became the world's worst soldier in the Medical Corps. This kept me in Pittsburgh, since we were the only medical unit for all the military units in that district.

I had many tennis friends in the Pittsburgh area, and they extended club courtesies to me at the P. A. A. and other leading clubs in the city. Colonel Brooks, in his few leisure moments, was a keen and enthusiastic tennis player, and with that genial spirit that made him one of the most popular of officers, he waived rule and custom to invite me to join the officers in their tennis. He also held to the belief that I could do more good raising money for the Red Cross and War Fund than completing my training a few weeks earlier, and he used to send me to tournaments and matches of the U. S. L. T. A., which was donating all gate receipts to these great causes.

The result was that, due in a great measure to Colonel Brooks, 1917 and 1918 saw my tennis make a great stride forward at a time when most players were going back. I believe much of my later success was due to this opportunity to continually play tennis throughout the war.

IT was in 1918 that I suffered a serious personal loss. Others were quite unaffected by it. I lost my appendix. The whole affair was, to me, sad in the extreme. It was in the middle of the flu epidemic. I was still in bed when the Armistice was signed, and, to make matters worse, a famous baby doctor removed the appendix by the spinal anæsthesia or "twilight sleep" method. Ever since I have had a vague disquietude that possibly I should consider myself a mother.

The resumption of the activities of peace found sport booming all over the world. The United States Lawn Tennis Association, realizing that we as a nation had suffered far less than the others, wisely refrained from challenging for the Davis Cup in 1919. But in 1920 the United States entered the competition, and greatly to my joy I reached the goal of my dreams and made the team.

In an early issue Mr. Tilden will tell of the comedy of tennis and stage campaigning.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

It Baffled Her

Said five-year-old Margaret, "I'm tired of the baby!"

"But, dear," said her mother, "you prayed for a little sister."

Finding no reply, Margaret sullenly subsided. Presently Hampton, her older brother, came in, tweaking her nose as he passed.

Margaret, gazing after him in disgust, murmured morosely, "I'd like to know who on earth prayed for Hampton!"—Dorothy Currier, Avalon, S. C. I., Calif.

* * *

Not the Half of It

The young hostess at Lloyd's first dinner party happened to be the daughter of an old college chum of father's. When Lloyd reached home, breathless and thrilled, father—thinking his friend might have sent him a message—asked, "Lloyd, what did Mr. Brown say to you?"

"I can't remember all he said, dad, but one thing was, 'Don't knock over the lamp,'" answered Lloyd.—Mrs. T. George Hislop, Orchard Acres, Twin Falls, Idaho.

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Start your daily fight against *Acidosis Early* in the morning-

AUTHORITIES high in Medical Councils estimate that a large percentage of people in this country unknowingly suffer from Acidosis in one form or another, due entirely to faulty diet. Acidosis is prevalent today in all walks of life. Good health may only be expected when the principles of a balanced diet are observed—particularly the acid-base balance of the diet.

Acidosis must not be considered lightly as the origination of faddists. Acidosis is a malady confronting every physician in his everyday practice. Acidosis is usually the cause of most types of headache, sleeplessness, "biliousness," sour stomach, acid-perspiration, nervousness, and loss of appetite. A chronic condition of Acidosis is thought to be the cause of "high blood pressure" and other serious conditions such as kidney trouble and heart disease. Diabetic specialists are finding "high blood pressure" to be the most common complication of diabetes.

Medical Science lays the blame for Acidosis to the average faulty American diet. We eat entirely *too much* of such good and necessary but acid-forming foods as meats, fish, eggs, bread and cereals, and too little alkaline-reaction foods such as Oranges, Lemons, and other fresh fruits, vegetables and milk. The necessary acid-base balance is thus upset and Acidosis gets a foothold.

By following simple diet rules, which permit ample, appetizing food, and with consistent use of citrus fruit juices, the alkaline reserve of the body may be built up and maintained. In fact, the Medical Profession advises you that fresh Orange Juice and fresh Lemon Juice are among the more potent correctives and preventives of Acidosis. If your case is in any way abnormal, see your doctor.

Your fight to restore good health or to maintain it should begin early in the morning. On arising, the fresh juice of one California Sunkist Lemon in water, sweetened or unsweetened, is effective. Drink a glass of California Sunkist Orange Juice with breakfast in addition to other breakfast fruit. (Science has proved it richer in fruit-sugars and healthful fruit-acid). Have a fruit salad for lunch—a fruit cocktail or a fruit dessert for dinner. A glass of Orange Juice or *fresh* Lemonade between meals is a popular and healthful habit.

One of America's most noted diet authorities has approved "Telling Fortunes with Foods," a free booklet on Acidosis, its correction and prevention. In it are included normal anti-acidosis and Safe Reducing diets together with a list of acid and alkaline reaction foods. The book is written in *your* language and materially helpful to everyone who really appreciates good health. Please mark and mail the coupon for your copy.

California Sunkist Oranges and Lemons have the richest juice and finest flavor. They are uniform in quality and entirely dependable. Look for the trademark "Sunkist" on the skin and on the wrapper of Oranges and on the wrapper of Lemons. Send for the booklet now!

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"A Bit Bumpy"

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"GOING up?" an attendant at the Smithport Flying Field was calling through a red megaphone. "Only ten dollars for ten minutes. Going up?" He waved his booklet of tickets at a dear old lady who'd come out to see the air accidents.

"No, I ain't," she said decidedly, "unless it's the elevator in a department store. I'd rather give the money to the dog hospital in memory of Juno." Juno was her dead poodle.

"Going up?" the man continued yelling. "Look down upon golf links, yachts, the church steeple, and the water tank. Have something to tell the folks back home. Going up?"

This week's cover picture.

"No, thank you," Lil smiled, trying not to look haughty. She couldn't help lifting her chin. "I have a ship of my own!" She passed along the line of people who were deciding whether to go up or stay down and keep their ten dollars, and walked over to her new $16,000 amphibian.

"Hello, dear," Sandy grinned, poking his helmeted head out of an open door. "Come on inside. The baggage is aft an' we're going to start in half an hour."

Lil didn't know where aft was, but she wouldn't show her ignorance. She hopped in like a movie heroine, poising one toe on the wing. Quite a crowd had gathered.

"We must have our monogram put on the doors," she told Sandy, "and give this thing a name. We'll have a christening party on Labor Day and invite all our friends. You can climb out front and break a bottle of wine over the city. We could fold back the seats and dance to radio. How many motors?"

"One Whizwind," he said, puttering at the instrument panel. "Five hundred and twenty-five horsepower."

Lil couldn't quite fancy so many horses up in the air, but she didn't say anything.

"Our high speed is one hundred and thirty miles per hour," Sandy boasted. "Our ceiling is fifteen thousand feet."

"Ceiling?" Lil said to herself. "What's that? Clouds, sky, or stars?"

"Don't putter too much with the controls," she told him. "You might take off by mistake and you wouldn't know how to come down. That would be a nightmare!"

"A guy can commute four hundred miles to his office," he went on. "New style everyday traveling. Something new on each trip. He can go straight, zigzag, or roundabout."

"You try commuting four hundred a day," she giggled, "and you'll have a heavy date with a tail spin. Oh, they're starting the motor! It sounds like—"

Wise-looking mechanics climbed in and out. Greenhorn spectators dropped back beyond range of the dust.

"Here I am!" Jimmie Collins, the famous flyer who was to pilot Lil and Sandy home, stepped from an open plane and strode toward them. "Nervous? I'll follow the shore line and the river. You can come down whenever you wish."

The earth's changing pattern of toy farms and villages moved beneath them as they winged their roaring way through space. Lil was thrilled. But Sandy had taken on that blend of color which every deck steward knows.

"Oh," he groaned. "I'll leave this damn thing in a barn. You don't get me up in the air again. Oh, my poor head! How much higher? What awful air pockets!"

"A bit bumpy," Jimmie said, steadily climbing.

(Next week's cover adventure: In the Tub)

Neck Culture

By Eileen Bourne

For thinning, plumping, or stretching a short neck. Clasp hands behind head. Look at floor, pushing head down with hands. Slowly raise head until chest is lifted, shoulders are in place, and chin tilted up. Turn head slowly to left and gaze over shoulder. Turn slowly to right and look over shoulder.

SINCE the closely outlined scalp became the dominating feature of coiffures long and short, throat and chin line serve as marked a point of focus for approving or critical eyes as ankles and complexions. The association of coiffure and neck becomes more and more important. So allied to the successful dressing of the hair is this part of the anatomy that a great hairdresser said recently: "Give me the good throat and I will do the rest. I can do nothing without it."

Women are inclined to think that the ravages of time are the only beautiful-throat enemies. Whereas we have thin necks that need filling out and fat necks that would be improved with fatty tissue exercised off. Any neck that doesn't permit of a well set head, a well defined chin, and a long, straight column ought to be given a course in neck culture, as illustrated here.

Take a book in each hand. Lean forward from hips. Straighten trunk and swing arms behind; head and shoulders back as far as possible.

Above: Drop head away back and chew widely until you feel a pull on the neck. This fills out hollows, reduces chin, and rounds out the cheeks.

At left: Hold an apple in front of you; stretch the neck trying to reach it. Gradually increase distance. Do this at each side of shoulder also.

Always, after exercising, grease your fingers with cream, and massage neck. Incidentally, some of our best beauty authorities now advocate the down stroke, from chin to collar bone, one hand following the other rapidly, with head back.

An old-timer, but wonderful for the neck. Lie on stomach, as above, raise head, bring far back. Turn on your back and stretch neck toward chest as far as you can. Do five times.

A slapping movement, with the fingers working rapidly from the center of the chin outward, is recommended for the firm chin line. Finish off the massage with an astringent and an ice treatment after the cream has been removed.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
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Dining Out

By Ethel Somers

IF you are serving dinner out of doors, whether in a patio, porch, arbor, or garden, make it a gala occasion. Hang some colored lanterns. Enliven the dinner—a plate dinner, of course—with an intriguing vegetable centerpiece and serve the salad and dessert from fruit or vegetable containers, such as a hollowed pineapple or cabbage. Pass the hot breads in a gay covered basket. Here are some good main-dish combinations:

Chop suey with rice ring.
Savory liver with rice ring.
Spanish stew with rice ring.
Curried meat with rice ring.
Goulash with noodle ring.
Chow mein with fried noodle ring.
Meat à la king with potato ring and olive sauce.
Sweetbreads with spaghetti ring.
Savory stew with macaroni ring.
Mexican stew with vegetable ring.
Chili stew with corn-meal ring.

Ready to serve in the garden—a festive tray filled from the electric cooker.

Ring Molds

MANY foods, such as rice, corn meal, potato, and minced vegetables, may be shaped with a tablespoon and spatula. For other foods use a ring mold, either individual or family size.

Dip the mold in cold water or grease it; pack it closely with food until full. Invert at once on the hot service plate or keep hot in the oven. If left-over food is used leave in the oven (375° F.) at least fifteen minutes or until thoroughly hot.

In molding a plain noodle or macaroni ring add to the hot food one-half teaspoon of gelatin dissolved in one teaspoon of cold milk.

GIVE your dining room a vacation during the summer months and eat out of doors occasionally. For additional open-air recipes consult the LIBERTY cookbooks. If you haven't these helpful booklets, you will want them. The price is 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Fill in the coupon below and send for them today.

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A more elaborate mold may be made by adding egg in the following proportions:

Two cups of hot cooked cereal, vegetable, or macaroni product, one-half teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, and one egg or two egg yolks, beaten.

Mix the ingredients and cook, stirring, over hot water, from three to five minutes. Mold, and bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) until brown, about thirty minutes.

Savory, colorful ring molds may be made by adding grated cheese, minced green pepper or pimento, tomato sauce thickened with gelatin (see directions above), minced fried bacon, grated onion, or chopped meat.

To remove the molded ring from its container, place the hot service plate over the ring and then invert it. Rap the back of the ring slightly with a knife handle until the molded ring slips from its container.

Following are some good recipes for out-of-door plate dinners.

Creamed Beef Heart

With a potato ring border

1 beef heart (2 cups when cooked and cubed)
2 tablespoons minced pimento, if desired
1½ cups milk
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup medium white sauce
½ cup chopped celery

PREPARE the beef heart by removing the arteries, veins, and superfluous fat, rub with one-half teaspoon of salt, cover with boiling water, and cook below the boiling point (180° F.) for two hours, or until tender. Season with any of the following:

1 onion, sliced
1 carrot, minced
3 tablespoons minced celery
1 tablespoon catsup or Worcestershire sauce

Add these to the water, which must not boil (boiling always toughens meat muscle).

Cook the celery in one and one-half cups of milk in a double boiler about twenty-five minutes. Then make a medium white sauce from the hot milk and add the pimento, if used, and the cubed cooked heart. Serve with a potato ring border and garnish with olive sauce.

Olive Sauce

1 cup stock in which the heart was cooked
½ cup chopped ripe olives
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
½ tablespoon minced onions
½ teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoons green pepper, chopped

MELT the butter. Remove from the fire and stir in the salt and flour. Then gradually stir in the sieved hot stock. Boil and stir until thick, cooking at least fifteen minutes. Add the other ingredients and serve with the heart.

Goulash

With a noodle ring border

1 pound pork shoulder and beef (half and half), ground together
1 large onion
3 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons butter
1 to 2 cups sieved tomatoes
1 minced green pepper, if desired
2 cups hot water
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon salt

BROWN the meat, chopped onion, and flour in the butter. The meat may be shaped in balls or not, as you choose. When brown add the seasonings and water. Simmer gently for at least thirty minutes. Serve with a molded noodle ring.

Meat a la King

With a potato ring border

1 cup cooked beef cubes
1 cup cooked pork cubes
3 cups thin white sauce
1 tablespoon minced green pepper
⅓ to ½ cup shredded pimento
½ cup chopped mushrooms, if desired
¼ teaspoon salt

ADD the cooked meat cubes to the white sauce together with the other ingredients. If the mushrooms are used, their flavor will be improved by first sautéing in two tablespoons of butter for five minutes. For variety one-half cup cooked peas or sliced hard-cooked egg may be added. Serve hot with a potato ring border.

Chili Stew

With a corn-meal ring border

1 pound chopped beef
1 medium onion, sliced
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups tomatoes highly seasoned with
½ teaspoon chili powder (if desired) and
½ garlic clove finely minced (if desired)

COMBINE the beef and seasonings, adding fat if the meat is lean. Fry, with constant stirring, until brown. Stir in the flour, add the seasoned tomatoes, and cook until savory and tender, about thirty minutes. Serve with a corn-meal ring, made from one pint of cooked meal to which one-quarter cup of raisins and one-quarter cup of minced olives are added, if desired.

think

before you drink

Never confuse Orange-Crush with "pop" or merely orange-flavored drinks. Above all, never confuse any other orange drink with Orange-Crush—it contains the real fruit juice. Made by actually taking apart the juiciest tree-ripened oranges—extracting all their sun-rich juice, all their zestful flavor of peel, the healthful goodness of their pulp—and re-combining them for you in a golden beverage with a taste of sugar, pure food color, sparkling water and a dash of citrus fruit acid for tang.

More delicious than any orangeade or even orange juice. Pure and refreshing. Think before you drink—

and you'll say

Orange-Crush

Sold icy-cold wherever you see the "Crushy" sign—at stands and stores in the "Krinkly" bottle—at all fountains by the glass

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SPARKLING MOMENTS *in the* HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES

"Let's load the boat with real treasures"

shouted Columbus, *as he quaffed the bubbling beverage*

"Oh, well, I just came for the ride," Columbus explained to the second cabin boy, "but I must say I'm a little disappointed in America. That's what comes of taking those tourist folders seriously."

"But, sire, this new land isn't an entire washout," responded the cabin boy. "I have but a moment hence sampled a wondrous sparkling beverage, the delight of these natives, and behold it has left me feeling fit as a sea lion."

"Well, why didn't you say so before?" stormed Isabella's Boy Friend. "Send up a case and we'll see what there is to it. If I do say so myself, old Chris Colombo is a pretty good judge of these bottled concoctions."

* * *

It was after the third bottle that Columbus gave his verdict. "All hands to the hold," he thundered, "throw out the precious stones and radios. Bring on those cases of bottled carbonated beverages. Let's load the boat with some real treasures!"

And that reminds us to remind you to load the family ice-box with those bubbling bottled beverages.

Free! *Write today for a copy of this new recipe book. Frozen salads, delicious punches, dainty desserts. American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, 726 Bond Bldg., Washington, D.C.*

Bottled beverages *Carbonated*

AMERICAN BOTTLERS -OF- CARBONATED BEVERAGES

THERE'S A BOTTLER IN YOUR TOWN

A Princess Tells Her Secrets

By Bettina Bedwell

This photograph catches the elusive charm of Princess Bibesco. Frock from Vionnet.

Paris.

THE fame of Princess Marthe Bibesco, or simply Princess Bibesco, as she is generally known, is multiple. Her romances are widely read in France and America. She has been crowned by l'Académie Francaise. She is a mistress of languages, and she excels as an artist in dress. She has written a most significant book on this last, called Noblesse de Robe, which is a guidebook to chic for many women. Yet clothes are a subject she likes to ignore in conversation. She likes best to speak of language, and clothes to her are interesting as a language, rich in capacity for expression of a many-faceted personality.

In appearance she is slender and alive. Her finely modeled face is dominated by the fullness, depth, and intelligence of her dark eyes, and by the unforgettable protruding curve of her upper lip, like a September leaf. Hair and hands impress you by their *rightness*. They belong inalienably to her, as a great movement belongs to a symphony. By her own devouring magic, her clothes belong no less. She absorbs and dominates them, until even the trained eyes of the expert find it almost impossible to catalogue what she wears. This is the result of an art of dress unconfused by the objective attraction of clothes in themselves.

For summer, Princess Bibesco wears a Vionnet black crêpe wrap.

A Vionnet frock of black, white, and red crêpe for the princess.

This sports ensemble by Chanel is of gray, black, and white tricot.

Princess Bibesco has given me, for LIBERTY, her formula for achieving artistry and chic in clothes.

First: Get absolution of your sins. Use a mirrored dressing room as a confessional, and with critical eyes, minus all illusion, judge yourself. Get your color scheme, your complexion, your exact size, and your real age. After this you may hope to become what you wish. Only one woman in a million has that power of knowledge to sum up exactly what she is, and what she cannot wear. You are dressing yourself, not a symbol. To attempt anything else is to fail.

Second: Dress to express your own character as you know it, even though this may not be the judgment of others. The only beauty is that of character—a thing that the French know, and that accounts for their clothes supremacy.

Third: Do not try to create your own fashions, but use discretion in following fashion. We are all prisoners of our time, and none of us can evade our epoch. We may modify current styles as a painter modifies the model who inspires him. As our times change we change, and our habits of dress with us.

This does not imply a static condition, for change is the continuous order. One flavor in all dishes ruins the best cuisine. One color, one line in clothes are desperately boring.

Black-and-white foulard and a sleeveless jacket, made for the princess by Chanel.

IN her book, Noblesse de Robe, Princess Bibesco says, apropos of change: "She varies not alone with the seasons, but with the hours. She is one woman at noon and another at night. She not only changes her dress with changing circumstances, but changes circumstances by her dress. By the artifice of clothes she transfigures and multiplies her personality to respond to the polygamous instinct of man. She buries in her closet, every three months, at least seven women—her old dresses—assassinated by her husband."

Change your clothes tone with your society. In London, color and elegance are played *forte;* in Paris, *pianissimo.* Each city, each locality, has its own rhythm that applies to clothes. Make-up varies too.

Kept

The Story of a Girl Without the Law

By

VIÑA DELMAR

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Helen stepped back and said to him, " Pardon me. By all means precede me."

HUBERT SCOTT grew frightened as he stared at his responsibilities. He had a lawful wife—and a girl by no means lawful. Not that he supported the wife. Helen Scott had money of her own—plenty of it. All he had to do was to feed her slick lies about his new day-and-night job. And much she cared, at that! She and their grown son, young Hubert, thought they were the bee's hips. He'd show 'em!

Well, he had sold his business for $15,000 and retired. That very evening he had met Lillian Cory. Lillian was twenty-three. She was no innocent, but she'd been straight, then, for a long time. She was selling handkerchiefs in a downtown department store and living cheaply up in northern Manhattan.

Hubert gave her an apartment and a Nash car. He himself drove the Packard that Helen had lent him because she had a new Oakland. Lillian believed he owned the Packard.

The shrinkage in a big roll like fifteen thousand was what frightened Hubert. Noisy, expensive parties. Touches. He had never guessed that so many people could be broke till he met Lillian. Mary Jackson had had a baby —a hundred dollars' worth of presents! Anna Leitz hadn't had a baby by her boy friend, Fred, and that, too, had cost a hundred.

But what got Hubert sorest was the way Louise Casey acted when she had got through sinning with Billy Fisher, and there had been a wedding. Billy was climbing from paint selling into radio entertaining with many twenty-dollar boosts from Hubert. But Louise had to come pouring pity all over Lillian because she wasn't married, too.

Lillian got wild. She begged Hubert to ask Helen to divorce him. Hubert said he'd take a chance, and ask her. When he had gone, Lillian was terrified that " something damn nasty " might come of it.

PART SIX—" A KEPT WOMAN "

HUBERT sat in the living room of his house waiting for Helen to come down to breakfast. She had been in bed when he had arrived the night before, so this would be the zero hour when he would tell her that he wanted to be free.

He felt hot and uncomfortable. Gee, this would be a job. He wished young Hubert were home so there would be an excuse for postponing the scene. God, this would be terrible! The palms of his hands were wet and his mouth was dry. He wished she would come so he could plunge right in and get it over with. He would start by saying, " Look here, Helen, you and I are not really suited to each other." He would look at her then and if she was taking it well maybe he'd also say, " We never were."

And it wouldn't be a lie, either. Cripes, what kind of a wife was she, anyhow, for a guy like him? No pep in her. If she ever laughed she'd crack her face wide open. Lillian was the girl for him all right and he'd tell Helen that she was. Hell, why be afraid to tell her? She couldn't do anything about it.

Come to think of it, he was glad his son wasn't there. Might as well get this thing over. It might prove a little unpleasant and that sort of thing was best attended to right away.

Helen came floating down the stairs. She wore a kind of pink kimono with a train to it and feathery, fluffy stuff all around the neck and sleeves of it. What did she think she was—a movie actress? It did look pretty though, especially with the collar of the kimono standing up stiff behind her curly white hair.

" Good morning," she said in surprise.

Nellie hurried from the kitchen and handed the morning paper to her mistress. " Oatmeal, Mrs. Scott, or corn flakes? " she asked. " I got both."

" Corn flakes, please, Nellie."

Helen became instantly absorbed in the front-page news. Hubert's eyes were fixed disapprovingly on the doorway through which Nellie had disappeared. What kind of training had that girl anyhow? He had been sitting here twenty minutes and she'd never offered him the morning paper and hadn't asked his choice in cereals at all. He'd have to speak to Helen about it.

No, there wasn't any sense in that. He'd forgotten for a moment that he'd probably not be coming here any more. If Helen would stop reading he'd tell her right now about Lillian, but there wasn't any use in interrupting her. That might make her mad.

Nellie came to the French doors and announced break-

fast. Hubert arose and Helen, leaving the paper on her chair, said, " Thank you, Nellie," and swept toward the dining room. She and Hubert collided at the threshold. Helen stepped back and said to him, " Pardon me. By all means precede me." He let her go first, then, but it was nice to know that, despite Nellie's actions, Helen knew who was master of the house.

It seemed silly to start talking about Lillian the minute they sat down, so Hubert decided that when he finished his grapefruit he would begin. But Nellie appeared then, and he thought perhaps he'd better wait till she had brought the cereal and gone again to the kitchen. It occurred to him, though, that she'd have to return for the cereal plates and to bring the eggs and that would be the best time: when she had completely finished serving and he and Helen would be left alone.

NO sooner had the bacon and eggs been served, and Nellie back in her own domain, than Helen spoke.

" Did Mr. Flynn give you today off? " she asked.

In his deep absorption in other matters Hubert had entirely forgotten Steve Flynn and the mythical job.

" Oh, oh, yes," he managed. " I've got a big job, Helen. I'm not a clock puncher, you know. I can take whatever time I like."

" That's good," said Helen.

She was not one to squander words. He knew she meant something. " Why? " he asked.

" Because if you couldn't get off easily I'd have to take my car back."

" No kidding? How's that? What happened? "

" Hubert is going to business down in the city now and I've given him the Oakland for commuting. He doesn't like the trains. That leaves me all day without a car."

" So the kid's going to work, eh? That's great. I'll have to make him a little present. What could I get him? "

Helen regarded him for a moment without speaking. Then she said, " I can use the taxis for getting back and forth from the village, but I want the car for shopping in the city and going up to Stamford to see Wilma Lawrence. So long as you can get off easily, though, I'll just phone the office when I need the car and you can bring it up. If you'll give me the number and do that I'll be able to let you keep the car."

" Well, you can't get me at the office often because I'm in and out all the time. I'll phone you instead."

" Why phone me? Just bring the car when you have a feeling that I'm going to need it."

" No, here's what I meant. I'll phone you every night around nine or ten o'clock that I'm away and you can tell me then whether you'll be needing the car next day."

" I'm not always in either."

" You can tell Nellie whether you'll be wanting it or not and she'll tell me. How is that? "

" All right, I suppose, but don't forget to phone or I'll positively take the car back."

" I won't forget to phone."

HELEN stood up and started for the door, casting a glance at the clock as she walked. Hubert remained at the table gazing after her. She was so tall and proud and so damn sure she was doing him a favor. Cripes, he had another car. What would she say if she knew that? She was always trying to make people afraid to talk to her. Who couldn't have the upper hand in a conversation? You only had to be nasty to do that. She had nothing to act superior about, anyhow. Who did she think she was?

He finished his breakfast and went to the living room, where he scanned the morning paper and cursed Helen. When she came downstairs again he'd tell her something. She had him sore now. He'd tell her that there was a girl worth ten of her who worshiped the ground he walked on.

It was over an hour before Helen returned. He had begun to fear that she had gone back to bed. She was dressed for golf when she appeared at the foot of the stairs. Except for her hair she looked absurdly like a girl.

Nellie bustled out of the kitchen. " Shall I phone for a cab, Mrs. Scott? "

" No, thank you. Mrs. Winters is calling for me. Oh, here she is now."

Helen looked into the living room at her husband. " Hubert," she said, " don't come up here again with that fool worsted doll hanging on the back window of the car. A man ought to have his license revoked for doing a thing like that. It proves he's not responsible."

" All right, I'll take it off."

" Thank you. Good-by."

" 'By."

Jees, she had a nerve to give orders. So sure, too, that they would be obeyed. Just as though he was afraid of her. Like hell he'd take that doll down. Oh, well, the devil with Helen, anyhow. He'd get back to Lillian now. There was a girl who wasn't always acting as though she was somebody a person ought to be afraid of.

Lillian was still in bed when he arrived just before noon. Her pretty face was white and drawn and there were purple smears beneath her eyes.

She raised her plump, bare arms to him and wound them about his neck. " Was it bad? " she asked breathlessly. " What did Helen say? "

" It was pretty bad, Kid. She threatened to shoot herself if I left her. I tried to reason with her, but it was no use. Gee, I pitied her. She's so old, you know, in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

her ways and she really has nothing to live for—no interests, really, outside of me. I gave in, Lil. Gee, we can't let her kill herself."

"No, of course not. But we can be a little freer now that she knows about me, can't we? We won't have to worry about people she knows seeing us together."

Hubert bit his lip and looked away from her. "Lil," he said, "I had to tell her something to make her stop raving. I told her I wouldn't see you any more. Gee, I had to, Lil. You ought to have seen her. She was like crazy. So we'll have to be just as careful as ever. And I have to phone her on nights when I'm going to be away."

"What's that for?"

"Just to assure her that everything's O. K. I suppose she'll ask me to come up about every time I speak to her and I'll have to do it the next day. But, gee, that's the only thing I can do. I swear I was frightened. Thought she'd take poison or something when I told her how things were."

"I guess it was awful."

"It was, Lil."

"I'm sorry I started it."

"Oh, that was all right. I'd have done it myself when I first met you, only I knew what she was like. The hysterical type, you know—jealous and excitable as hell. I feel sorry for her every time there's something important to talk over. She's so high-strung."

Hubert took his shoes off and stretched himself on the bed beside Lillian. Neither of them said a word for several minutes.

Then: "Say, Lil, we got to take that worsted doll down from the back of the car. It looks lousy."

II

THERESA'S apartment, unlike its owner, was bright and cheerful. Even in rooms where the sunshine never penetrated she had managed to create the effect of brilliant light. Cheap but carefully chosen cretonnes, a mute though gay-colored bird, and a rug of dull blue made her living room almost beautiful in its simple way.

Theresa was frankly ashamed of her home-making proclivities. A girl in this day and age had no right to know how to make a dollar stretch. She ought not to know how to sew. Sewing, perhaps, was all right if a girl just made georgette teddies for herself and perhaps now and then trimmed a hat. But there was something offensively peasantlike about being able to reupholster furniture.

Theresa loathed the quality in herself that urged her to haggle with the Italian tradesman over the price of lettuce and potatoes. She longed for an easy unconcern about such plebeian matters. Her high, slim heels and indelible lip stick seemed ridiculous, she thought, as, often, she strode from a store because the article she had come for was, perhaps, a nickel more than she had expected it would be.

In her mind's eye she saw herself heavy-thighed, huge-breasted, wearing a shawl upon her head and carrying a basket. So plainly did she see herself thus caricatured that she smoked two packs of cigarettes a day, drank more than was good for her, and repeated even unamusing obscene stories in an effort to prove that she was extremely smart and modern.

In the matter of money Theresa could never bring herself to a pitch of recklessness. She was not niggardly. Everything that came into her home in the way of foodstuffs was of the best grade procurable and she planned her meals with a liberal hand, but that was only good sense and she regretted that it could not be called extravagant.

So much did she hate the instincts which directed her to furnish her home so charmingly and so cheaply that she did not like visitors. She was vexed when she had to admit that she had made the curtains, the hooked rugs, the cushions, the bedspread, and the lamp shades. Compliments on her work left her cold and ungrateful. She would have preferred that they could say, "Theresa's apartment is perfectly bare and uncomfortable." But something within her kept urging another cushion for here, a bit of embroidery for there, so Theresa saw herself dull, domesticated, plodding, when she longed to be light-minded and devoid of any housewifely traits.

It was with annoyance that Theresa saw Lillian's roadster roll up to her door one morning late in September. She was washing her white window sills when she caught sight of the car and wondered why people couldn't use their telephones and find out whether or not one was anxious to play hostess. She liked Lillian, was even fond of her, but her work had to be done and she knew Lillian was especially adept at making jokes about people who actually cleaned their houses.

Theresa opened the door for her unexpected guest. "'Lo," said Lillian. She eyed Theresa amusedly. "You're not working, are you?" Theresa still carried a wet cloth in her hand.

"Yes. I'll be done soon. Come in and sit down."

"I thought maybe you could go to lunch with me."

"No, Lillian, I couldn't. But come on in. I've got stuff and we could have a little lunch here. How's everything?"

"Swell."

LILLIAN came in and seated herself. Theresa returned to the business of window sills.

"Gee, you're ambitious," Lillian remarked. "I wash my dishes and make my bed and that's that. How do you get so ambitious?"

"I don't like dirt," Theresa explained.

"I get the janitor's wife up once a week to clean for me," Lillian went on.

"I've had people in a couple of times, but they don't suit me." Theresa frowned and rubbed vigorously at a stubborn stain on the woodwork.

"You were raised wrong," Lillian laughed. "Life's too short to waste your time worrying over a little dirt."

She lit a cigarette and rocked back and forth contentedly. Theresa finished the window sills and with another cloth rubbed the windows and the mirror.

"You make me feel tired just watching you," Lillian said. "I'm up too early this morning anyhow."

"What got you up?"

"Oh, Hubert had to go see Helen today." A cloud appeared on Lillian's face and settled there.

"So you're alone?" Theresa encouraged. It was evident that Lillian wanted to talk about it. She need not have brought the subject up otherwise.

"Yes, I'm alone." Lillian sighed and an unbroken silence followed during which Theresa dusted the picture frames. She did not care to speak first, for if she spoke of Hubert, Lillian might think her pressing, and a different topic might seem as though she were indifferent to her visitor's mood. After a time Lillian proceeded, "I get the heebie-jeebies when he leaves me alone and I run all over town looking for somebody to play with me. I never tried you before because you're different, you know. The rest of us are all kind of crazy, but you're settled and sensible and I felt like being with you today. I hope you don't mind."

"No, not at all."

"You will come to lunch with me, won't you?"

"Oh, I would, but I have a lot of things in the house that we could eat if you didn't mind left-overs."

"I love left-overs—honest to God I do. I never have any, though."

"How's that?"

"I don't know. What do you mean by left-overs, Theresa? Sliced meats?"

"Not necessarily. I fix creamed chicken or shepherd's pie or hash or rice la Creole, depending on what I've got."

"I don't know what shepherd's pie or rice la Creole is made from, but I never have enough chicken left to cream."

"Oh, you put green peppers with it and things like that if you're a little short of meat. It's tasty. Rice la Creole is chopped ham, rice, and tomatoes baked together and shepherd's pie is chopped meat and mashed potatoes baked and—" Theresa dropped her dust rag suddenly and threw herself on the couch. "What's the use of cleaning or talking about cooking?" she asked. "I'm not interested in that sort of thing and neither are you."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel, will be, when completed, the largest and tallest, 46 stories high, with 3400 rooms

The Coffee Shop and Soda Fountain, Morrison Hotel, Chicago

Another Example of Varied Service

The New Coffee Shop at Chicago's

MORRISON HOTEL

EVERY department of the Morrison Hotel is continually adapted and developed to suit the widely varied needs of many types of guests.

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202 Rooms, $2.50 457 Rooms, $4.00 15 Rooms, $6.00
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THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
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CLARK AND MADISON STS.
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

KEPT
[Continued from page sixty-two]

Lillian laughed. "We were pretending that we were housewives," she said. "You weren't pretending, though. You're a wow at cooking and cleaning and sewing and all that sort of thing. I wish I was."

Theresa reached over to the smoking table and got herself a cigarette. "Say, did you hear that story of Anna's about the Scotchman carrying the anvil?"

"Yes, isn't that a wow?"

"I thought it was funny."

"I told it to Louise, but she didn't know what an anvil was. Can you beat that? It's sort of a hammer, isn't it, Theresa?"

"Well, sort of. Of course most times it's the thing that the hammer hits. You know blacksmiths use them to shape horseshoes on."

"Yes, that's what I thought. Louise is kind of thick."

Theresa glanced at the clock and went to the kitchen. "Want to come watch?" she asked. "I'm going to fix lunch. It's going on twelve."

"Gee, I just had breakfast."

"Well, that's your tough luck. Twelve is lunch hour. You should have gotten up earlier if you were going to snoop around for lunch dates."

It was an hour later, when the two girls had returned to Theresa's living room, that Lillian turned once more to the subject of Hubert.

"He and I are honestly having a gorgeous time," she said. Her tone was cheerful but the cloud still lingered on her face. "I don't think I really made a mistake in giving up my job, Theresa."

"No?"

"No—do you now?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Oh, I have no right to butt in on other people's business, Lillian. I'd sooner not start talking to you about this."

"But I've asked you."

THERESA looked at her sharply for a moment and decided that Lillian didn't ask everybody about her personal affairs.

"I think it's wrong," she said, "to be idle. I don't mean that in a Sunday-schoolish way, Lillian. I just mean that you enjoy things more if you're working and there's a line drawn between your work and your pleasures. You get kind of foggy if you have no set hours for doing things and that's not right for your mind or your liver. Then there's another reason, too."

"What's that?"

"Suppose Hubert should leave you? What would you do?"

"He wouldn't leave me."

"If he did, what would you do?" Theresa pursued relentlessly.

"Go to work."

"Sure. And there's the rub. It's hell to go back to a routine once you're out of it. Early rising and subway pushes and taking orders are lousy once you're out of the habit of them. And as for getting another man—well, you know, Lillian, ones with money don't grow on trees."

"I don't want another one after Hubert."

"Why? Are you crazy about him?"

Lillian laughed. "Gee," she said, "that's a funny question people always ask. I didn't expect it from you. It's a kind of laziness that makes you ask it. If I said yes or if I said no then you wouldn't have to find out for yourself. I don't like to say whether I am or not. I'm superstitious about it. You watch close and you'll see plenty that'll give you the answer."

"You're like a kid, Lillian—honest you are. I don't care whether you picked Hubert for his bank roll or not. I'm thinking of you, not of him. Your side of the matter, not his."

"Don't you like him?"

Theresa smiled slowly. "I don't know," she said hesitantly. "There's nothing about him that's especially nice or nasty as far as I can see. He's been good to you and that's all right, but the Fishers and other people have no call on his check book and I think that there he's been an awful sap."

"That's been my fault, Theresa."

"Go on. You couldn't have got him to sling money around if he didn't just love doing it. He's got a certain amount of brains though, Lillian, or maybe it's instinct. I think you'd have a hard time fooling him; but he could fool you, Lillian, if he wanted to."

"Well, we don't fool each other."

"That's good."

"He's naturally generous, Theresa. Honest, you'll find that out if you ever need him."

"We get along all right, thank you," said Theresa.

"Oh, I didn't mean that you ever would need him, but, you know, in case. You were dead right when you said he loves slinging money around. He's as big-hearted as anybody living."

"I don't know about Hubert, Lillian, but there are some people who give because they get a kick out of being kind. You know, they like—"

"THAT'S Hubert," Lillian insisted brightly. "He gets the biggest kick in the world out of doing favors for people."

Theresa forsook that angle of the situation. She didn't have the time, the words, or the hardness of heart necessary to enlighten Lillian.

"Well, you're happy anyway?"

"Oh, I suppose so. What the hell. I got more than I ever had in my life before."

"You don't sound cheerful. What's the matter?"

"Louise is sorry for me." Lillian spoke without having intended to. She felt ridiculous after having worded the thing which had rankled in her heart for a month.

"Why is she sorry for you?"

"Because I'm not married to Hubert."

"Is she sorry for every woman in the world except Hubert's wife?" Theresa asked.

"Oh, you know what I mean. She pities me for not being respectable and sure of Hubert and all that."

"Oh. That makes you dissatisfied, huh? Have you spoken to him about it?"

"Sure. He asked Helen for a divorce because I felt so rotten after Louise said that."

"What did she say?"

"Who? Louise?"

"No. Helen Scott."

"Oh, she made a terrible scene. Was going to kill herself. She wouldn't divorce him. I felt sorry when I heard about it. She's old, you know, and white-haired and fearfully jealous. Gee, you know, Helen seems a lot older than Hubert and set in her way and uninteresting. She worries a lot about him. Probably tells him to put his rubbers on when it's raining and that sort of thing. She's always thinking of something happening to him. Gee, I wouldn't take a man away from a woman like that even if I could."

"But you're unhappy."

"Oh, well, it's just that I'm nobody. See what I mean? I'm not a wife or a widow or a divorced woman or a bum or anything. I'm not a sweetheart. That means a young girl who's holding out for wedding bells, don't it? I'm nothing. There's no name for what I am."

Theresa looked at Lillian and smiled. "Yes, there is." she said quietly.

"What is it?"

"Kept woman."

"Oh, I never—"

"You never heard that expression?"

"Yes, but I never thought that I—I just never—"

Theresa reached out and caught Lillian's hand. She squeezed it gently. "I'm sorry, Lillian," she said. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I thought you and I were hard-boiled enough to say whatever came into our minds when we were together."

"You didn't hurt me. I just had never thought of that when I was trying to find a name for myself. No, you didn't hurt me."

Theresa was gazing spellbound into the face of her friend. The worry cloud had disappeared and there was rather a pleased but self-conscious smile on Lillian's lips.

"Funny I never thought of that," Lillian said. "Of course I'm a kept woman." The little self-conscious grin broadened as she spoke the words.

Theresa stared at her unbelievingly. She was as pleased as a growing girl who has been mistaken for an adult.

"Well, I'm glad you're not hurt, Lillian," she said at length.

"Oh, no, I'm not hurt. Don't be silly. I'm just surprised that I never thought of that myself. Of course I'm a kept woman." The delighted little grin again.

Later, while Theresa was getting dinner for Hymie and pondering on the curious satisfaction Lillian had found in applying a vulgar term to herself, Lillian sat in her apartment thinking about that same term.

It did not sound vulgar to her. She said it aloud several times and derived a new pleasure at each repetition. The two words were fraught with a wild beauty for her.

They spoke of a spirit brave and rebellious. Anybody could marry. The most brainless, timid wretch imaginable could marry, but it took a rare courage, a woman big enough to scoff at conventions, to be what she was. There was, too, an unorthodox glory in the words, a suggestion of pagan merriment and open sin. The word "wife" sounded flat and lifeless compared with those two golden words and what they suggested to her. She was glad to be an outlaw.

Who couldn't be happy when their lives were all neatly arranged for them by church and court? She was different—a great and fearless spirit.

Lillian Cory translated her thoughts into words and said to the yellow vase on the gate-leg table, "Kept woman. Sounds peppy and like a person who had guts and wasn't all cut and dried. I'm glad nobody ever married me. I really am."

The bell rang and Lillian ran to the door. It was Anna Leitz with her new boy friend, Mr. Clifford Sullivan.

Anna said, "Mr. Sullivan, meet Miss Cory."

Mr. Sullivan said, "Pleased to meetcha."

Miss Cory said, "You're welcome if you're not too proper and would like to come in. I suppose Anna's told you about me being a kept woman."

Mr. Sullivan stared like one demented. It was very stimulating to a girl who didn't usually get more than a passing glance from a stranger.

III

CLIFFORD SULLIVAN was small in stature and exceedingly slim. He believed that plus fours were becoming to him and he always wore them on Sundays during the summer. In winter he chose for himself a long, bulky overcoat and was convinced that it made a tall and strapping man of him. His face was thin and almost æsthetic in appearance. A strangely intellectual face, totally unrelated to the mind that functioned behind it.

He had always planned to marry when he was forty. That seemed to him an ideal age. He would certainly have money by then and he would build a home—perhaps in Kew Gardens. It would have sunken tubs, a garbage incinerator, and a bathroom done in black and gold.

His bride would be beautiful and preferably the daughter of a man who had lost his fortune on Wall Street. She would thus be fitted for the position of being a rich man's wife and yet completely dependent upon him financially.

It was a nice dream—in fact, so nice that it must have taken courage to lay it aside when, at the age of twenty-five, Clifford married Anna Leitz and they went to live in a two-room-and-kitchenette arrangement on Nagle Avenue.

They married without having announced their intentions. It was Anna's idea that their marriage should be a complete surprise to her friends. Perhaps it was a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Tilt Top Mfg. Co.

1821-23 BERTEAU AVE
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Winners of the Tilt Top Contest will be announced in the August 24th issue of this magazine

"I HAD to tell her something to make her stop raving. I told her I wouldn't see you any more. Gee, I had to, Lil."

[KEPT
Continued from page sixty-five]

desire for romance that made her so eager just to slip away to City Hall with Clifford one fine morning. Then again, perhaps she did not completely trust her friends and their never silent tongues.

They came directly to Lillian after the ceremony and proudly exhibited their marriage certificate. Lillian was obligingly astounded. They laughed at her surprise and she laughed at their secretiveness and everybody was happy.

But later, when Clifford had run to the delicatessen store to get some sandwiches so they could celebrate, Anna turned solemn eyes upon Lillian and demanded, "Did you ever tell Billy and Louise about me?"

"About you?"

"Yes; you know—when I was sick here that time."

"Oh." Lillian laughed a little. "Certainly I did."

"No kidding, Lillian, did you?"

"Don't be a jackass. What should I tell them for?"

"Well, did they suspect?"

"I guess maybe they did."

"But they weren't sure? They didn't have anything to be positive about?"

"Not unless *you* told them."

"Of course I didn't. You don't think Hubert did, do you?"

"He wouldn't, Anna. Don't be crazy."

"You see, Clifford doesn't—I wouldn't dare—I know you wouldn't say anything—I was kind of worried about the Fishers."

"Oh, bologna. Don't make a molehill out of a mountain."

"But, look, Lillian, it's easy for you to joke about it."

"Come on, we'll make coffee."

Such moments were not to Lillian's taste. She hated to see hopes and fears suddenly plucked from their rightful seclusion and made to stand naked and shivering on display. She had always hated those intimate moments and of late her hatred had increased, for they reminded her, now, of the night when she had sent Hubert home to ask Helen for release. People were fools. She went to the kitchen and made the percolator ready. Anna would be herself again if she were left alone for a while.

Clifford came back with sandwiches and a cake.

"Was it all right at the store?" Lillian asked him. "Would he let you charge it to me?"

"Sure."

"I was thinking I ought to have called him up and told him it was O. K."

"No, it was all right."

THE Sullivans and Lillian sat down to their little repast. Lillian was in a friendly and merry humor. It was her way of promising Anna that everything would be all right.

Anna was slightly preoccupied and disturbed. Lillian wished she had been able to pat her affectionately and say, "Wild horses couldn't drag your secret from me."

The Sullivans had their pleasant little surprise game to play all over again when Hubert came in. Once more everybody laughed and shook hands and Hubert kissed the bride and asked her what she wanted for a wedding present.

"I got to see the certificate though," he laughed pleasantly. "Gee, how do I know you ain't just sticking your friends for wedding presents?"

"I'm not that kind of a girl," Anna laughed back at him. Then her laughter died and she held her breath, fearful of what he might unthinkingly reply.

"She's the kind of a girl who wants something nice for a present," Lillian chattered blithely. She had seen Anna's sudden stark fear and had shared it. Hubert was loyal but forgetful and blundering.

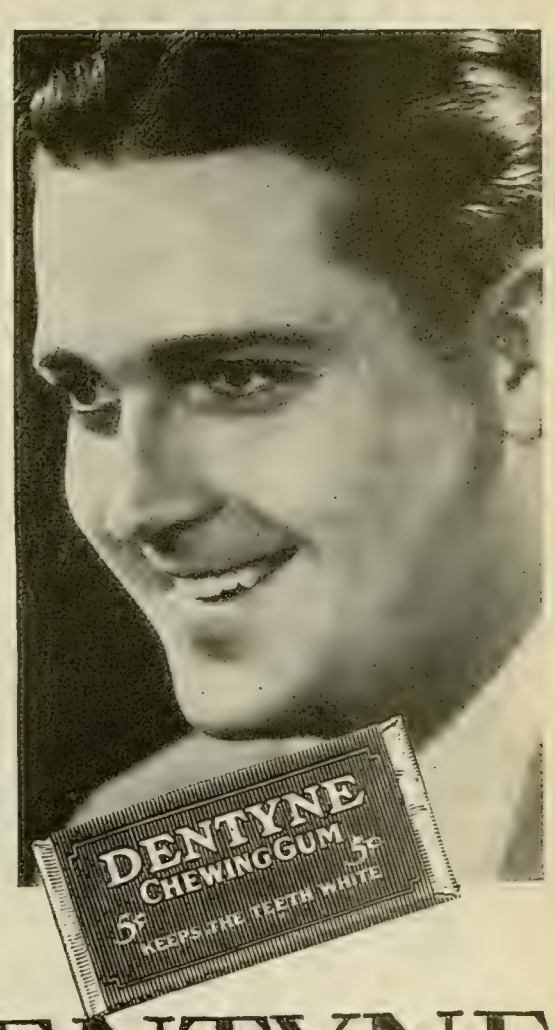
The Fishers dropped in. Not exactly unexpectedly but without having mentioned their intentions. It wasn't possible for the Fishers to drop in unexpectedly, as Lillian was always fairly certain that they were on their way to her house if they were not already there.

Lillian bore Louise no ill will. Anything unpleasant was better forgotten and Louise was a good kid. She didn't mean any harm. Just dumb. It wasn't a girl's fault if she was dumb. Hubert had not so easily forgiven Louise for interfering in his business, but Lillian had convinced him that Louise had meant well.

During the days when Louise's fate hung in the balance and there was a chance that Hubert would never be friendly toward her again Lillian wondered about new friends. How did you make new friends if you weren't working? Gee, you just couldn't talk to people in the street. Anna and Louise she had met in the store and other people whom she knew were originally friends of theirs. Hubert she had met through May McCloud whom she also had known in the store. If she lost these friends she'd never get any more. The source of supply had been removed. The thought frightened her. Friends were good to have and she hadn't so many that she could afford to lose two. It had been with open arms that Lillian had welcomed the Fishers back.

Lillian has her friends again, but she needs all her shrewdness to keep peace among them. Life begins to close in on these people as the story continues next week.

keeps teeth white



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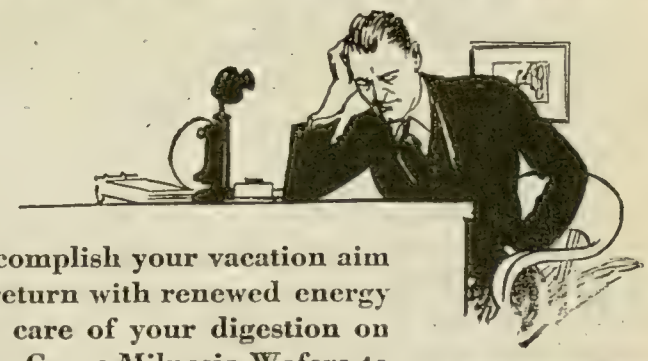

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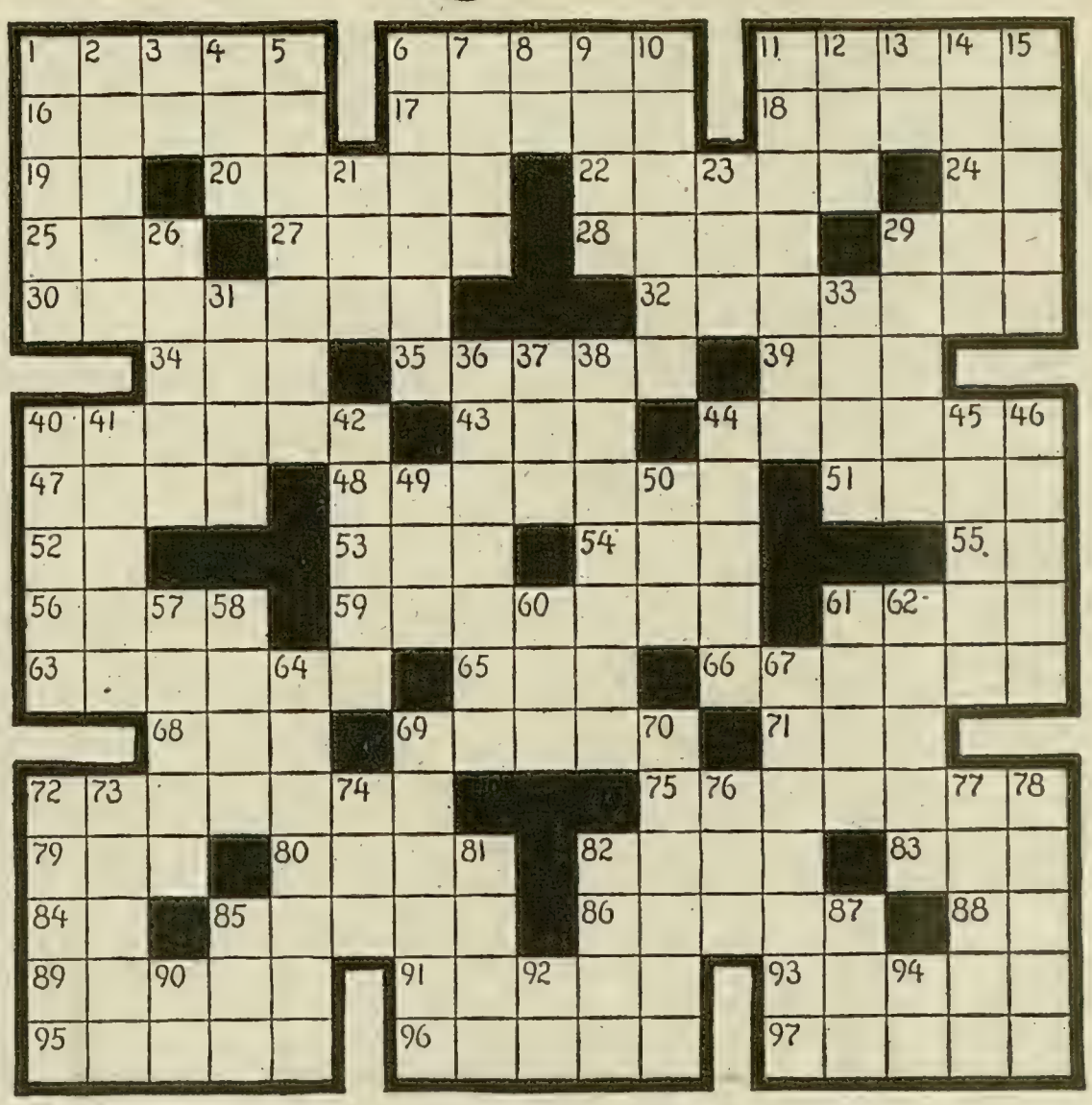


HORIZONTAL

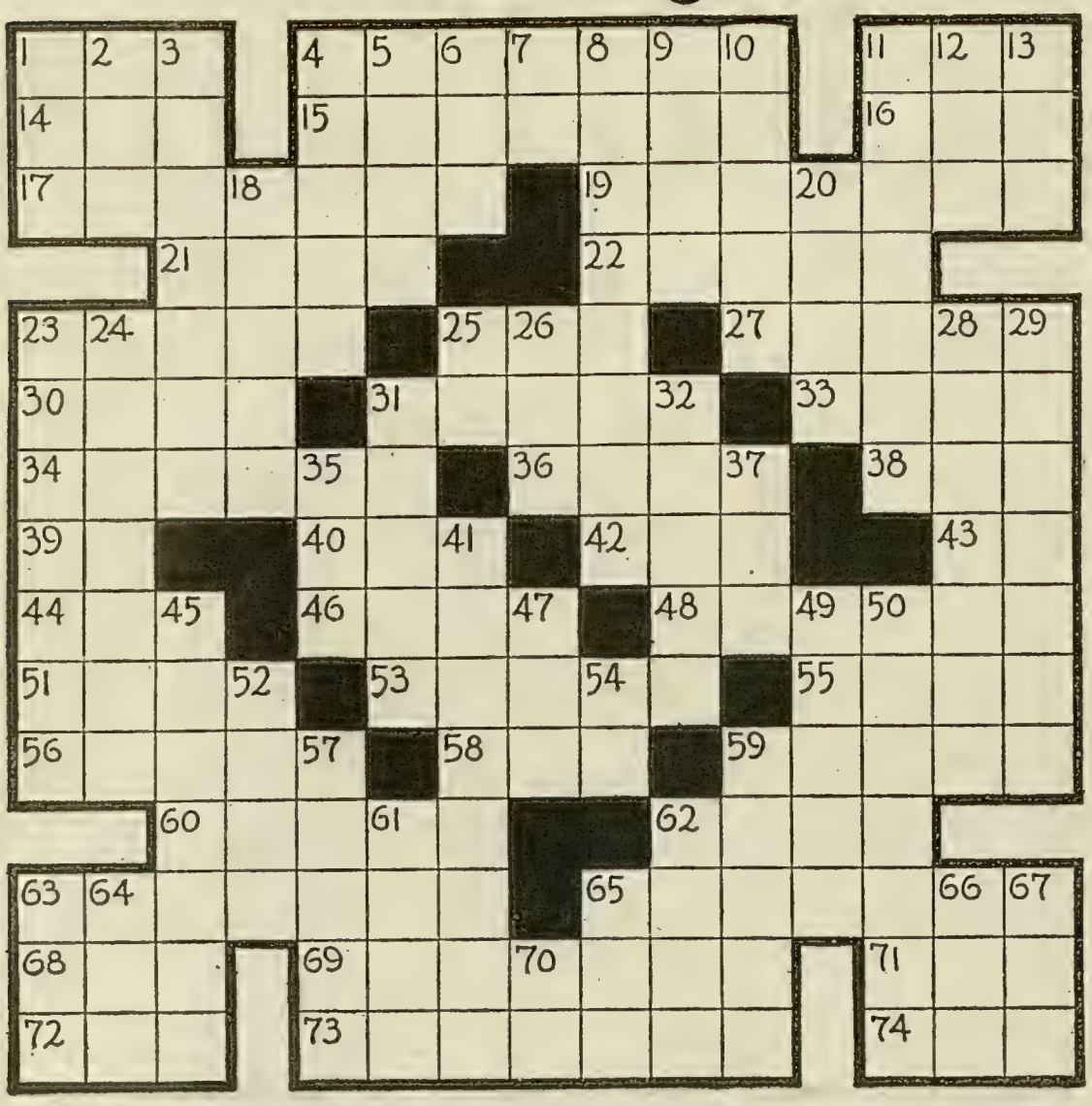
1 Flexible strip
6 Curt
11 Say
16 Discontinue
17 High estimation
18 Loop with a running knot
19 One indefinitely
20 The snivels (vet.)
22 Farinaceous
24 Note of the scale
25 Cut off
27 Inspired dread
28 Peel
29 Cardinal number
30 Bored
32 Annoyers
34 Islet
35 Decayed teeth
39 Japanese coin
40 Irritates
43 Japanese sash
44 A postulate
47 Diving bird
48 Food purveyor
51 Roman emperor
52 Pronoun
53 Species of cuckoo
54 A wing
55 Exclamation of joy
56 Adjacent
59 Peaceable
61 Greatest quantity
63 State of fortune
65 Sprite
66 Worthless
68 Bond
69 Islands
71 Tierra del Fuego Indian
72 Hushed
75 Meditated
79 Logger's heavy felt half-boot
80 Placed
82 Measure of weight
83 Greek goddess corresponding to Aurora
84 Above
85 Spanish title
86 A shield
88 An element (symbol)
89 Severity
91 To combine
93 Man's name
95 Jogs
96 Saccharine
97 Former English gold coin (plural)

VERTICAL

1 Burn
2 Import
3 Egyptian deity
4 Fool
5 Punishment
6 Particles
7 Scraped with a garden implement
8 Preposition
9 Play boisterously
10 Negotiates
11 Free from bonds
12 To dally amorously
13 Toward
14 Ethereal salt
15 Controls
21 To be bound to pay
23 Form of to be
26 Stringed instrument
29 Taut
31 Beast of cat kind
33 Observed
36 Perceives
37 Man's nickname
38 Camelopard
40 Range in a row
41 Notices
42 Shaft of a feather
44 Large or small area
45 Erse
46 Smutty
49 East Indian coin
50 A high priest of Israel
57 Garret
58 A bird
60 Ailing
61 An author of human wisdom (Hindu myth.)
62 American Indian
64 Counters
67 More spacious
69 Structural forms peculiar to a language
70 Thoroughfare
72 Gush out suddenly
73 South American animal
74 Bear young
76 Ugly old woman
77 Caravansary
78 Autocrats
81 Pulled
82 Type of plum
85 Inebriate
87 Artful
90 Pass from one spot to another
92 Note of the scale
94 Parent

Answer to last week's puzzle

Take Your Choice

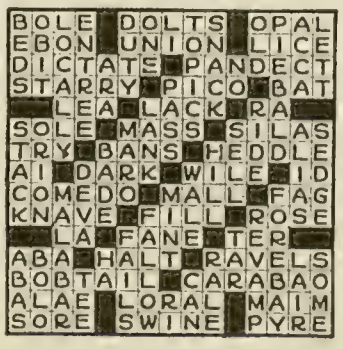


HORIZONTAL

1 A Jewish title of respect
4 Sagacious in promoting a policy
11 A letter of the Greek alphabet
14 Anger
15 Appalling
16 Eyot
17 Corbeil, or a sculptured basket (architecture)
19 Progenitors
21 Immeasurable or infinite spaces of time
22 To free a thing from fault or error
23 To be suitable to
25 In order to become
27 Flatters or wheedles (slang)
30 Animal worshiped by ancient Egyptians
31 Train or accustom to some action
33 Begone!
34 Metric measures of capacity
36 Muscle
38 Chronologic system of notation
39 From the beginning (music abbreviation)
40 Attention
42 Speak
43 Syllable used by Hindu worshipers
44 Matter; point (law)
46 To corner (colloquial)
48 Implement for pounding and breaking
51 Hostelries
53 Romantic tales of ancient times
55 Therefore
56 Overlays the inner side of a roof
58 A bean
59 Pieces of pasteboard
60 Applelike fruits
62 City in Kansas
63 Ecstasy
65 Subjugate by fear
68 To mature
69 Tribesmen of Naujan, Mindoro
71 Pinnacle
72 Old weight for wool
73 Glossy cotton fabric (plural)
74 Siamese measure

VERTICAL

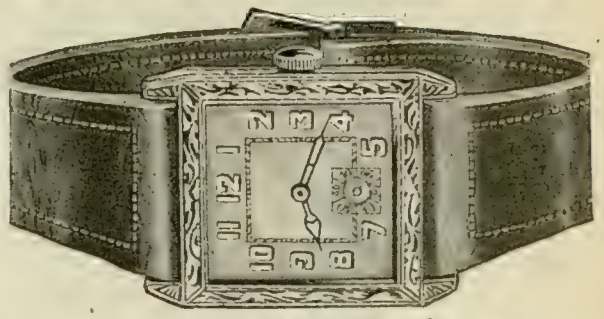
1 Scamp; debauchee (colloquial)
2 A macaw of Brazil
3 To gain advantage
4 Coloring matter
5 Has as an obligation or duty
6 God of the sea in Irish legend
7 Form of to be
8 Governor of a petty country (plural)
9 Caliph or other sovereign prince in Mohammedism
10 Daughter of Ops (Roman mythology)
11 Title given to queens of ancient Ethiopia
12 Outstanding success
13 Pronoun
18 Spread by rumor
20 A son of Seth
23 Richly ornamented crossbelt
24 Having characteristics of, or adapted to, both sexes
25 Symbol for a metal
26 Cereal grain
28 Released, as a prisoner, on his word
29 Organs of flowers
31 Monarchs
32 Piles
35 Steep
37 River in England
41 Redeclare
45 Cut suddenly
47 Self
49 One of several steps
50 Menaces
52 Track of a deer
54 Yes
57 Taints with mildew, as grain
59 A die used in drop forging
61 Worm which feeds on castor-oil plant
62 Regular
63 Traitor to companions in adversity
64 Gone by
65 Unit
66 Grief
67 Sea bird
70 Whirlwind off the Faroe Islands



Answer to last week's puzzle

SW

Vibration-proof!



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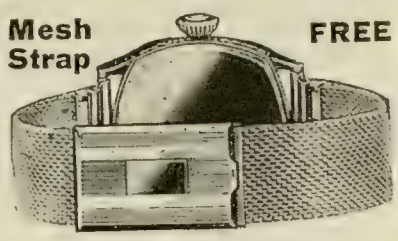

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Karakhan of Kazan, the Red Napoleon.

The Red Napoleon

A Newspaper Man's Story of the Second World War (1933-1936)

By Floyd Gibbons
(Author of The Red Knight of Germany)

LAST week's installment left Karakhan fleeing toward Halifax in his submarine yacht, with the author and Speed Binney pursuing him over the ocean in their amphibian. He has Margot Denison with him; they hope to save her. They have picked up Lin, his wife, from an open boat.

PART EIGHTEEN—CONCLUSION

THE amphib seemed to leap under the power of its speeding engines. Speed's eyes searched the waters ahead. With binoculars I scanned the horizon right and left.

Lin was sitting with her back to the front, her graying black hair somewhat disheveled, her eyes aimlessly looking out across space and sea behind us.

"I just saw a puff of smoke out there," she said, pointing over my shoulder, astern. I swung the glasses quickly and shouted to Speed:

"Turn right and head back! Something doing over there. Can't make out what it is, but we'd better find out."

"It's a sub," said Speed, "but not the Star of Asia. I can tell from her superstructure. She's a Yank type. Looks like the V class. But what's she shooting at? I can't see anything."

"I can now," I replied. "It's another sub—in the low haze, about a mile beyond her. Here, Lin, look through these. Can you recognize the other one?"

She placed the binoculars to her eyes.

"I can't see—oh, now I do—yes, I see it. I don't know if it's— Yes—yes, it is! It's the Star of Asia! It's Karakhan!"

The wind through our struts rose to a shriek. Speed had heard and we were whistling down the long slide at a terrific pace.

Now, with the binoculars, I could see the exchange of shots between the deck guns of the two undersea craft—a strange sort of combat, new to me.

One or both ships, I thought, must have been disabled and powerless to submerge before either of them would have engaged in such a duel. A body blow from either would sink the other.

But the vibration of our speeding amphibian was frightful. "Take it a little slower, Speed!" I cautioned. "You'll tear the wings off her!" He ignored my warning, and I held my breath as he brought her bottom down on the surface, and taxied in between the fighting subs.

"Not there, for God's sake!" I yelled. "Swing her around to the other side! We're between both fires. They'll rake us!"

As I spoke, the forward gun on the Yank sub barked, and I saw the gun on the after deck of the Star of Asia crash over and point skyward. I returned my gaze to the Yankee crew which had displayed such marksmanship, and saw them preparing to fire again. But a more welcome sight were the letter and figure standing out in white on the sub's superstructure. It was the V-4.

"It's Whit Dodge!" I cried.

"He'll kill Margot if he lets go another shot," said Speed, racing the amphibian through the water toward the gaping muzzle of the V-4's gun.

We saw the gun crew load. A white-clad figure on the superstructure lowered a pair of binoculars and angrily waved an arm, ordering us out of the way. I recognized Dodge.

"For God's sake, cease firing!" Speed hailed, bringing the amphib alongside and blocking the pointed gun with its wings.

"You'll sink her. Karakhan's aboard," I shouted.

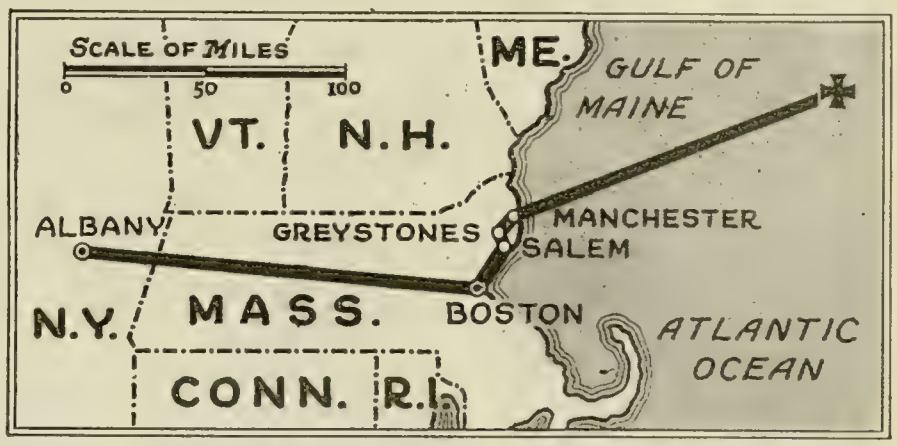
"I hope to God I do," Whit Dodge shouted back. "Get that crate out of the way." Then, to his gunners, "Get her in the hull, lads! Never mind the superstructure. Give her hell and sink her!"

"Margot's there too, you idiot! Karakhan has her a prisoner!" I was frantic. "My God, man, you're going to kill *her!*"

"Cease firing!" Whit commanded. I could see his face whiten beneath its tan. "Good God, I've hit the sub twice already! She's disabled, and both her guns are out! For all I know, she's sinking!"

In anxious haste he leveled his glasses.

I looked too, and saw a cloud of smoke mushroom out alongside the Star of Asia and obliterate the forward half of her from our view.



Showing the flight made by the author and Speed Binney that ended in their capture of the fugitive Red Napoleon at sea, on June 11, 1936.

"She's afire!" called one of Whit's crew. "Shall we prepare the small boat, sir?"

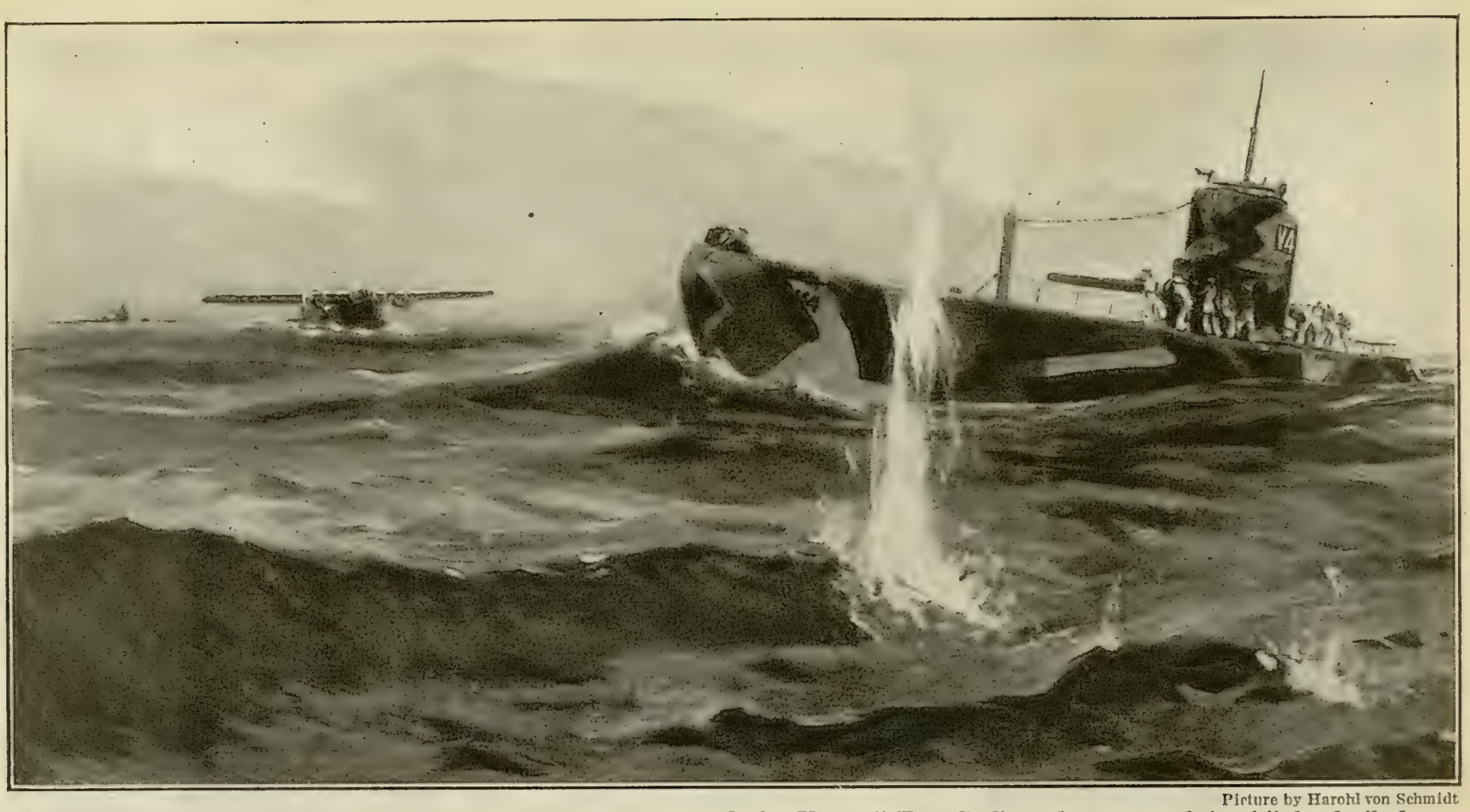
"Stand by your piece and be ready to fire," Whit returned. "She's not afire. That's a smoke bomb, and he's screening something on his forward deck. I can't see what it is. He's up to something dirty."

"Here, then—take Lin on board and we'll find out what they're doing while you keep them covered," I said, helping Lin out and on to the deck of the V-4.

At that instant, from behind the smoke cloud, some object went skimming above the water and sped away.

"It's a plane!" Binney yelled. "That pup thinks he's going to lose us that way, does he?"—and our motors roared as we leaped from the water and took after the other machine.

It was a light seaplane of the common folding-wing type carried by the larger subs and released from deck hatches. It had three open cockpits and pontoon land-



Picture by Harold von Schmidt

Speed raced our amphibian through the water toward the V-4. "For God's sake, cease firing!" he hailed.

ing gear. I noticed the twin Maxim guns on the forward edge of the upper plane, and a revolving machine gun mounted in the rear, with a bulky figure sitting crouched behind it.

Speed climbed faster than the Red plane and soon achieved his fighting position. We crept closer, and I could tell that he was getting ready for a dive from the way he tested his forward machine gun, ripping out a couple of shots to be sure there were no jams.

We drew still closer, until I could make out the parachute bundles on the backs of the plane's three occupants. Occasionally the pilot in the forward seat would look anxiously over his shoulder and change direction in an effort to shake us off. Then I saw the gun mounted over the rear cockpit trained on us, although the distance was yet too great for effective firing. I looked into the face behind the machine gun and knew by that telltale white scar across the lemon-colored skin that the gunner was the Red Napoleon himself.

"Get ready, chief!" cried Speed. "I'm going to dive and let him have it!"

He nosed her down and trained his guns. I saw his thumb in position on the machine-gun trigger of the control stick.

Karakhan fired. A burst of lead shattered the wooden cowling in front of our faces—and then the figure in the second cockpit turned around. It was Margot.

"My Lord, that was close!" Speed groaned. "I'd almost fired!" He banked us out of the line of the bullets streaming from Karakhan's gun. "I don't dare shoot him down; I'd kill her. Oh, God, what a mess to be in!"

KARAKHAN noticed our sudden change to the defensive and guessed the reason. He knew that we would not endanger the girl by firing. Taking immediate advantage of our dilemma, the Red plane turned.

Round and round in circles we went, Speed endeavoring to keep out of the stream of machine-gun fire to which we could not reply.

And then something happened; then the quick wit of the girl, air-wise and battle-wise—the girl that Speed Binney had taught to fly—relieved the situation. Karakhan in the rear cockpit was busy with the machine gun; the pilot in the forward cockpit was controlling the plane. We saw a tall, slender body stand up in the middle compartment, straining against the terrific rush of air. One foot reached the coping, and Margot launched herself into space. Her parachute opened immediately. She drifted downward.

"Atta gal, Maggie!" Speed exulted, and turned the amphib to the direction the parachute was taking. Our thoughts were not of Karakhan now. He could have flown to England for all either of us cared. To hell with him—get the girl.

But then came the final act of the yellow demon. The Red plane swerved, dived, and brought its guns to bear on that little inflated patch of white silk on which Margot's life was hanging.

"Christ!" I heard Speed yell as he headed straight for the Red plane. His machine guns spoke in unison; a stream of lead tore through the Red pilot's cockpit. The plane nosed up, fell on one wing, and tumbled to the water. I saw Karakhan, enmeshed in the belts and mountings of the machine gun, struggling to free himself.

SEVERAL minutes later we reached Margot on the surface of the water and pulled her aboard, white and somewhat breathless but unhurt. Speed held her in his arms. "Maggie, what an ace you are!"

We taxied over to the wreck of the Red plane. It was afloat, although its pontoons had crumpled when it struck. The pilot was dead and Karakhan was sitting limp in the rear cockpit, with blood on his head where it had bumped into the machine-gun mounting.

"He's alive," I said, dashing some water into his face.

"Yes," said Speed; "he would be."

Karakhan revived slightly and we dragged him aboard. I sat beside him and Speed launched the amphibian into the air with its now heavy load of four people.

To the south we picked up the Star of Asia and the V-4 steaming toward us side by side. The Stars and Stripes flew from the superstructure of the captured sub, and I presumed, correctly, that Whit Dodge himself was on board in command of his prize.

Yankee sailors drew us alongside. Speed left the controls and helped Margot out. They stepped on deck together, arm in arm. After them stalked the tall figure of the dejected Karakhan, a streak of blood showing wet on his yellow forehead. In his hands he had his useless flying helmet. I brought up the rear of the procession.

Lin was standing near the conning tower beside Dodge when we came on board. She gasped and a look of pain came across her face as her eyes fell on the blood on her husband's forehead. She stepped forward involuntarily with hands outstretched. "You're hurt!"

In a flash his features changed to that Asiatic mask

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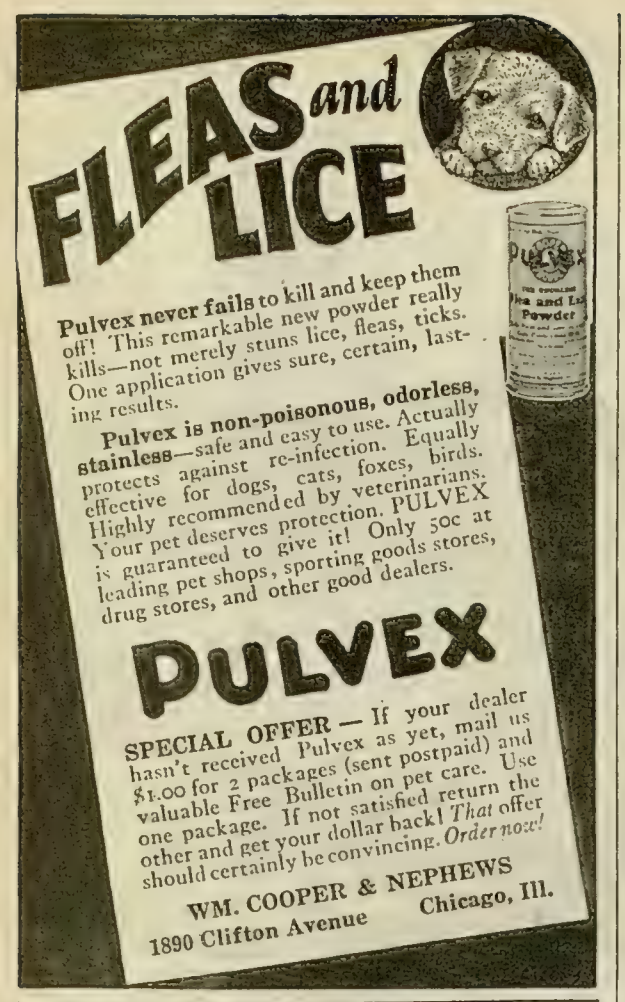

they laughed at death above the clouds! . . .

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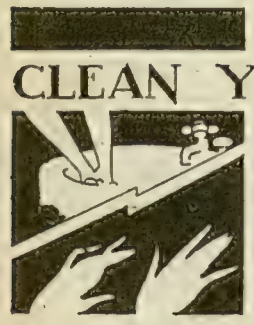

[THE RED NAPOLEON Continued from page seventy-one]

of cruelty we all knew so well. He spoke almost through clenched teeth. His words came faster and with more venom than I had ever heard.

"You," he snarled, "you did this. This is your work—the filthy work of a white woman. You have been the curse of my life—you and all your filthy white sisters high and low."

And suddenly his right hand, from which dangled the heavy leather helmet, shot out and he whipped it across the woman's face.

What followed happened so quickly that it seemed unreal. Before Speed or I could move a sailor tugged out his service automatic and fired.

Even though staggered and almost blinded by the stinging blow, Lin saw his movement; she whirled and threw herself in front of Karakhan.

At that instant came the shot and the bullet found its target in her breast. A wide-eyed, puzzled look came over her face. She slumped down at the feet of her husband.

The next instant Margot and I were beside her on the deck and Margot held her. Lifting her head she looked up into the cruel yellow face of the Red Napoleon. "I love you," she whispered. She died in Margot's arms.

Karakhan stood unmoved, bluejackets gripping his wrists.

Whit Dodge confronted him. "You dog! That's the last white woman you'll ever lay hands on!"

"I then have the honor and the pleasure to wish all the happiness in the world to your Royal Highness," he declared.

"Is that supposed to be comedy?" said Speed, half puzzled, half angry.

"No, it's the truth," Dodge replied. "The lady who is to be your wife is her Royal Highness, the Princess Victoria Louise."

Picture by Harold von Schmidt

One of Karakhan's rare smiles crossed his face as he turned his head and looked at Margot. Dodge, watching him closely, said with slow emphasis:

"Do you know who this lady is? I have suspected that you knew all the time."

Karakhan's smile was enigmatical.

"I'LL wipe that grin off your mush," Speed put in angrily, and then faced Dodge. "What do you mean, know who she is? If anybody wants to know who she is, she's my girl and she's going to be my wife."

Dodge was staggered. He looked steadily and long into the beaming eyes and flushed face of Margot. Then his speech came with hesitation and deference:

"Is—is this true?"

"It is, Whit. I love him," the girl replied.

Speed was beside her in an instant, his arms around her. Dodge still hesitated, then extended his hand and said, "You win, Speed; win more than you know."

To Margot he added, "I presume you release me now from my promise of silence."

Margot looked startled. Her eyes sought Speed's. She nodded assent to Dodge. He bowed formally.

Speed's amazement was beyond speech. He looked from one to the other.

"Maggie, is this on the level?"

"Yes, Speed."

"Then why didn't you tell me?"

A slow flush mounted Margot's cheeks and spread to her forehead, but she met his eyes.

"I thought it might make a difference if you knew—a difference between us, dear."

Speed drew her closer. "It wouldn't make any difference if you were the Queen herself," he said; "and, anyway, I've got a swell new title for you: Mrs. Speed Binney. How's that?"

A cheer came to us from across the water. Men were rushing out on the deck of the V-4. Strings of colored flags were running up the rigging connecting her superstructure with stern and bow. The crew on deck were whooping and throwing their caps in the air.

She pulled closer to us while a bluejacket aloft madly wigwagged a message with his arms.

"What's all the shouting about?" Speed demanded. An officer at a megaphone bellowed the answer.

"The war is over! American official communiqué just received by radio reads: 'General Bollinov chief

of staff of the Red armies of New England surrenders stop under white flag of truce he entered American lines south of Boston to negotiate armistice stop Karakhan has escaped and is now supposed to be in flight.'"

Good Lord, the story! Me standing here tingling sentimentally over a couple of romantic young fools, and the biggest news story in the world in my hands and I hadn't brains enough to transmit it! The whole army and navy of the United States looking for the Red Napoleon, and I had captured him!

"If anybody wants to know who she is, she's my girl and she's going to be my wife."

A few minutes later the first lines of my story, dated "On board Karakhan's super-submarine Star of Asia," were going on the air by radio. It was a story of stories, a scoop of scoops, and I am satisfied that the fates will never be so kind to me again. I know such luck can never come twice.

While my story was going out we were steaming toward Boston to be met in half an hour by warships, destroyers, and planes. They converged on us from all directions.

The air was thick with messages—so many that the hard-working Yankee operators on the Star of Asia could not receive them all.

We were transferred to the cruiser Minneapolis and the messages continued to come in throughout the night. In the morning we were off Sandy Hook when orders were received to proceed to Norfolk. New York was in ruins and the mine fields of the harbor prevented entrance.

I radioed a newspaper story on this change in plans—and the rest is history. As the world knows, American white feeling in Norfolk was so bitter against Karakhan that it was not possible to land him there.

We anchored in Hampton Roads and he was turned over to a group of staff officers under the command of General H. B. Smith—no relation to the "hard-boiled Smith" of A. E. F. fame.

WE were transferred aboard the battleship Oregon and taken to Bermuda, where the Red Napoleon has been in exile since.

Every schoolboy knows about the subsequent capitulation of the Red forces in the Pacific Northwest and in Central America; about the counter-revolutionary outbreaks in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and the political dissolution of that communistic federation which Karakhan had expected to complete with the conquest of America and to call "the Red Union of the World."

And I have no need to describe Europe's return to nationalistic sanity and the economic reorganization of the Continent under the name of "the United States of Europe"; or to tell how the repatriation of the millions of yellow soldiers in America required almost eighteen months and necessitated the employment of all the shipping left on the seas.

Hundreds of thousands of Karakhan's white troops found their blessing and good fortune as a result of the war when America's extensive colonization program gave them that which they had always lacked: land. Today they are the thriving colonists and citizens of the new states of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and old British Columbia—now called Vancouver. The inclusion of all the Canadian provinces as equal states of the United States of America was the result of the great Canadian plebiscite of November, 1937.

The political merger of the two peoples became neces-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

[THE RED NAPOLEON
Continued from page seventy-three]

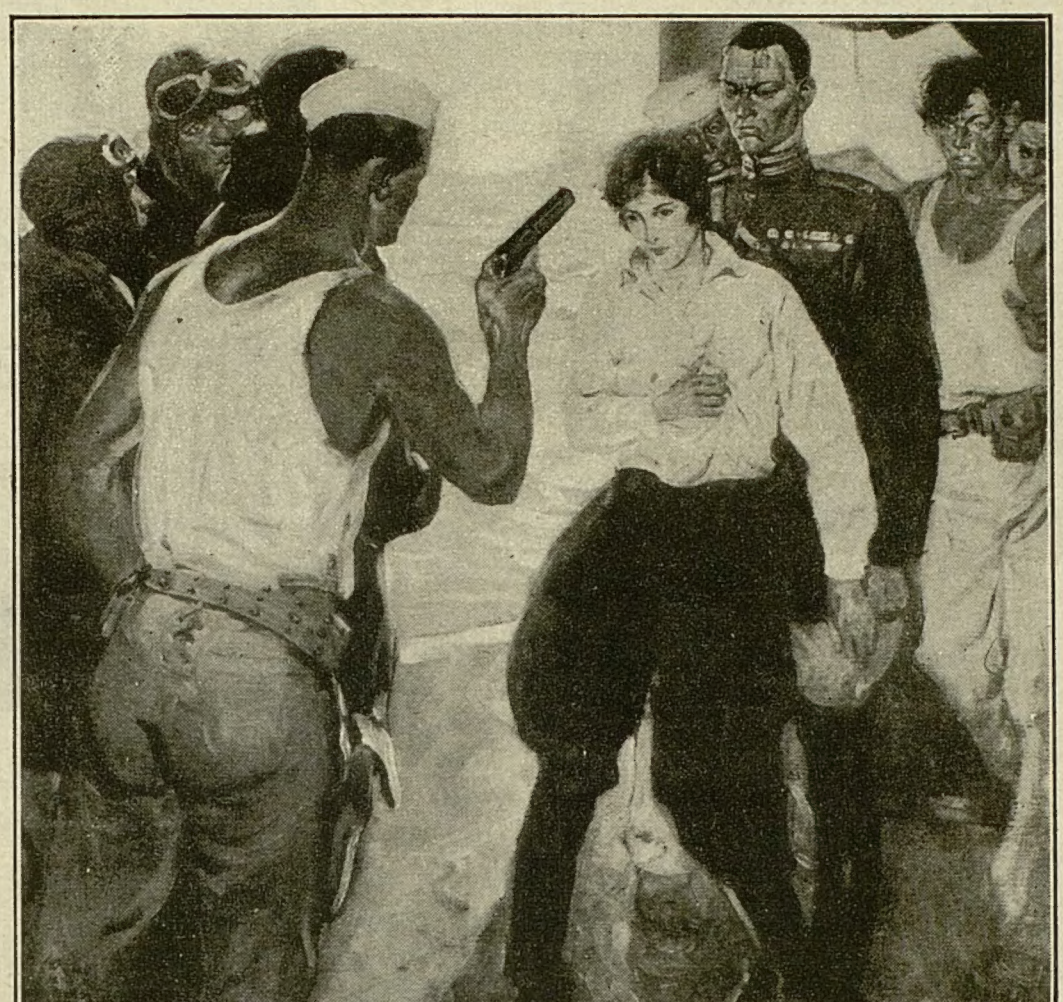
sary in view of the economic potentialities of a unified Europe.

St. Louis remained the capital and the Stars and Stripes flew from the Arctic Circle to the Mexican border. The old British islands of Jamaica, Trinidad, and Bermuda are no longer under European dominion.

British Honduras and the three Guianas are now parts of the American republics Guatemala, Venezuela, and Brazil.

Speed Binney and Margot flew over from New York to visit me here in Bermuda just last week. The former Princess Victoria Louise is now a Congresswoman, representing a district of the state of Saskatchewan. Speed says that Margot's victory in the election of 1940 squares up an old score with the British, who took an American girl, Lady Astor, and made her a Member of Parliament. Americans have now elected a princess of the old British royal family to represent them in the Congress of the United States.

Colonel Boyar is with me in Bermuda. He shares Karakhan's exile, and it is he who with maps, documents, and information has helped me compile this work.



Picture by Harold von Schmidt

A sailor tugged out his service automatic and fired. Lin whirled and threw herself in front of Karakhan.

Karakhan is a sick man. He was forty-one years old this year of 1941. I walk with him and sometimes we ride together. But most of the time he sits alone in the sunlight on the veranda of the Bermudiana Hotel, and most frequently he has on his knee a map of the Caribbean Sea, in which his star of destiny went down in the Battle of the Windward Passage.

I talk with him daily in my capacity of joint representative of the World Press. His attitude toward me does not seem to have changed a bit. He carries still the bearing and conviction of a world conqueror. His armies gone, his navies sunk, his air fleets brought low, and his empire dismembered, the Red Napoleon refuses to be crushed even in defeat and exile.

Always to me he will remain a symbol of defiance, of inflexible will, of steel determination, of cruelty.

HIS correspondence, which reaches him only through General Smith's censorship, is voluminous. And by means of the censorship I am aware of the contents of many of his letters. They come from the white women whom he took as mates in Europe and America, and bring him news of the numerous children, half white and half yellow, who carry in their veins the blood of his Mongol strain.

"I am as proud of my yellow skin as you are of your white," he told me one day. "Who is to say that straight hair is better than kinky hair, or that one form of skull is better than another form? You whites still prattle of your superior civilization. You forget that yellow men and brown men had civilizations vastly superior to yours. Men with yellow skins built the pyramids, invented gunpowder and paper, founded the sciences of medicine, surgery, higher mathematics, astronomy, algebra, at a time when your white ancestors in Europe were wearing skins, living in caves, and eating raw meat.

"I am condemned because I have sought unions with white women and because I advocated miscegenation—because I ordered my armies to conquer and breed.

"I have nothing to recant. In that direction lies the future of the world. There have been men of strength of will and determination before me, and some of them gained their points and some only succeeded in planting the seed. I have planted the seed. There is only one means of correction: force. My mistake was in the failure of the application of my force at sea. I am proud of my military career. I am proud of the blood of Genghis Khan in my veins, and I will probably die cooped up here under this white Nordic beast, Jailer Smith. But the world will remember me for something more than conquest. I am a humanitarian.

"WAR, conflict, struggle, strife—they are the only instruments of progress. By their use, old prejudices of the world—nationalistic, religious, class, economic—have been wiped out or at least set aside. But one remains—race prejudice—and it will be the next to go.

"A comparative handful of whiteskins cannot continue to crowd their brothers of colored skin out of a place in the sun. You Yankee race purists, you worshipers of the Nordic delusion, you organize the beauty spots of the world as you regulate your Jim Crow transportation in the southern states. Why do you discriminate against color? I will tell you: fear of our might. There's one race of color in the United States that you do not discriminate against. Your Vice President Curtis had Indian blood in his veins. Many of your Virginian aristocrats boast descent from Pocahontas. Why do you accept them when you would ostracize them if that strain of colored blood was black instead of red?

"Why? I will tell you the reason. You no longer fear the Indian. You have conquered him—disbanded his tribes, disarmed his warriors, possessed his women—corralled them all like zoölogical specimens in reservations. But your prejudice against the yellow and the black is another thing. You fear our might.

"I tell you these things because I want you to write them. To your Nordic ears they sound revolting, but I want the record left because some settlement of the question will have to come. The hatred between the colors within the one human species must be stamped out.

"The commandments of your white gods, the tenets of your white religions, the constitutions of your white governments, the basic laws of your white biology, all proclaim the brotherhood and equality of all colors as members of the human family. These same scriptures are the record of your colossal hypocrisy.

"I recognize but one race—the HUMAN RACE."

Karakhan will never leave this island. There will be no escape from Elba, no Hundred Days for the Red Napoleon.

He is aware that the hated white world will permit no chance of his return to power.

But in the seeds of discontent he has sown, and in the character of the hybrid progeny of his miscegenation policy, he holds stubbornly to the hope of future vindication.

THE END

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